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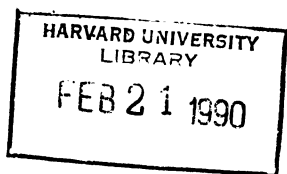


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et



SHANDY M'GUIRE;

OR,

TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS

BEING

A STORY OF THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

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FEB 21 1990

BY

PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.,

for John Boyce.

BOSTON:

PATRICK DONAHOE,

3 FRANKLIN STREET.

1853.

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1864, July 14.

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SHANDY M'GUIRE.

CHAPTER I.

NANCY KELLY OF THE "GAP" AND HER ACQUAINTANCES.

THE sun had just arisen on the 26th of October, 182—
His early beams were beginning their gradual ascent up the rocky side of Barnes' Mountain. This mountain is the highest of a range running east and west for a distance of some thirty miles, and bisecting the county Donegal. The stage-road, leading directly from the little village of that name to the city of Londonderry, passes through this chain of hills at right angles. The gorge or ravine, through which the road winds along by the side of a small rivulet, would seem to the approaching traveller to have been the effect of an earthquake, so precipitously do the sides of the mountain rise, dark and jarred, as if it required a powerful effort of nature, in her very sulkiest mood, to tear rather than split them asunder. This chasm, extending north and south for four miles, and enclosed by walls, on either side, of dwarf limestone, rising in some places to the height of three hundred feet, has no human habitation within it, nor indeed any other signs of man's vicinity. It is at all times a dreary road,—bleak, darksome, and dispiriting to the wayfarer, for he takes in, in one glance, the whole cheerless vista, and then all is gloom

and melancholy, till he issues out from the glen on a happier and brighter prospect.

On the very summit of the "eastern half," as it is called, of Barnes, is a small lake, or pond, of great depth, and perfectly circular. Owing to its lofty situation, the atmosphere is cold, foggy, and disagreeable to the occasional visiter, and yet the oldest inhabitant in the neighborhood never remembers to have seen it frozen over in the coldest winter. It is known by the name of "Lough Devnish," and has been the haunt of the smuggler, or private distiller, time immemorial. Many attempts have been made, from time to time, to surprise him in his stronghold; but he invariably escaped. In vain did the gauger or preventive officer reach within hearing of the smuggler's voice, nay, could sometimes hear his foot-falls on the soft marshy ground, as he passed to and fro in the hurry of his profitable employment; still he escaped, by night or by day capture was impossible—so thought the smuggler at least; and his fancied security made him bold, adventurous, and successful.

As we have already said, it was the early morning,—one of those cold gray mornings, so very common in Ireland about the end of October. A light hoar-frost had covered the ground, but was now beginning to disappear on the approach of the first beams of the sun, when a young man might be seen descending the mountain, near the "gap," as the entrance to the glen was usually called. He leaped rather than walked down the precipitous cliffs; and, if one could judge from his almost reckless rapidity of descent, was evidently well acquainted with the localities. He might have been somewhere about the age of twenty-three; tall, well proportioned, and strikingly handsome. His countenance was open, frank, and prepossessing, with sufficient intellectuality about it to raise him, in the opinion of an accurate observer, a little

above the common class of Irish peasants. His dress was of the kind generally worn by farmers' sons of that period,—a frock and trousers of blue homespun frieze. His cap was apparently of the same material, if we except a band of hare or rabbit skin that formed the rim, and gave to that article of dress, and indeed to the whole person of the wearer, a smart and somewhat dashing appearance.

He had, in a very few minutes, reached the high road, and was proceeding briskly on his journey, when a voice from behind called to him to take his time, and wait for company.

"Ye maun be in an unco' hurry," said a little man on horseback, riding up close to him, dressed in a huge-caped overcoat, glazed hat, and buff gaiters, evidently a Cromwellian, as his accent and language strongly indicated; "if yer gaun to the fair, jist tak yer time, an' we'll jog on thegither."

"An' welcome," said the young man; "I'm always glad i' the company," and, turning to the stranger, he greeted him in the fashion of his country; "you must have had a long journey, neighbor," he continued; "the baste seems to be middlin' tired."

"Weel, I canna say it was very lang, frien'. I left Stranorlan a while afore day, an' rode to keep the bluid frae freezin'; the night was cauld, an' the gap, as ye ken maybe, na jist a place for dreemin' in."

"Thru' for ye," replied his companion, thoughtfully; "many a poor fellow slept soundly in Barnes afore this, that dreamin' was little trouble to. It's a cursed place, God between us and harm; if the walls i' the auld barracks beyont there could spake, it's many's the quare story they'd tell. But surely," he continued, glancing again at the horse and rider, "surely, now that I remember, I saw that powney more than once afore in this quarter."

"An' weel ye may say that, honest man, an' his owner

too; aften hae I gaed through 'Barnes' Gap' when plenty wudna di it. I'm drawin' eight years now on this road, baith night an' day, and am na afeered to say mony a guid wallet o' siller, I hae carried ahint me in the wee bit saddle-bags, and still, frien', if the truth maun be towld, deil as much as the price o' a pipe o' tobacco I lost in it, bad an a' as the Gap is."

"If what the people say bees true," observed the young man, "ye surely have reason to be thankful."

"Weel, maybe so, but yer na to be trustin' half the clavers that's goin', an' a body maun aye praise the fool as he finds him. As for auld Duncan here, he's no at himsel jist so weel as he ust to be, or its no much grass he'd let grow to his heels atween Stranorlan and Donegal; he's lost a' his capers now, and taks the warld easier. But I hae that by me that might gie as much security agin danger as auld Duncan e'er cud do in his young days: if needs be I maun use it. It's aye a consolation among the mountains."

The travellers had now reached a turn of the road, beside which a little thatched cabin was built—at the very foot of the mountain, and directly at the entrance of the Gap.

"Here's Nancy Kelly's," said the horseman, drawing up the loose reins of his bridle: "she'll na be pleased if I dinna pass in, an hae a bit crack wi' her. Come in, frien', an' tak share o' a glass."

"I'm thankful to you," said his companion: "sure it's a friend id offer it, but I'll take nothin' i' that kind till the day's older."

"Hout man! ye'll na be the waur o' a taste this raw mornin'—come in."

"I'd rather not."

"Weel, weel! come in any way; sure it's nrt eat ye will do."

The horseman alighted at the door, and having turned

Duncan towards the little stable, entered Nancy Kelly's, of Barnes' Gap.

"Guid day, neighbor," said he, as he passed the threshold, "yer guy an early at wark this mornin'."

The person thus addressed was busy at her wheel, spinning her hank for the market. She was amusing herself humming some old Irish air, as was her wont, when engaged at such employment—little expecting customers would drop in so early in the day. She might have been sixty, or perhaps a few years older—yet still hale and healthy. Her figure as she sat at the wheel was remarkably neat and tidy for a woman of her age. She wore a large cap that covered the whole head from the temples to the nape of the neck, and around which were swathed, in shape of a band to keep her warm, several yards of striped drugget, similar to what she wore in her gown and apron. Nancy, notwithstanding she had never been thirty miles from the spot on which she was born, yet had seen a good deal of the world's ways. Experience had long taught her how to manage her little affairs with profit to herself and satisfaction to her customers. She had the kind word and welcome for every one, and all who knew her (and who was it the whole country round that did *not* know old Nancy of the Gap) were rejoiced to hear of her welfare and happiness. One child only she ever had, and he, in her own expressive language, was "not jist as he ought to be, the creathur." Her husband was dead nearly twenty years, at the date of this story, and Nancy never could find it in her heart, as she often said, to marry again—to bring a strange man over poor "Dick the omedawn."* She paid neither rent nor taxes. Her cabin was small, and easily kept in repair—as warm and snug as a beehive. She had a bed for herself in the little room be-

* *Simpleton.*

hind the dresser, one for Dick beside the fire, and another to spare in the opposite corner, for the poor distressed wanderer, when he came round looking for his bit, and his sup, and a night's lodging.

On hearing the voice behind her, she rose hastily from her seat, and wiping the dust from her apron, greeted the newcomer.

"Musha yer welcome, Mr. Doogan; sure it's a sight for sore eyes to see you, so it is. Sit down, and take a glaze i' the fire. An' who's this ye have with ye—Frank Devlin, be-dad I was amost not knowin' ye, Frank. Draw a chair both o' ye to the fire—the mornin's cowl'd. Will ye rise out i' that, ye lazy fellow," she continued, speaking to Dick, in a somewhat louder tone: "rise up, an' let the dacent people to the fire. Well, Mr. Doogan, an' how diz the warld use you this hun-dher years?"

"Why, I canna complain, Nancy," replied her acquaintance; "we saw better times an' waur, but gin a body gets his share o' what's goin' he shudna grumble."

"To be sure, dear, God is good to us, and it's thankful we'd ought to be, whin he leaves us the mouthful to eat, and the roof to cover us."

"Is there any thing warm in the house we'd get a taste o'?" said Doogan, interrupting her in the pious remarks she was evidently about to make, and rubbing some small pieces of tobacco between the palms of his hands. "I met this young lad down by there, and brought him in to tak share o' a glass."

"Indeed, then it's little ye know about it, neighbor, if it's in the house ye think we cud keep it, an' them still-hunters and guagers rummagin' night an' day about the hill-foot here. But sure if it isn't here," she added, smiling, "its not so far away but we can get it without searching the parish."

Nancy having placed a chair beside the dresser, mounted on it with surprising activity, and while she busied herself to find the spigot behind the dishes, continued the subject.

"Times is greatly changed, Misther Doogan, from what they ust to be. I mind when it's not hidin' the spigot I'd be, nor the keg neither; och, augh, weans dear, the ould times was the good times, when a body cud do what they like't with their own; but what's the use i' talkin' i' them now, when its every day oulder an' every day worse they're gettin', jist like ourselves, I'll warrint. What d'ye think," she continued, turning on the chair with an air of offended dignity, and facing her visitors, "what d'ye think Joice the gauger said to me th'other day? He wanted me to inform on the boys above at Lough Devenish—deil a less it was, ha! ha!" and the old woman laughed in very mockery of the thought."

"Yer na the first, maybe," observed Doogan; "he coaxed to di him that favor. There's mair people goin than's a' honest."

"Och, then, bad luck to the dhurty fingers that id take his bribe," said Nancy, bitterly; "murdher itself's dacent compared with *that*."

"It id be a charity to the parish he's livin' in, to twist the neck aff him, the villain," interrupted Frank Devlin, with some warmth of expression. "It isn't enough for him to do his duty, (and I wouldn't blame him for that, seein' he's sworn to it,) but he must overdo it; and more nor all, insultin' the poor widow woman with his informin', because she *is* poor and helpless, and no one to stand up for her. But its no wondher, sure, the clean blood's not in him, any way; we mightn't expect any better from him, the turncoat that he is, a burning shame and disgrace to the country he came from."

"It's the truth yer sayin', Frank," replied the widow, elevating her voice still more, and placing her hands on her sides,

with arms akimbo, "but listen till ye hear; in troth I'll be a fiay in yer stockin' afore yer much oulder, Mrs. Kelly, siz he if ye don't give us a wink i' the place above. I know, siz he, well enough, what they are; they're good neighbors, of coorse, Mrs. Kelly, and kindly too, if a body can judge i' the fat pigs you can send to the market, and you not havin' a spot for pratee ground; to be sure they give ye the *grains an' the potale* to feed them on, an' well ye desearve it, seein' yer convanient to them, and useful, if it was only in regard i' givin' them the news, and a coal maybe now and then to light the still fires; but you know, Nancy, my friendship's better nor the *grains*, ony day, siz he, and ye'd do well to keep that same while it's in yer offer. An whusper, Nancy, siz he, takin' me by the sleeve; yer a lone woman and an honest one, siz he, and indeed I'd like to befriend ye in yer ould days, so jist tell us i' the place above—the sacret you know—how we'll take them; and see, Nancy, by all that's great, I'll give ye more in one day, than ye'll make at half-pints and glasses these five years to come. I'll niver open my lips to mortal brathin about it. And mind me, Nancy Kelly, it's not what I'd gain by the fine I care for—no, siz he, not the value i' the turf on yer fire there; but I'd be made an inspector of—yes, that's the reward for takin' the Gallinachs of Lough Devenish, for the colonel himself has set his heart on them. So, Nancy, let out the secret, and ye'll get a dacent *consideration*, some thing that'll do ye good, when, maybe, ye'll be most in want of a friend." As the old woman finished this long and somewhat tedious report of the gauger's proposal, she paused for a moment to examine the effect which her words might have produced on the countenance of her auditors, particularly on that of Doogan, to whom she seemed specially to address herself, and then continued, "Now neighbors, did ye iver hear the equal i' that, to buy my sowl for a *consideration*, ay,

that's the very word. Och! in throth its jist like him; he made away with his own sowl, to get to be a gauger; an' he thinks, I'll warrint, every other might do the same. Wasn't he," she added, "one i' the Joices i' Connaught, one i' the rale ould stock that was Romans, and their fathers afore them, since the flood?"

"Ye might tak yer davie o' that, wi a clean conscience," replied Doogan, as he puffed his tobacco, his head now bent down, and his arms leaning across his knees.

"Ay," continued the widow, in a tone of voice that spoke her contempt more eloquently than words could do it; "ay, an' now he's a Protestan'. Oh, to be sure, a rale *alumnach*,* out an' out; an' gaes to church like the rest i' the gran folks, carryin' his bible undher his arm, an' singin' hymes, with the minister's sister—the skinflint that id make ye hungry to look at her, so it wad. But he needn't think to buy my sowl with his considtheration; no, no," she added, adjusting her cap, and smoothing back her gray hairs with an air of affectation, "no, no, Mr. Doogan, death before informin'; no, there's no dirty blood in the Kelleys; nor it never was said to one i' the breed they did the *mane thing*."

Whether Doogan suspected the old woman to have made some secret allusion to himself in the last sentence she uttered, or whether it was from impatience of her delay in finding the articles she was in quest of, it would at present be difficult to determine; but at all events, he again requested to be served with the liquor as soon as possible.

Our hostess at length succeeded in finding the spigot, and descending from her tribune, hastened from the cabin, motioning to Frank Devlin to follow her.

The young man cheerfully accompanied the widow to the

* Contemptuous name for English Protestant.

spot where the keg was deposited. It was at some distance from the house, and behind a ledge that butted on the east end of the stable. She directed her companion to roll over carefully a rock that lay on the marshy soil directly under the ledge, as if it had fallen from the height above, and found a chance restin'-place on the level ground below.

"It's a strange hidin'-place," observed Nancy, smiling—"it's simple, but sure. Many's the time Joice sat there, ay, on that very same rock, while his men were scowrin' the hills up there after their prey. Aisiest hid isn't aisiest foun' always, you know. There now," she continued, "lift out the keg—out man! don't be afeerd—there's not a sowl stirrin' about—sure I was up there on the knowe afore ye came in—as for Doogan, there's one to watch him."

"Oh," said Frank, carelessly, "there's little fear of him; he's but a stranger in these parts, I suppose; but any way, Nancy, it's better be sure than sorry." So he hastened to fill the pitcher, and replace the rock in its usual position.

"A stranger," repeated the widow; "not so great a stranger maybe as you take him for; and listen to me, Frank Devlin, a word's sometimes as good as a sarmint. I'd jist trust him as far as I'd throw him. So that's enough now; laste said's soonest mended. Keep yer mind to yourself, and drink none with him till I see ye again. But where did you happen in with him, Frank?" demanded Nancy, as if some new idea had suddenly crossed her mind.

"Not a gunshot from the house."

"You were early afoot, Frank; an' where, might a body ax, were ye spendin' the night?"

The young man smiled, and pointed in the direction of Lough Devenish.

"Ha, ha!" said the widow, with some surprise; "I didn't think you had any thing to do with that business."

"No more I hav'nt, Nancy."

"Musha in troth then, Frank dear, ye do well, for it's poor slavish work, so it is; niver a minit at aze while there's a drap in the worm, or a grain in the kieve,* but splashin' for iver in wet and cowld, and then the danger—"

"Hugh!" interrupted the young man, "as for danger, why there's danger in every thing we lay our hands to these times—no, no, it's not that I regard—but someway I think it's bad and sinful employment. Feen a penny I iver knew was made by it yet—but melted away, as Father Domnick often says, like snow off the ditch. There's no luck with it. And any way, the church says agin it, and that ought to be enough for us. No, no, it was another little business brought me up there."

From the smile, and the peculiar intonation accompanying the last words of the speaker, Nancy judged there was some secret connected with his visit to the hill. She paused for a moment to conjecture what it might be, and then with an affected carelessness repeated the words,

"Other business—well, av coorse that's yer own affair."

"Oh, nothing but a mere trifle," he replied, determined to tempt her curiosity still further; "nothing of any consequence—but Doogan is waiting," he added, moving towards the house.

"Let him wait there," said Nancy somewhat pettishly, for she felt by no means satisfied with the answer she received.

"I'll engage," she observed, hazarding another guess at the secret, "maybe it was a drop for the weddin' ye were be spakin'."

"Hugh! nonsense, woman, what puts that in yer head."

"Deil a hapworth else it was," ejaculated the widow, looking full in Frank's fine, open countenance, over which a smile

was again passing, that he vainly endeavored to suppress ;
 "eh, am I right, Frank ?"

"Out ! come away, I tell ye, Doogan's waiting for ye."

"Ha ! ha !" chuckled the widow, at the depth of her penetration, "ha ! my bonchal, I guessed there was somethin' in the win'—if 'am blin', 'am na blunt, as the broken needle said to the tailor, when he sat on't ; an' tell me, Frank, is it the same one still,—Mary Connor ?"

"The very same."

"Well, well," said the old woman, now in evident good humor, and shaking her hand, in which she held the spigot, playfully at her companion, "ye'd desave a saint, so ye wud. Sure, we thought you hadn't the laste notion at all of her, after bein' refused last year. An' yer goin' to marry her after all the abuse they give ye about her at the Lammas market !"

"D'ye think I'd desert her, Nancy, for a broken head in a scrimmage at a fair ; no, not if she hadn't a stitch to cover her—if I once said the word."

"I know it, Frank ; in troth the dacency's in ye, for ye wudn't be yer father's son if it wusn't. An' maybe it was all for the better ; bad scan to me, but myself's glad of it, any way, for your own sake as well as for hers, the creathur, for she stuck to ye through thick and thin, so she did ; and not that I'd say it, Frank Devlin, an you to the fore, gohans to the purtier couple 'ill walk the five parishes than Mary Connor and your own four bones, an' that's plain spakin'—deil a purtier ; an' tell iz, man, how did ye get the ould joker to consint, after all he said agin the match ?"

"Sorra much myself knows, Nancy, if it wasn't that report about the agent."

"Who—Cantwell ?"

"Ay, but av coorse ye heard it."

"Gahun to the word."

"Well," said Frank, with a bitterness of feeling apparent in his countenance, which he found it impossible entirely to conceal, "it's scarcely worth the talkin' of. You know what he said of poor Mary Curran, because she wudn't consent to demane herself with him—till he broke her heart. God be merciful to her, the innocent creathur, she's now in her grave. He's not a lucky bird to see comin' about any poor man's house; and so the ould man, her father, thought he used to come too often about Fubernasiggart to see Mary Connor, so for fear av any danger to her character, an' seein' the difference was only about a trifle, he thinks it's best to let her have her own way. So Nancy, that's the inns an' outs of it, as far as I know."

"And bad enough," replied the dame, in a melancholy tone; "God purtect every creathur from the wickedness that's goin'. Bad enough, surely, when the people that ought to save the sowsls of the poor are the first to destroy them. There's that innocent girl ye spoke of, Mary Curran, she died of a crushed an' broken heart, bekase she cudn't bear the shame that came upon her by that villain Cantwell, an' his father the Recther i' the parish. Och, augh! may God forgive me, but when I see them English Protestan' reperbates mockin' my dacent neighbor's children in the fair, but I feel some way as if I cud brain them on the spot. Well, well, sure there's one above us all—He knows best what to do for us; maybe there's good times comin'—these things can't always go on this way—patience, Frank, an' all 'ill be right yet."

"Patience, Nancy, is a good thing if one had enough of it, but Job himself, if he lived now-a-days, cudn't stand it."

"The aisy way's the best way, achusla, and always ends best."

"Ay, ay, Nancy, that's father Domnick's story, but we'll soon get tired of it, and so will he, maybe, before all's over."

"Well, whether or not, dear, niver say agin the priest's advice."

"I've tried to be guided by him so far, Nancy, and niver give in to be a ribbonman, though many's the time I was sorely pressed; for not to speak i' the sin of it, it 'id bring my father's ould bones to the grave to hear that his son was put out of the congregation for the likes of it, but I pray Providence that I may niver be tempted again as I was last Monday mornin'. Nancy, Nancy, its hard for flesh and blood to stand the trials that's put afore us. When I saw that day the remains iv poor Mary Curran carried in her coffin to the grave, the innocent girl that Archy Cantwell had ruined and murdered; to see her there and her father and mother, our honest, dacent, kinly neighbors, and her little brothers and sisthers, (the creathurs that didn't know what they were doin') to see them cryin' about the coffin—to see that sight at the gate i' the churchyard, and wudn't be let in by the Recther, the father i' the villain that murdered her, because they were Catholics, till the priest 'id take the 'stole' off his neck, and go in like one uv ourselves.* Ough, Nancy, I'd have torn the scoundrel from his horse, only for the priest that stood beside me. But let him keep off any way, for minister an' all as he is, I might be tempted some time or other to do him harm."

"Whist, Frank dear, God love ye, an' don't say that—sure he's in bettther hands. If they're rich an' great now, it's not to last always—they can't carry it to the grave with them—no, dear, it's all the reward they're to get, and it's pity them we ought to do. Let us be content with our ould religion, and our poverty for 'am thinkin' they must go thegither to the end; they wear well, Frank dear, an' no disgrace but a blissin

* This was quite a common occurrence in the north at that time, and even since the passing of emancipation.

to them that takes care i' them. Our Saviour himself was poor, and persecuted more nor iver we were, and surely ye oughtent to be ashamed to suffer like him. The time 'ill come when we'll all see whether our cross an' our beads 'ill be an upcast to us. So God bliss ye, Frank, an' niver bring that same cross to shame and disgrace afore them that's its enemies, bekase they're too proud to wear it." And so say ing, she preceded her companion to the cabin.

2*

CHAPTER II.

WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE FIRST; OR, A PEEP BEHIND
THE CURTAIN.

WHATEVER may have given rise to the suspicions Nancy entertained of Doogan, the butcher, (for that was his trade,) and which she communicated in some degree to her young friend, they certainly made an impression, and he resolved accordingly to be cautious of new acquaintances, and of his fellow-traveller in particular.

The widow was said to be (in the language of that part of the country) "a wise canny old woman." She had lived in the cabin at the "Gap" for more than forty years, and owing to her situation of life, had acquired considerable experience of the world. The little white pitcher and glass were always exposed in the window—a sure indication, in those days, of something warm within for the traveller, before he entered on the dark and desolate glen of Barnesmore. In other words, (as the reader will doubtless have already suspected,) Nancy kept a *Shebeen*,* got a fair share of all the odd pence were going, and what she valued nearly as much, a very large share of the news and gossip of the county. Frank saw all this at a glance, and was perfectly satisfied she had not spoken so disparaging of Doogan, without some strong reason. He had been told of spies going through the county, paid by government for the detection of ribbon conspiracies, and ready

* Dram Shop.

at any moment, under very slight pretences, to deliver up the innocent as well as the guilty, into the hands of the executive. He often heard the priest caution his people against secret societies, under any and every form, or for any purpose, however feasible, and frequently denounce those who had been known as the leaders of such parties, from the altar of the parish. Unlike some intemperate and insubordinate young men among his acquaintances, he never questioned the motives which actuated the pastors of the Catholic church in suppressing secret societies. Convinced of its infallibility in matters of faith, and of its consummate wisdom and prudence in matters of discipline, he bowed at once submissively to its precepts, conscious, that if he once disputed its authority, or examined its reasons or its motives before he adopted its rules or its doctrine, he was no longer a Catholic in spirit, but only in name.

But, besides the spy system, there was another nearly allied to it—perhaps growing out of it—which never has been paralleled in the history of civil governments, in the existence of which, few, indeed, could be induced to believe, if they had not the surest proofs to satisfy them of the facts. We mean the system of "*spotting*," as it was then familiarly called. It was sufficient that papers, or any other equivocal evidence of partyism were found on the person or property of the Catholic, with or without his culpable knowledge, to subject him to imprisonment and transportation beyond the seas. By this scheme, every man was exposed to arrest—he might be placed at any moment at the mercy of the laws, and every subordinate of the government, down to the lowest policeman, have abundant opportunities of satisfying his personal resentment.

The Catholic religion, even so lately as the year 182—, was practised in the north of Ireland, less by right than by sufferance. Its enemies had long felt it was not in their power

utterly to extinguish it; but they hoped, by a heartless and unremitting petty persecution, so to stigmatize and debase its followers, that shame and opprobrium might at length have the effect of forcing them to abandon it, and adopt the more fascinating and more accommodating doctrine of Protestantism. Such a line of policy, they had every facility necessary to carry out. The ministers of the Anglican Church were almost without an exception in the commission of the peace; and therefore had a large proportion of the civil power of the country placed at their control. On the other hand, the county treasuries were under the management of the grand-juries, consisting entirely of tory landlords and their agents; and they for the most part masters and district superintendents of orange lodges. Then the police, in the third place, were the nominees of the loyal aristocracy; and, if we can judge from well-ascertained facts, seemed to have been intended more as a legalized embodiment of all the illegitimacy of the land, than as a respectable force, established for the protection of life and property. This rural police, supported by the enormous sum of half a million and upwards, drawn from a country already on the very verge of starvation, had yet no sympathies in common with its people. Educated as they were, chiefly in the charter schools and various other asylums for unfatherless orphans, they naturally grew up and came out upon the world with all the rancorous prejudices of these famous establishments. "They were just the men," as lord G—ch said before "George" raised him to the peerage, "just the men a viceroy wanted to rule a nation of vagabonds." They were taught to regard the Irish Catholic as the Hindoo regards his neighbor who has lost caste—a native, to be sure, born on the same soil and with the same natural faculties, but so degraded and disgraced as to lose all claim to the fellowship of his kind. They saw themselves, to the number of 10,000, scat-

tered over the land, and still united together by the same common bond of hatred to every thing Catholic, and possessing at the same time a jurisdiction and power almost as irresponsible as it was unlimited. What wonder, therefore, if seeing themselves placed in such a position, encouraged by the legislature, and driven on by the clerical magistracy and aristocracy of the north, they adopted every means within their reach, to weaken the influence of the Catholic religion in Ulster! What wonder, if they felt it not a matter of choice, but of duty, to their religion and its ministers, (their patrons,) to persecute the friendless and broken-hearted Catholic, in every form short of *open and manifest* contempt of the statutes of the realm! Indeed, at such a time, and with the very unequivocal marks of encouragement so often received from their superiors, it is not by any means surprising, if we find in the records of those years numerous instances of policemen charged with the most horrible perjury, unhesitatingly practised on trials for ribbon conspiracies. It was of no moment to them, whether their victim was innocent or guilty: their persecution was not to be directed against him as a violator of the law exactly, but as a member of the Romish Church. Precisely so—they had sworn, on entering the service, and by command of the government, the Catholic religion to be “superstitious, idolatrous, and damnable;” and what stronger reason could they have than this, for exterminating, by every possible means, the members of its communion? Besides, they saw orange lodges in every town and village of the province; they saw their members parade the streets in broad daylight, carrying offensive emblems, using insulting and abusive language, disturbing the harmony of society, and, in a word, outraging the decencies and civilities of life. All this they saw enacted in the very presence of the magistracy, without let or hinderance—men violating with impunity

the very laws, in letter and spirit, for the infraction of which the Catholic and the ribbonman were to be visited with signal punishment. It is needless, therefore, to say, the constabulary were well aware of the real motives of the government, namely, that it neither intended to pass the penal enactment, nor them to enforce it against the individual as a member of an illegal society, but as a follower of a proscribed religious communion. Hence it is we have so many cases of perjury recorded against these convenient instruments of the executive. It was not at all uncommon to see a policeman dragging a Catholic before the authorities for trial, on the evidence of a bit of paper found on his person, and of which the victim was entirely unconscious, till the moment of his arrest.

Why, therefore, should we wonder, if the Catholics of Ulster, thus goaded to desperation, should adopt some measures for their protection and defence? Abandoned to themselves and their own scanty resources, nay, singled out by the very authorities of the state as victims to be sacrificed, it was naturally to be expected they would lean upon each other for that support which the state denied them. Such societies, no doubt, are illicit, by divine as well as human law, because, even if they cause no actual injury to person or property, they keep up a continual dread in the bosom of society, which sooner or later leads to the worst consequences—the loss of public trust, and the derangement of social order. It is not, therefore, the design of the writer of these pages, to vindicate such a system from a charge of moral guilt, but rather to show how powerful a hold religion must have had upon the hearts of those men, who, even when shut out from the communion of the church, and writhing under the lash of a merciless government, were contented to carry the instruments of defence, rather than those of aggression. The reader who

has studied the causes of revolutions in other countries, will find them all presented to him in the last half-century of Ireland's history, in forms the most aggravating and exciting. His wonder will be, that a nation, thus harassed, did not rise and break her fetters with the giant might she possessed, instead of suffering herself to be bound and whipped like a slave.

The attempt to suppress ribbon societies in Ulster by civil authority alone, was a complete failure, simply because the Catholics regarded such enactments as directed specially against their religion, and because they had long since lost all respect for their political rulers. The more closely the law pursued them, the more urgent did it render the necessity of self-defence, until day after day the opposition became more steady and determined, and by degrees better organized and more concentrated. Then there was a pause. Each party gazed at the other with a strange mixture of irresolute courage and fearful apprehension—resolved not to retreat, and yet doubtful as to the safety of advance. They were somewhat like the warriors in the “fairy tales,” imprisoned in old castles, with swords drawn and ready to fall on, just at the moment of their enchantment. The arm of the executive all at once became powerless. The people began first to sneer and then to laugh outright, at the impotency of the force that attempted to subdue them. They felt at *last* their own power, and resolved to depend upon it alone for protection. They soon became an organized body, ill-regulated and badly disciplined, no doubt, but still a united body, formidable in numbers, and dangerous from previous exasperation. In such a perplexed state of affairs, the minister had no resource to fly to. His strength, on which alone he depended, was now completely exhausted; and what was still more provoking, it was by an over-exertion of that very strength he found himself defeated. It was then he felt that *Ireland would yet be the difficulty.*

In proportion as this spirit of opposition, on the part of the Catholics, increased, so also did public interest gather round it, to give it importance; and thus the government had no longer a remote and disregarded people to deal with, as it suited its fancy or caprice, but one coming in day after day still further on the theatre of the empire, and declaring its right to be acknowledged in that assembly. Ireland, in fact, at that very period, had been creating for itself, under a number of fortuitous circumstances, a general sympathy for its suffering condition—not only amongst the masses in England, but throughout every part of Europe. The old Catholic nobility and aristocracy of England had begun to creep out on the world after a long concealment. They were making themselves recognised as men whose high standing in society gave them a right to some consideration in political affairs. Catholic disabilities too, were much talked of. The Scotch reviews had succeeded in laying hold of the public mind, and forcing it by repeated solicitations to consider the social and political condition of the Irish Catholics. All these causes united, and working together, had sensibly softened down party prejudices and religious animosity. Indeed, so much so, that the Irish for the future should and ought to be regarded as a sect *at least*,—professing Christian principles, and hence entitled to some attention on the part of the legislature. Sir John, the premier, saw all this, but only when it was too late. He was now in a very great difficulty. He had blundered a good deal, (for he was naturally choleric,) and swore he would suppress at the risk of his popularity all tendency to ribbonism, or other illegal societies—never dreaming that the sympathy elicited from his own countrymen in favor of Ireland, had weakened his authority in proportion as it increased the spirit of opposition. What was he to do? Was he to leave his pledge unredeemed? It was certainly very

provoking. On the one side, he heard some of the greatest and wisest of the land recommend caution in the treatment of a people who possessed the elements of power, and could use them if they pleased; and on the other, the down-trodden, idolatrous creatures, lifting up their heads and smiling in his very face, while they seemed to say, with the most provoking contempt, "Put up, Sir John, put up your silly sword." What was to be done in this dilemma. After exhausting his ingenuity to no purpose, he came down one night to the Carlton Club, confessed himself defeated, and asked counsel of his friends. Who would save his reputation? Who stand between him and the danger? After a dead silence of some minutes, during which every one present expected his neighbor to begin, a gallant colonel, more renowned for religious intolerance than heroic achievements, said with a bitter sigh and a sorrowful countenance, "I believe, Sir John, you must shake off all delicacy, and try the priests."

Colonel Templeton was right; and the advice was, after a few ministerial blushes, and a few hints about shame and delicacy, at length received and adopted.

But happily the Catholic bishops of Ireland had already anticipated the colonel. They had but a few days before assembled in Capel-street, Dublin, and fulminated the penalties of disobedience to ecclesiastical authority against all under their jurisdiction, who would continue to be, or afterwards become members of any secret society, legal or otherwise, forbidding the inferior clergy, at the same time, to administer the sacraments even to the dying man, if he did not first renounce all connection with such confederacies. This timely decree was in a great measure effectual. The four-fifths of the ribbonmen submitted, after a short struggle, to the authority of the church. Still there was a large number who affected not to perceive the wisdom of this wholesale suppression of their sys-

tem, and they, by well-directed manœuvres, succeeded in keeping alive the old dread of sedition.

Such was the state of parties in the province of Ulster, when this tale commences. In the county Donegal, where the principal incidents of the story occurred, riots of a serious character had been for some time comparatively few. Still there was a deep though subdued feeling of sectarian prejudice lurking in the bosom of society—fostered on the one side by a continual thirst for religious domination, and on the other by the remembrance of a cruel persecution. The spirit of revenge which these pent-up feelings had engendered, would sometimes manifest itself in the strangest shapes imaginable. The fanciful manner in which an Irishman often chooses to avenge his wrongs, can never be fairly appreciated by a foreigner—in fact, gentle reader, you require to be of a temperament as mercurial as his own, if you promise yourself any pleasure in following him through all the wild vagaries of his fancy. And if after all your endeavors, you cannot enjoy the tricks “we play on travellers,” then you have only to regret that you have not been born in Ireland. But as there may be a difference of opinion on that subject, it is better perhaps to say no more about it.

CHAPTER III.

THE INFORMER.

"WHY, Nancy," said Doogan, as the old woman entered with the pitcher in her hand, followed by Frank, "why, ye might hae singled an' doobled it sin ye gaed out, woman, but auld folks I see maun ha their time, an' what's lang a comin' they say is aye guid. So ye ha na news," he continued, "sin I saw ye last—hah, changed times wi' ye, Nancy, ye ust to ha a crak in ye."

"Bad scan to the word I hear, Mr. Doogan, if yerself hasn't it; you were tould all about the robbery in the Gap, I'll warrint, but sure that's ould news now."

"Robbery!" ejaculated the butcher—" 'am in the first place I heard it."

"Bedad, that's quare enough," observed the widow, looking sharply at the countenance of the little man, "myself thought the whole worl heerd it."

"Hout, sure, I was na here this twa months—where cud I heer it."

"Indeed, then, there *was* neighbor, a robbery, an' a fine brave handful he got whoiver tuck' it—two hundher pouns 'am tould in bank notes."

"There's some ane suspekkit, 'ill bail ye," inquired Doogan.

"There's plenty suspected," interrupted Frank, "but 'am thinkin' they didn't hit on the right one yit. Whoever he was, he knew the Gap well, for his horse was tracked over the

burn below the barrack, where no stranger 'id venter such a night as that was."

"It was a terrible night, na doubt," muttered Doogan unconsciously.

"And well ye remimber it, friend, you were out, I suppose."

"That I was, man, an' m'any a lang mile fra Barnes—down at Ballycastle, where I gaed to buy a sheltre* for the winter's plowin'."

"An' how did ye find out the night it happened, since you niver heerd of it afore?" demanded Frank, looking earnestly in his companion's face.

"Hugh, man! a child cud tell ye that; sin ye say yersel' it was an awfu' night, an' we ken there was na but ane o' that kind this twa months and mair—but hand over the liquor here, we'll drink to our better acquaintance," and Doogan emptied his glass.

"Fill none for me," said Frank, as his companion was about to pour out the liquor; "I care little about it, and now 'less than iver."

Doogan again pressed the young man to wet his lips at least, but he pressed in vain. At length tired with entreaty, and desirous of proceeding on his journey to the fair, he tossed off the remainder, and rose to pay the reckoning. As he opened his pocketbook to find a piece of silver, a sudden noise accompanied by a loud shout from the stable, attracted his attention. Having handed a sixpence to the landlady, he hastened out to ascertain the cause, and found to his astonishment, "Dick, the *omedawn*," seated on Duncan's back, or rather on his neck—his heels stuck fast to his sides, while the poor animal kicked against the stone-wall behind him with uncontrollable fury. Dick's love of horsemanship was known

* Scotch pony.

to al. the county round. Many a hearty scold did he get from the various customers who alighted at his mother's door to have a "dram" before they prosecuted their journey through the glen. Dick would watch closely till the traveller had taken his glass, lighted his pipe, and was in close conversation with the widow, and then quietly unhooked the bridle from the staple at the door, mounted his horse, and rode up and down, high-road and by-road, mountain and moor, as it pleased his fancy, until he was completely satisfied with his recreation. Doogan had more than once experienced such treatment at Dick's hands, and threatened him with severe chastisement, if he ever again took his horse from the door. For this reason, he turned Duncan into the little stable, instead of fastening him at the staple as before; it was a sort of security he thought, and besides, he purposed staying longer than usual. Dick, when he entered the stable and saw the animal there right before him, could not for the life of him overcome the temptation to mount. He believed it was no harm in the world to get upon his back, when he had no intention of bringing him out—and besides, Doogan had not charged him to the contrary. Dick, however, never got on horseback unarmed. He made it an invariable rule never to mount without the "jag" in his heel—a long, sharp nail, bent spur-fashion, which he wore fastened between the shoe and the stocking. When he found himself therefore on Duncan's back, he could not avoid using it—if it were only to try the mettle of the animal. The horse, unaccustomed to such weapons—particularly in such quiet retirement—resisted the application very indignantly by striking at the wall, and Dick, with a sudden feeling of danger, pressed his heels still closer, and clung about the horse's neck to prevent his falling. This continued application of the stea. made the poor animal perfectly savage.

"Come down, ye devil, come down," roared Doogan, as he entered the stable in a violent passion, his whip raised to threaten Dick, but afraid to venture near the infuriated beast.

"Hould him," cried Dick, "hould him, or he'll smash me."

"Come down, ye villain," screamed Doogan, "or I'll brack a' the banes in yer body; come doon this minit."

"I can't, I tell ye," muttered the poor omedaun, "I can't, sure the jag's in him, an' I can't get it out. Oh, oh, he'll spill me under his feet—he'll smash me to dughhins," (to pieces.)

"Run an' catch him," cried the terrified old woman, "run, Mr. Doogan, or he'll kill the poor witless crathur."

"Oh, Christians, dear, is there no one to save me," ejaculated Dick, now almost breathless from excitement, "oh, 'am done, 'am done; oh, by the hoky, 'am kilt:" and as he muttered this last sentence, the horse threw him, by a sudden jerk, from his neck into the manger.

Doogan made a rush at Dick, and had got him by the neck with his left hand, while the right, wielding the heavy-loaded whip, was descending with terrible force on the head of the culprit, and very probably would have inflicted a mortal blow, for the man was exasperated to madness, when Frank Devlin arrested the arm, and Dick escaped from the stable, muttering as he went, "Hah, ha, take that, old dry bones—hah, you wadn't stan', ould lazy bones, deils cure to ye, deils cure to ye—ye wadn't be aisly."

As soon as matters were adjusted, Doogan mounted his horse, and accompanied as before, proceeded on his journey. As he turned from the house, he shook his clenched fist at Dick, who stood at a respectful distance, and swore, if he ever caught him again within arm's length, he'd be the death of him.

We have been compelled to notice this trifling incident, not merely because it really occurred, but because it gave rise to important consequences; so much so, indeed, that if Duncan had not attracted the attention of his master at that particular moment, this story never would have been written; and hence it is, that the heels of a horse may sometimes create a greater noise in the world than members of a far higher class of animals, and of much loftier pretensions. But on we to our theme, as Babington Macauley would say, instead of the more *elegant* expression of "*revenons au moutons*."

Nancy Kelly, on her return to the cabin, found something in the shape of a letter lying on the floor, which in her hurry to the scene of Dick's frolic, she had passed unobserved.

"Ha, ha," said the old woman, picking it up, "what can this be. Gahun to the bit, if it is'nt a letther, an' a purty letther too, so it is—a letther for some i' the quality, I'll warrint. Well, it was the butcher drapped it, that's sartin, an' I'll keep it safe till he comes back in the evenin'."

As she was about to consign it to a place of safety, the door was suddenly darkened, and another customer entered the "shebeen;" it was Shandy M'Guire, or, as he was sometimes called, Shandy the Scripturian. Every one knew Shandy. He was indeed a universal favorite, full of dry humor, and fond of "devilment in every shape," though he never permitted a single feature of his face to betray the pleasurable emotions he experienced. He visited every fair and market, wake and wedding, christening and burial, for twenty miles round. He was master of ceremonies at wakes, chief mourner at funerals, sang his own songs, cracked his own jokes at weddings, and was sponsor at the christenings for more children than any other man in the parish. He could recite whole pages of Pastorini, and as for Columbkil's prophecies, he had them all at his fingers' ends. Shandy was now about

thirty-five years of age, far below the middle size, but thick-set, and of a very staid and solemn figure. His hair was black, long and curly, and his face long, sallow, and demure as that of a grand-vizier. His dress, which we must not forget, was rather old-fashioned for a man of his years and pursuits. His stockings were gray, over which a black velvet shorts descended to the calf of the leg, and were there confined by a respectable bunch of green ribbons. His coat, of a brown rusty black, was one of the swallow-tailed species, reaching down almost to the ankles, where the skirts oscillated from side to side, with a velocity varying directly as the moving body within. Imagine, therefore, gentle reader, that you see this same personage moving under a broad-brimmed hat, his arms to the elbows thrust into his coat pockets, and strutting down with a solemn air, from the king's high-road to Nancy Kelly's "shebeen," and you will be introduced with all the formality necessary for a first introduction, to the scripturarian of the parish, the hero of these pages, and one of the drollest and best-natured Irishmen from Horn-head to Cape Clear.

"The top i' the mornin' to ye, Mr. M'Guire," said the widow, greeting him blithely, as he made his appearance.

"The same to you, neighbor" he replied, taking his seat at the fire without ceremony.

"Yer boun' for the fair; but sure I need'nt ax you."

"Ay, I was thinkin' on that; but the mornin's young yet, and the fair long a' gatherin'. I see ye have yer bunch* for the market. There's but a poor price for it, I'm tould"

"Poor enough, Shandy; dear knows it's hard for poor crathurs to live that has'nt any thing but the grain i' the flax to make a penny iv. It's wonderful to think what the world's

* Bunch of Yarn.

comin' to. I mind whin I us't to get four shillings a spangle for't, ay, an' the buyers kempin to get it at that; an' now we can't scarcely get two thirteens. But sure we ought to be thankful, whatever comes."

"Well, Nancy," observed Shandy, "if we had the parliament yit, it's not that way ye'd be; ould Drimindhu* give us many a bit an' sup we'll niver get again. Bad luck to the villains that tuck her away from the childher, an' them cryin' after her for the drap i' milk, the creathurs."

"Och, augh! it's me that knows that," said the widow, in a lacrymose tone, "it's the fine times we had iv it then, plenty to eat and drink, an' the world flowin' on us. But, sure you wur only a wee cheel (little boy) when that happened—not as big as the dresser there—poor creathur, ye didn't know what you were losin'; but I niver cud find out," she added, "how they got Drimindhu away."

"Faith, dear," replied Shandy, "they stole her dacently—they kidnapped her—it's a way they have."

"Kidnapped! what's that, Shandy?"

"Why, they pit a plaster on her mouth, to keep her from routin', jist the way they steal people to be insected by the docthers; and bad win' to them, they insected her too—cut her up in pieces, so they did."

"But is'n't that murder an' robbery?"

"Pooh, to be sure it is; but then you know, the murder was done in a genteel way; them that did it had the science, Nancy."

"Well, well, that's quare enough; but I wondher she was let away so easy."

"Let away," repeated Shandy, "oh, try them for that; didn't they put a plaster, I'm tellin' ye, on the eyes of them

* Irish Parliament—literally, Black Cow.

that had the care av her. De ye know who ye're spakin av i' Wasn't it the sassenaghs done it? And isn't the marks that same plaster left on them to the fore yet, to thremself be tould."

"Marks!" ejaculated Nancy, incredulously, "hout, sure it's over twenty years ago."

"Faith, an' if it was fifty, it's true enough. They say their childher have it on them, and that they can tell the differ' someway 'atween them an' ither people, when they go to parliament."

"Well, goodness be about iz, if that des'nt oate all; ah, but yer only jokin' now, maybe, for that same's what yer best at."

"Jokin'!" he repeated again, "why, may I be lord chancellor afore I'm a year oulder, if it is'nt as true as I'm tellin' it to ye. There's not one i' their descendants that's not known in England, as well as a bad halfpenny."

"Well, hould yer tongue now for a minit," and the old woman spoke as if she had been impatient of delay in telling her secret; "I've somethin' to show ye—Doogan, the butcher, was here awhile ago, him an' young Frank, of Oughadeena."

Here Dick interrupted his mother, to tell Shandy of his morning's ride, holding up the spur between his finger and thumb, and laughing at the sport it occasioned; but the widow stopped him as he began. "Away out i' that," she said, taking the broom in her hand, "away, an' don't be deevin' iz with yer nonsense; go out and look afther the sheep, where ye ought to be, and not here listenin' to people talkin'—away now, I tell ye!" and poor Dick slunk out, muttering his displeasure. The widow resumed.

"I'm goin' to try ye, Shandy, I'm tould yer a great scholar."

"Well," he replied, with a scarcely perceptible smile, which, indeed, even on the most exciting occasions, he was never

known to exceed ; " well, every thing a body hears isn't true, for all that."

" Oh, but the world says ye ir."

" Pooh, half i' the world niver heard i' me yit, woman."

" They say it's past believin' what larnin' ye have."

" Indeed, then, I can't say, nor I won't say it, Nancy ; but I have a great leanin' to pelite litherathur."

" You an' Bob Craig had a discoorse down in Peggy Sharkey's, on Sunday last, 'am tould," said the widow inquiringly.

" Pugh," muttered Shandy, in a low stealthy contemptuous tone, " pugh ! Bob Craig ; hout woman, that was only child's play—jist givin' him an insight into what he might expect ; och, I wasn't hard on him ; no, no, the crathur, I give it to him as easy as I could. But I wondher, neighbor," he continued, throwing himself back in the chair, and speaking with more dignity, " I wondher ye'd be after evnin me to Bob Craig, to sich a fellow as that. If he was a minister, or even a Bible reader, ye might be talkin'. He hasn't dived as deep into the larnin' as 'Goodsoul,' yet ; an' I surely give him as much as ought to do him for a month i' Sundays to come. When a man has genies, Mrs. Kelly, it 'ill show itself, though I oughtn't to praise myself. Well, as for 'Goodsoul,' I can't say but he done middlin' at the scriptur, sich as he had, that's ye know in quotin' what he didn't understan' a *traneen* about ; but whin I tuck him in the Haybrew, maybe I didn't bag him while ye'd be fillin' a glass. Ay, its all right enough, when ye let them tear away at the Bible, repeatin' it over like parrots ; but whin ye ask them what it manes, or when ye bring them into the deep languages, ye'll smother them all at once."

" An' what's the Haybrew, Mr. M'Guire ?" inquired Nancy, her admiration for the scripturian evidently increasing.

"What is it? och, och, poor woman," he replied, "it's good for ye, ye know little about it."

"Why—is there any harm in knowin' it?"

"Harm—well no, no harm, set in case you cud bear it, but it's not ivery brain cud stan' it. I'll tell you what it is, Nancy, it set sore enough on myself to master it—jist nick an' go—an' if I wusn't one out av a thousand, it's maybe mad through the mountains I'd be wanderin'; och, the Haybrew's a dangerous thing to have any dealins with, even for larned people—let alone you, or the likes o' ye."

"An' what is it at all?" inquired the widow, earnestly, rolling up her arms in her apron, and looking steadfastly in his face; "what is it?"

"Why, it's the dead langige," replied Shandy.

"The dead langige, humph! an' was it in that ye sacked the minister?"

"Well, so they say," and here he gave a very self-complacent shadow of a smile.

"An' what might it be lake?" said Nancy, drawing up her chair nearer to her friend, for her curiosity was now considerably excited.

"Fegs, it's lake nothin' I know, Nancy, if it isn't yerself."

"Lake me?"

"Ay, jist lake you, an' no discredit it's to you, either, to be lake it, seein' there's no Protestan' goin' cud stand three words av it. I'd lake to hear them tell me what's the manin' of Urim and Thummim."

"Well, sure, 'am ablidged, Mr. M'Guire, but how is it lake me?"

"Why, then, Nancy, I'll tell ye; it's old an' full o' wrinkles and spots, like one that had the smailpox." The widow was taken completely by surprise.

"Musha bad luck to yer imperence, Shandy," she retort

ed, tying the ribbons of her cap under her chin still tighter, and moving back her chair; "bad luck to yer imperence, but it's well come up with ye. Hah! that's not bad, to be sure; an' wusn't I young once, young enough when yer ould uncle, lame Mickey, us't to be afther me—when I wudn't look at the same side o' the road with him: ay, d'ye hear that, Mr. M'Guire; I was young once, 'am thinkin'."

"Oh! begorra, an' so was that same 'am talkin' av," replied he, with little attention to the old woman's anger; "but lake yerself, Nancy, it's a long time ago; an' by the powers it's lake ye more ways than one, for it was iver contrary and hard to manage, an' then there was so many turns and twists in it, an' sich a deludher—bad cass to me if iver I see it, but I be thinkin' iv the times long ago, after Barney died, when Ned Doherty us't to be sendin' me up to ye with the tokens."

"Whisht, ye divil!" interrupted Nancy, rising up and running to the dresser, "whisht this minit, or 'all throw the dish-cloth at ye; yer niver at aise, but whin yer at some divilment. It's fitter ye'd be makin' yer sowl, than claverin' about them things."

Again the widow resumed her seat, and remonstrated with her friend on the folly of his ways. She assured him that such reminiscences were by no means agreeable to her. She was now old and alone in the world, and had enough to perplex her without recurring to old stories.

"Now," she added, "give yer tongue a holyday, an' listen to me for a minit; I foun' somethin', an' 'ill wudger ye don't guess what it is."

But Shandy was determined to indulge his humor at her expense, knowing well the secret, if there really was one, would come out the sooner, the more he appeared indifferent about it.

"Maybe," said he, looking at her with a very demure coun-

tenance, in which not a single sign of emotion was perceptible, "faith, maybe it was the ring you lost long ago."

"What ring are ye ravin' about?"

"Why, don't ye mind the ring I brought ye from Ned, an' ye lost it nixt night comin' home from the market?"

"Botheration to me, but 'ill take the tongs to ye, if ye don't hould yer tongue," said Nancy, sharply, affecting at the same time to be much annoyed by his raillery; "indeed then, it's well worth yer while to upcast that, so it is, when I cud buy a score i' them on the *standins* for a testher apiece; an' bad manners to ye, ye desavin' thief, ye tould me it was wirgin goold, so ye did, an' it cost me more glasses nor you an' it was worth. It's a thing I niver had afore, I tell ye," she added, raising her voice as if her auditor was deaf, "now d'ye hear that?"

"Oh, by jingo," said Shandy, rubbing his nose with his forefinger very contemplatively, "it 'id be hard to guess that,—maybe it might be *religion*," he added, looking up very innocently in the anxious face of the widow. "Troth, 'ill bait ye it was, eh! 'am tould it's goin' about very plenty these times. It's given at first cost at the prayer meetins. People say, ould 'cut the rope,' Billy Armstrong, got religion the other day at a meetin' while ye'd say Jack Robison. By the pot-hooks, Nancy, ye were lucky if ye got that; ye'll be a saint in less than no time."

"Paugh!" ejaculated Nancy, "there's no use to think av stoppin' ye, ivery clift (fool) must have his way." She rose from her seat, and filling a glass at the dresser, handed it to Shandy. "Here," she muttered in a peevish, dissatisfied tone, as if the liquor was the last remedy, "here, take this, an' see will it stop yer mouth, ye graceless neer-do-weel; but sure yer tongue's no scandal any way, for it's many a time ye made free with yer own grandmother's boues in the clay, when ye could squeeze a joke out i' them."

Shandy took the glass from her hand with a very careless air, and holding it up between him and the light, said, after a moment's examination, "Huph! I see it's wathered."

"Wathered! what d'ye mane, M'Guire; d'ye intend to throw a slur on my honesty?" demanded the hostess, rather sharply. For on that point she was very sensitive.

"Oh, gohans to the honestest woman in the kingdom," replied her tormentor. "I was manin' only what we call the 'mollyficashein,' jist a wee drap in the keg to keep the evil spirit out av it. Sure I know it's not chatin' ye'd be, Nancy; och no, it 'id be ill my common to say that, but ye put only the innocent wather in it to purvent it doin' harm these bad times; and in troth, Nancy, it was well consithered av ye, it's the truth 'am sayin',' and having bowed to the good old dame, he emptied the glass. "Well, now, Mrs. Kelly," he resumed, having wiped his lips, and handed back the glass, "well, what was that you were goin' to tell me?"

"Look at that," was the reply, producing the letter, "an' let iz hear what yer larnin' can make av it. What name's on it?"

The missive bore the following superscription:

"To Wm. Thomas Joice, Esq., Lieutenant of Revenue Police, Donegal."

"Humph!" said Shandy, shaking his head with the air of a mandarin, and looking furtively at his companion, "bedad, I don't much like the looks av it. I'll wudger ye a button it's an informashin. Deil a less it is, 'am a'most sure. It's no harm to see, for look, it's not saled, there's only a thread on it, 'ill open it—hout, woman! niver fash yourself, it's no harm I tell ye—now can't ye have some sense, and let me see what it's all about—sure 'ill fix it up again as well as iver."

After a good deal of persuasion, (for the old woman had a deep sense of the impropriety of the act,) he at length was per-

mitted to take the letter from the envelope carefully, and read it. It turned out as Shandy suspected, to be an information lodged by Doogan the butcher before the officer in charge of the party of police stationed at Stranorlan. Doogan overheard in the house where he had slept the night before, the conversation that passed between his landlord and the smugglers; he heard the name of Lough Devenish frequently repeated; the quantity sold, and the hour of the night when it might be expected. Next morning, long before daybreak, he arose and set out for the market. The Revenue Police Barrack was situate on the road-side, at some distance from Stranorlan, so that, owing to its position, and the darkness of the night, Doogan had little fear of being detected. Having passed the sentry, he was admitted to the Lieutenant's sleeping apartment. The officer at once recognised his visiter, and pointed to a chair beside his bed. The information was given agreeably to the knowledge he had obtained, and a request made that Joice, the Lieutenant of the Donegal party, would be invited to come over and make the seizure, as otherwise suspicion would attach to him (Doogan)—having slept at the house where the liquor was to be conveyed, and where it was sold, and having to pass the Barrack on his way to the fair at so early an hour. These reasons seemed to satisfy the officer, and he accordingly, after a few minutes' delay, gave the desired letter to Doogan, telling him at the same time that Joice would pay him his fees as soon, after the seizure, as possible. Doogan placed the letter with a number of other papers in his pocketbook, and again muffling up his face with the cape of his great-coat from the gaze of the sentry, stole noiselessly away, mounted his horse, and was soon among the wilds of Barnesmore. The night was pitchy dark—not a single star to be seen in the whole wide expanse of the heavens, and yet so cold and calm that the feeling of desolation which the scene

even in mid-day was calculated to produce, became doubly increased by the death-like stillness that prevailed. As the informer wended his way through the dismal gorge of the Gap, the silence was sometimes broken by the whistle of the snipe or the peewee, disturbed from its resting-place by the horse's tread; and the shrill noise ran and rang along the rocks and caverns on either side, waking its thousand echoes as it went. Doo-gan rode on, unseen by mortal eye, enveloped in darkness, and communing with his own thoughts, darker and gloomier still. God was there too—but he was unseen, unfelt, and unrecognised. He had now reached the narrowest part of the ravine, and was turning round an angle formed by a rock that rose up almost perpendicularly from the edge of the road, when the horse, feeling himself unrestrained by the bridle, with a sudden movement darted down by the side of a little stream in the opposite direction, which found its way some distance among the chasms, and had nearly precipitated his rider ere he could gather up the reins and bring him again under control.

"Ha, haugh!" muttered the butcher, with clenched teeth, and reining in the wayward animal with his left hand, while he struck him with the heavy-leaded whip he held in his right, "devil skin ye for an uncannie brute, what gars ye ga that gate. Ha, ha!" he ejaculated again, repeating the blows on the head and sides of the unfortunate animal, "hah, but ye ha a lang memory; if ye ance gaed there, maun ye aye go; by a' that's guid ye'd pu' a halter roun' my neck, if ye warn a weel guided;" and having thus vented his displeasure, he regained the road, and proceeded at a somewhat quicker pace on his journey. The reader is already aware of the meeting between him and Frank Devlin, before they reached Nancy Kelly's, of the "Gap."

When Shandy, after many hums and hahs, had finished reading the letter, Nancy exclaimed,

"That's Jemmy Gallinagh's liquor he informed on, as sure as my name's Kelly. He come down here last night from Lough Devnish, an' tould me all about it: he was to be in Jim McCormack's i' Stranorlan, at 10 o'clock themorrow night, with two ten-gallon kegs. Och," she added, clapping her hands together, "och, weans dear; but this is the quare world, any way, we're livin' in. Bad luck to his black heart; sure I knew the dirty drap was in him; and look, Shandy, as sure as there's salt in the sea, he knows somethin' about the robbery at the ould barrack; when Frank was tellin' him about it awhile ago, I knew the thievery in his face."

"Well, take time, take time, neighbor, the longest lane has a turn in't—we'll find him out;" and Shandy seemed, even when he spoke, to be occupied with some interesting consideration.

"But what 'ill we do," inquired Nancy, with much eagerness, "will I send Dick up to Lough Devnish, an' Jemmy 'ill be here in a giffy?"

"Patience, woman, patience," calmly observed Shandy, "is often better than haste. Now hearken, and tell me who bought the last 'load'* from Jemmy Gallinagh?"

"The agent's baillie, Misther Coulson; but he said it wusn't for the recther, but himself. Still, 'am thinkin' his reverence got a taste av it, or the baillie wudn't be so keen at denyin', when nobody was doubtin' him."

"Stap now, can't ye, woman, and listen to me; where was it left?"

"At the porther's lodge, av coorse—they were all in bed at the time, in the big house."

"Very well," said Shandy, perfectly satisfied, "that 'ill do;" and he put the letter into his capacious coat-pocket.

* Two casks of liquor.

"What 'ir ye doin'," demanded the old woman, as she saw the letter disappear, and her companion rising to leave. "Sure, he'll be here lookin' afther it."

"He won't, I tell ye; I'll manage that part—where's Dick?"

"He's outside there—d'ye want him?"

"Yis, I want him to go with me to the fair—not a word now," as the widow was about to remonstrate, "he must go—I'll take care av him; and now, afore I lave ye, remimber, Nancy, this is a public day, an' mony a cronie 'ill be makin *shanahis** with ye; so don't be talkin' only as little as ye can, for too much av it's good for neather sowl or body. And mind me, auld friend, if ye find yerself hard run—if ye think ye can't keep this secret—I mane if it lies too heavy on yer neart, jist go down there an' tell it to the bedpost, or any thing i' that kind 'ill do in a pinch; for I know it's out it 'ill come, some way or other. So good-mornin' to ye."

Our hero and his companion Dick arrived at the village of Donegal before half the people had assembled, and long before the butchers gathered in to the cattle-market. During the walk, Shandy had completely won the affection and attachment of his fellow-traveller. Dick was in raptures with him, and swore "he'd do any thing in the wide world, barrin' murdher, to plaze him." Shandy, having procured writing materials at a friend's house, took from his pocket the lost letter, and surveyed it for some time with caution and care. He then laid it before him, and commenced another, referring to the information, from time to time, as he proceeded. When he had finished his task, he folded the new letter, placed it under the same envelope and thread which secured the old, and handed it to Dick, accompanying the act with the necessary instructions.

• Old stories about relationships.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH IT IS MADE TO APPEAR, THAT SAINTS AND SINNERS
MAY BE UNITED TOGETHER IN A COMMON BROTHERHOOD, BY
THE AID OF RELIGION.

THE Rev. gentleman, to whom allusion is made in the preceding chapter, was the celebrated Baxter Cantwell, A. M., ex S. F. C. D., and rector of the parish of Donegal. His father, a native of Shropshire, had emigrated to Ireland in the year 1793, and shortly after, through the interest of the Beresford family, obtained the office of vicar-choral in the cathedral of Cashel. His son Baxter, in the second year following, entered Trinity College as sizar, and worked his way, by remarkable industry, aided by a considerable share of talent, to the sub-librarianship of the college, with the degree of A. M., a salary of fifty pounds a year, and a suit of apartments. After a few years spent in this situation, made very lucrative by a number of casualties and perquisites then connected with the office, he succeeded in obtaining his ordination and appointment to the high-school of Kilkenny, vacant by the demise of the amiable and accomplished Dr. Chatworth Johnston. It was here Mr. Cantwell earned for himself, by his literary labors—chiefly remarkable for their intolerant, persecuting spirit—the enviable soubriquet of “Baxter Trueblue.” Finding, however, the field of his labors too circumscribed in Kilkenny, he solicited a living in the North, where he hoped to see his extraordinary zeal in the cause of Protestantism more effective and better appreciated, and was, in due time, ap-

pointed to the vicarage of Donegal, where he now resided. His glebe was called the "Moor," situate on a little eminence, almost surrounded by water, and distant but a few hundred yards from the village.

It was the eve of the October fair. The family at the Moor was comfortably seated round the fire in the drawing-room. The rector, himself, reclining in his easy-chair, his feet resting on a cushion before the fender, was occupied in the agreeable task of picking his teeth after a sumptuous dinner. He was very happy at that moment. Happy to think he had a thousand a year from his parish, to furnish the luxuries of his table; and still more happy, when he reflected, that his only son Archibald, then at his elbow, was already provided for, in the influential and important agency of Colonel Templeton, the gentleman already spoken of in the second chapter, and the second wealthiest commoner in the British parliament. These, certainly, were thoughts to make any man's heart glad.

Opposite his reverence sat his wife, an English lady, and at her side his maiden sister, Miss Cantwell, both, as it may readily be supposed, in the "sere and yellow;" and, if one could judge from looks, might have been launched on the current of life together. Be that as it may, the *personnage*, not only of the two ladies, but of each and every member of that interesting and pious family, was wonderfully alike—indeed, so very much so, that it is quite sufficient to say, one was tall, dark, thin, (very thin,) and ascetic, and all the rest were like that one, or rather, (deprived as we are of the pencil of George Cruikshank,) let us substitute an illustration from Death and Dr. Hornbook:—

"Faint a' wame (they) had ava',
An' then (their) shanks
They war' as thin an' sharp an' ama',
As cheeks o' branks."

"I trust," said the head of the family, at length wiping his toothpick, his countenance assuming a grave cast as he spoke, "I trust we shall have no disturbance at the fair to-morrow."

"I trust not," quietly replied his wife.

"It's nearly time now, my dear, we had a little peace, after a whole year's warring with these unfortunate people."

"I fear," said the lady, knitting her stocking, and speaking in a melancholy tone, "I fear there will be little peace, while these ribbonmen are permitted to remain in the country. The very thought of them is terrifying."

"Permitted, my dear," repeated her husband, "you surely cannot justly call it permission, when we have already done all that our relations with the church and the government require of us to exterminate them. If they have escaped us, we are not to blame."

"Not you, father, to be sure, nor the magistracy in general," interposed Archibald the agent, "but the enactment itself is to blame. It is not sufficiently comprehensive; were it to regard the abettors of ribbonism as it does the members of the society, we soon would have a peaceable neighborhood. The priest, I am informed, said in town no later than yesterday, that he feared the provocation his hearers were daily receiving, would soon make matters still worse. That's loyalty and allegiance for you."

"Have you seen this priest lately," inquired Mrs. Cantwell, addressing her husband with evident sarcasm in the tone.

"Not very lately, my dear, I believe."

"I've been told, sir, he insulted you a few days ago—in fact, laughed at you—laughed at you contemptuously on the public street, Mr. Cantwell. Pray is it so?"

"Insulted me, my dear," said her spouse, endeavoring to smile, "oh, no; that he certainly would not dare to do—he

knows if I cannot punish with the pistol or the sword, I have still the statutes of Queen Anne at my service."

"But you want the spirit to enforce them," bitterly rejoined the lady.

"Let me explain, my dear."

"Oh, shame, shame, Mr. Cantwell! I hate explanations. I never thought," she continued, her anger rising as she spoke, and leaving her chair for a seat on the sofa opposite, where she threw herself, averting her face in evident scorn, "I once little thought my lot would be cast among a merciless people, and with a husband incapable of protecting his own honor."

"Hear me for a moment, Isabella," exclaimed the minister, "why, this is intolerable; you have been grievously misinformed. The truth of the matter is simply this. Your own son, whom you dote upon so much, Archibald there, has been somehow accused of an affair with—I don't remember her name—that young woman, at whose interment I would not suffer the priest to read the funeral service in canonicals. Well, this same priest presumed to speak to me a few days ago, and—"

"And insult you too, sir," added the lady, turning to her husband with a sneer that plainly told how keenly she felt the fancied indignity offered him by a priest.

"I beg, my dear, you will have one moment's patience, and let me—"

"What right, sir," she demanded, rising again, and passing up and down the apartment, with little attention to her husband's remonstrance, "what right has the priest to address you on such a subject? If Archibald be guilty of this charge, why he is greatly to blame. But is the crime irreparable? One would suppose, sir, in this savage land, the loss of a peasant girl's reputation was some great national evil—so much is it talked of! that this wretched people valued

it higher than ever did England that of her greatest and proudest peeresses—her Bl—tons, her C—ng—ms, and her Port—ths. I can have no patience with this intolerable pride!”

“Think, now, my dear,” when at length he could make himself heard, and speaking in a calm, but reproving voice, “think how unseemly this passion is—how very unseemly—how unlike what you ought to be. If a stranger saw you now in this burst of passionate feeling—or anger, I should rather call it—”

“And if he did, sir,” she replied, elevating her voice still higher, “you are there to explain the cause—to tell him, sir, that the indignation of the wife is caused by the pusillanimity of the husband. Yes, sir, I should not feel at all surprised, if I saw this same priest walk in here, sir, and horsewhip you at your own fireside.”

“Very well, my dear,” sighed his reverence, with a feeling of resignation to the ills of married life, “very well, I can’t prevent you.”

“Ha! ha!” she cried, after a moment’s breath, and looking scornfully on her patient and loving spouse, “ha! ha! and where are all the converts you made? Yes, you got their names to send to the Kildare-street Society; but where are the converts themselves? Ha! ha!” she ejaculated again; “you have had ten new pews built in church for their accommodation—who occupies them? Yes, sir, the priest may laugh at you, and insult you too.”

During this last philipic, the rector had taken up “The Saints’ Everlasting Rest,” by his namesake, and seemed to be attentively occupied in turning over the pages, as if looking for something in which he took interest. Miss Rebecca was reading the last annual, and Archibald sat twirling his thumbs, his feet stretched out before him, and glancing under his dark eyebrows from one to the other of the disputants. At length

he laid his hand on his mother's arm, as she passed him, and said,—

"Mother, you are, indeed, excessively severe—there is no need of these hot words. Your zeal for religion makes you forget charity, its leading virtue. If I am to blame in this trifling affair, I am willing to bear the consequences. I believe I am sufficiently responsible for my own acts."

"It's no credit, sir, let me tell you," said his father, sharply, turning his chair and pushing the footstool violently from under his feet; "no, sir, it's no credit to any man to be responsible for disreputable acts. Pagh! sir, your father's name should be a check on your vicious inclinations."

"Well, but consider, sir, mine is not an isolated case—liberties are certainly permitted, or rather, I should have said, excusable in men of my rank and station."

"Oh, do cease this folly, Archy, dear," interposed Rebecca, coaxingly; "do let us talk of something more interesting. I have heard the committee is to meet at the lodge* to-morrow night. Is it not so?"

"I wish they had never met," was the reply.

"Never met—and why, my dear Archy?"

"Because, then we had not been fools for the world to laugh at."

"Oh, you are surely not serious," said his aunt, playfully.

"Serious, why the very children in the streets—are they not mocking us as we pass, and their mothers courtesying to our orange ribbons? Were not the colors presented to the corps by Lady Farnham, pelted with mud while flying from the window of the lodge? But by H——," he exclaimed, starting from his chair at the thought of such degradation, "it shall not be long so I'll scourge the vile rabble into abject sub-

mission. I have the power, and will use it with a vengeance. If my conduct is to be the subject of conversation for the priest, it shall be also for his people, and matter enough they shall have to employ their tongues for a twelvemonth to come."

"Be cautious, Archibald," said the rector; "zeal must be tempered with prudence; you have already made enemies for yourself."

"And who, among these enemies," haughtily demanded the agent of his father, "which of them dare thwart me in my projects?"

"Your own rashness may defeat them."

"Pagh! rashness—folly, my dear sir. Have you not seen 'Goulburn's' opinion on these matters? But who is to call me to account for precipitancy, in such a cause?"

"One who will and can. Colonel Templeton himself—a man not to be trifled with. He is, no doubt, an enemy—an avowed enemy of popery—but a man scrupulously just in the treatment of his tenants. He will tolerate no interference with the legal rights and claims of land-tenure."

"Admitted, sir," replied the agent, smiling at his father's dread of the colonel's displeasure, "admitted—rights and claims must and ought to be respected. But has he not authorized, nay, encouraged me to exterminate for *legal* cause every Catholic tenant on his estate, if I can find a Protestant substitute? Be satisfied, sir, my power is well defined—my instructions clear and explicit, and I shall take care to be guided by them to the very letter."

"It is your *duty*, Archibald," broke in the lady of the mansion, who had now been silent for a few minutes, but by no means disposed to abate her petulance, "and yours too, sir," she said, addressing her husband, "as a magistrate and minister, to destroy the man of sin."

"Oh, my dear wife," replied the rector, looking up piously to the ceiling, "no man on this earth would risk his life more cheerfully than I would, to annihilate popery. But it's all in vain, for I fear the plague-spot is spreading."

"And what wonder, sir," she promptly observed, "when you are afraid to apply the proper remedy for the evil!"

"The remedy, my dear, was often tried, and one as powerful too, as the united skill of the greatest and ablest men of the age could make it. Kings and princes, and subjects, have applied it; but, alas! it failed—why, I know not."

"Perhaps, because popery is imperishable," said the lady, tauntingly.

"I must confess, Isabella, notwithstanding our conviction to the contrary, that there is a something—a vitality you may call it, in popery, which does seem almost imperishable; while we attempt to cut down the tree, we only shake the branches and scatter the seed,—instead of destroying, we only multiply its growth."

"I did not expect such language from you," observed his wife, with the same unchangeable sneer upon her lip,—“why, I think you had better turn papist yourself. You could speak so eloquently of the perpetuity of that faith. Why do you not enlighten us on that point from the pulpit—your congregation would feel so delighted—so very happy to hear you descant—”

"But is it not true?" interrupted her husband; "alas! it cannot be denied. We have transported and put to death their priests in hundreds, and yet they are not the fewer."

"Well, go on, sir," muttered the lady, "I'll not stop you—go on."

"We have made it felony to harbor them, and yet their unfortunate followers have suffered the rack and gibbet, sooner than abandon them to their fate."

"Go on, sir, you speak admirably."

"We have set the same price on the priest's head we did on the wolf's; the wolves were all slain, but the priests are more numerous than ever."

"Beautiful!—proceed, sir; I declare you're becoming eloquent at last."

"We have had the pilgrims of 'Lough Derg' (or 'Patrick's Purgatory,' as the statutes there before you call it) tied to carts, and scourged through the streets by the common executioner, and all was of no avail; what then are we to do?"

Here the good lady could no longer control her passion, convinced as she was, that her husband, for the last five minutes, had been laboring might and main to annoy and perplex her, for the contempt she had offered him. She started up, flung her stocking on the floor, raised her arm, as if about to make some solemn protestation, when the door opened, and a servant announced "Mr. Ebenezer Goodsoul." The lady's arm fell to her side, the rector's feet again sought the cushion, Miss Rebecca took up the annual, and Archibald stretched out his feet before him. In the faces of all the occupants of that apartment, not one angry look remained; so that, when the visiter entered, he might well exclaim, "Oh, what happy faces—what a cheerful, happy home!"

The gentleman who now made his appearance, was not at all so important a personage as the reader might have supposed from the wonderful change that followed his announcement. He was only the Bible reader of the district. This term may sound harsh to the ears of some of our kind readers, and hence a short explanation becomes necessary to avoid misconception and prejudice.

When we use the term Bible reader, it is because it was the proper designation of his peculiar calling—adopted by the

society that employed him, and acknowledged by himself as a reverend and holy title. It designated the particular office and rank he held in the dissemination of evangelical truth. The Bible reader was generally a member of some one or other of the dissenting churches—sometimes, but very seldom indeed, of the Anglican. In rank he bore the same relation to the Methodist minister that the lector in the Catholic church does to the priest. In their vocation the difference consisted in the Methodist minister being called immediately by the Lord, and the Bible reader by the Kildare-st. Society, or any other association established for similar purposes. Bible readers were very numerous in 182—. Being for the most part illiterate men, they confined their labors almost exclusively to remote places, seldom appearing in towns except on business connected with their office. The Kildare-st. Society gave them twenty pounds a year as a salary, and supplied them with Bibles and religious tracts for distribution, in immense quantities. The clergymen also in the various localities recommended them strongly to the charitable consideration of their hearers, so that, every thing considered, they might be called a very-well-provided-for class of teachers of the word. But we must not omit to mention, that besides their stated salary, they had what was usually called head-money, or two shillings and sixpence for every convert to the gospel—that is, every one who could answer some of the leading questions in their approved catechism, and had attended Sunday-school twice at least within three months. They had also the privilege of making converts *ad libitum*; for instance, they could recommend destitute Catholic children, or adults, as the case might be, to the “Clothes Committee of the parish, and if they succeeded in obtaining the garments in lieu of a promise to attend the Protestant church, their names were dispatched to Dublin as converts to the light of the gos-

pel, and a reward transmitted thence to the Bible reader, for his pious advocacy of the cause. As to his personal appearance, the Bible reader differed as much from the members of the community in general, as the Brahmin does from the laborer in Hindostan. He invariably dressed in black, as became his calling—not a white speck was to be seen except the cravat, and that was perfectly unique. It was composed of leather, like that of the English soldier, and covered with white muslin, but worn so high, stiff, and immoveable, that one would imagine it intended to keep the eyes of the wearer forever removed from a sight of the sinful earth he inhabited. When walking, with his head thrown back, he gave a lively illustration of the well-known Greek word *anthropos*. His hair was forever cut as close to the skin as it was possible for scissors to accomplish it. His hat was broad-brimmed, made of common felt, and manufactured expressly for the class, by a member of the Society of Friends in Wexford. The bearing, gait, and air of the Bible reader were peculiar, solemn, and impressive. From the moment he were called to go forth and preach, he was never known to smile more—not a beam of gladness ever lighted up his countenance again ; and when he travelled, night or day, storm or sunshine, the measured pace was never altered ; and the lugubrious face never spoke but of mourning and sorrows to the light-hearted peasantry, as they passed him on the roads.

To such a class of men, therefore, did the gentleman belong whose name has been already announced by the servant, Mr. Ebenezer Goodsoul. If the reader be disposed to find fault with the want of individuality about our reverend visitor—if he thinks we have not been sufficiently explicit as to the stature, features, &c., he will please to observe, once for all, that no one ever yet could distinguish one Bible reader from

another. Similar habits, thoughts, manners, dress, and deportment, had so far assimilated and amalgamated the different individuals of that section of the ministry since their first institution, that all identity had vanished. He (the reader) has therefore no choice left but to select an "ideal," and he may be assured, if he be not very hard to please, he will certainly find *one* at least to suit his fancy, between Thersites and Apollo, or between Roebuck and Lord Brougham.

"Delighted to see you, Mr. Goodsoul," said the rector—"we have just been talking of the blessings of religion, a subject so dear to your heart. No doubt you are come to speak of to-morrow's meeting of the brethren in committee. Sit down, dear Mr. Goodsoul, and make one of the family circle. Oh, I wish—how I do wish, that all my people felt as deeply interested in the cause of our holy religion as you, my friend!"

"I am but a poor, sinful creature, your reverence, and can do little good," was the reply.

"But your heart is in the great cause."

"Heart and soul have I dedicated myself to the holy work," said the Bible reader.

"You have reason to rejoice and be glad, my friend."

"I am grateful, I trust, and thankful to our great Ruler and Master, that he has vouchsafed to look upon me as the humblest of his servants."

"You have apprized the different members of the committee?" inquired the rector.

"Each and every one."

"Oh, very well," said the rector, "so far all is right. Laboring on your mission, as usual?"

"To the extent of my poor abilities," replied the Bible reader.

"Successfully, I hope?"

"As much so, your reverence, as it might be given to expect, amidst so ungodfearing a people; verily, the stiff necks of the Jews are not so hard to bend as are those of the deluded Catholics."

"We have yet strong hopes in the holy seed of the word," observed the rector.

"The harvest is ripening," said the Bible reader.

"It will be fruitful tenfold in its season," said the rector.

"Yea, a hundredfold," said the Bible reader.

"Your reward shall be great and everlasting," said the rector.

"And thine," said the Bible reader, "oh, thine, reverend sir, shall be without measure, for thine holy ministration of the gospel has been wonderfully powerful amongst the people; the seed which you have scattered hath already produced much fruit, (though it hath not yet ripened;) yea, even in the shadow of death—for when you came to minister to us, darkness had covered the land, and gross darkness the people; but the light of the gospel hath beamed out from thee, and shone afar off like unto the pillar in the desert."

"No, no, my dear Goodsoul, say not so," observed the minister, with a smile; "no, we must not ascribe to our gifts of nature the wonderful effects of the word amongst the people. But have your labors been blessed with your usual success?"

"Far beyond my expectations," said the Bible reader—"within the last two weeks, sixteen souls have been rescued from the Ammonites and their abominations."

"You hear that, my love," said the minister, addressing his lady. "What a consolation—sixteen souls within the fortnight!"

"And the priest," continued the rector, "have you met with opposition from him, as usual?"

"It hath not been so great as formerly," replied the Bible

reader, "yet he still revileth the servants of the Lord, in the high place he hath built to Moloch, the abomination of the children of Ammon."

"Have you spoken to himself of the evil of his ways?" inquired the rector.

"I have spoken in charity, and he would not hearken to me; he called me a hypocrite, because I have been once wicked, and turned my back upon my sins. But verily, verily, I have never been a Moabite, nor bent my knee before Baal. And I said unto him when he put me from his house, 'Behold, thou hast labored like Nahash at Jabesh-gilead to put out the eyes of thy Amalekite people, that they might not see thy abominations.' And when he laughed at my rebuke, I waxed wrothful in spirit, (for I am yet weak,) and said unto him, that another like our holy and God-fearing Elizabeth would yet come, and would put to death, even as Josiah did, the idolatrous priests that burned incense unto Baal; and, as it hath been commanded, I shook the dust from my feet on the threshold of the unbeliever."

"You have done well, my dear Mr. Goodsoul," said the lady of the house, speaking with peculiar emphasis, and looking sidewise at her husband; "there should be no peace with the unbeliever."

"And when may we expect to see these converts at church?" inquired Rebecca, "for that, you know, my dear Mr. Goodsoul, is the chief consideration."

"Their outward garments, lady," replied the Bible reader, "are unseemly for such a presence—they are but indifferently clothed, and full of delicacy—the pride of life. I know, lady, the white robes of innocence are more precious in *his* sight, yet we cannot fail to remember that the Israelites were commanded to wash their very garments before they approached even the foot of the mountain."

"Oh, assuredly," interposed Mrs. Cantwell, "attention to dress is by no means incompatible with attention to the inner man. But are you satisfied, Mr. Goodsoul, they fail not as hitherto in their attendance at church?"

"Perfectly, madam—they will attend our prayer-meeting, at which the Rev. Jcjjediah Sweetsoul holds forth on his return from Sligo."

"But why not come to my church," inquired the rector, "where their conversion will be more publicly known, and their little wants meet with a more prompt and liberal attention?"

"For the very reason you have mentioned, reverend sir," replied the Bible reader. "They are not yet sufficiently strengthened by the spirit, to acknowledge their errors in so public a manner; the false delicacy of the world, poor carnal creatures as they are, holds them back a little, yet a while—they fear their enemies might say, if they went first among your wealthy people, that they had a yearning after carnal comforts, instead of the bread of life."

"Well, my dear Baxter," said his wife, compassionately, "it's right—to be sure they have their little feelings. Let them go to the Methodist church."

"Well, dear, I am satisfied if you are," said her husband.

"Oh, yes, dear Baxter, why not?" said his wife.

"Very well, then," said the husband.

"Oh, certainly," said the wife, "what matters it, dear, what church they attend, if they only abandon the superstitions of popery."

"But they will not abandon them," said Archibald, speaking for the first time.

"Why do you think so?" asked his father.

"Oh, they are thoroughly convinced of their error," said the Bible reader

"So were all the converts, if we could believe them," retorted the agent.

"But these are prepared to make a public profession, I trust," enjoined the rector.

"Without doubt," answered the Bible reader.

"Yes," said the agent, "like all the former ones."

"How?"

"Until they are clothed, sheer absolute necessity compels them. They can't help it. They can't be sincere in their promises of conversion. They can't understand, or rather they can't feel what Protestantism is. They can't take the bare Bible for their religion. They can't enter our churches and see them desolate, stripped of every thing that used to warm up their hearts in their own, without sorrow and regret. They never can be converted by ordinary means. Do you think a Catholic, who from his infancy saw himself surrounded by the sacraments of his church, and from which he received, or at least thought he received so much consolation amid all his trials and disappointments of life, will be content with a bare book which he cannot understand? Do you think he can relinquish all the aids to salvation, so numerous in his church—that he can forget his confession, where the priest was accustomed to direct and admonish him, even if, as we think, he could do nothing more—forget his communion, which he believed to be the body of Christ, his last sacrament, which he had depended so much on at the hour of death—and all this for what he was accustomed to look upon as the mere skeleton of a religion, without form, substance, or tangibility?"

"Nonsense, Archibald," exclaimed his mother, interrupting him, "you talk very strangely."

"I talk the truth, mother, and you know it," replied Archibald.

"I know it," said the lady, busying herself with her work, and somewhat discomposed, "I know it, do I—perhaps so."

"Yes, indeed, mother, you know it, and we all know it well, if we had candor enough to acknowledge it. I hate popery, myself, as I do the d——l, and would exterminate papists at the hazard of my life. But why should we belie their religion, in order to deceive ourselves? They never will be converted. Within the last five years you have lost many of your hearers, and whom have you gained? Three permanent converts; and who are they? Men whom the priest thrust out of his church, for theft and other crimes. Could they be called Catholics? Certainly not; the priest would not recognise them as such."

"But they have reformed, by an attentive and pious study of the Bible, a change which the influence of Catholic doctrine never could have effected. And they have remained steady members of the church," added the rector.

"Steady, no doubt, father," replied Archibald: "and why not? what could they do—what other resource could they fly to? Their first duty on their return to the Romish communion would have been restitution—the very thing which first drove them out of it. Make restitution, and let their wives and children starve! The thing is preposterous. They are constrained to remain steady where they are, and where no minister's authority can reach their consciences or their purse."

"The word of God will reach them," said the rector, somewhat pettishly.

"The word of God to them is but a book—it is a thing without eyes, ears, tongue, or understanding," said Archibald. "It is but a dead monitor, the priest is a living one. The Bible may convince the intellect, but the heart, the seat of the sensibilities, requires a far different action to

impel it. Suppose you changed your relative positions—give the Catholic church the advantages you possess—wealth, titles, authority, patronage; and the Protestant, poverty and persecution—how many hearers would you have in twelve months? None. Do you think it would be sufficient to hand them the Bible, and say, ‘Here, read that, and learn to suffer for conscience sake?’”

“You have given your opinions unsolicited, Archibald,” said his father, “and with a very unnecessary earnestness. May I ask what is your object in all this?”

“Simply to prove to you, if you are not already convinced of it, that all your endeavors for the conversion of Catholics is vain, and will be vain to the end. Well then, when you cannot lead them—drive them. When you cannot reform them—exterminate them, and by every means in your power. Leave no means untried; degrade them, impoverish them, persecute them. Misery and beggary and destitution *may* convert them, but the Bible *never*.”

During the latter part of the foregoing dialogue between father and son, the two ladies and Mr. Ebenezer Goodsoul had retired to a distant corner of the drawing-room, to have a little quiet conversation on the important subject of clothing the converts.

“Now, my dear Mr. Goodsoul, tell me candidly,” said Mrs. Cantwell, “do you think these poor creatures are sincere?” and she laid her hand familiarly on his shoulder.

“Yea, verily, madam, their conversion is truly sincere.”

“And will they certainly attend your church? Have you any doubt of it?”

“None whatever, madam.”

“Oh, it will be so delightful,” exclaimed Miss Rebecca, rubbing her hands.

“It will be a great victory my dear Rebecca, after all the

taunts we have borne," said Mrs. Cantwell, smiling benignly.

"Oh, yes indeed," added Miss Rebecca, "it will be absolutely charming. We must take them under our own immediate protection, poor dear creatures—they shall feel so awkward, you know—so confused, when they find themselves all at once among respectable people."

"Well, but dear Mr. Goodsoul, do not recommend them, if you be not absolutely satisfied of their attendance. You know how we have suffered already. It is so very humiliating to behold these nasty creatures strutting by us to mass in the very garments we gave them—and some of which we made even with our own hands. It is really insupportable."

"Fear not, my dear lady," said the Bible reader, "they are now, I trust, children of grace; their eyes are opened, and they see the light."

"And when do they come for the garments?" said Mrs. Cantwell; "you know they are always ready."

"When you please, madam."

"Very well, then—when the colonel comes. We expect him daily; he is now visiting at Colonel Percival's, of Rockvale. He will be so gratified."

The little party then separated. Mr. Ebenezer Goodsoul approached the door of the apartment, and turning round, bowed to every member of the family, according to seniority. His body rose to a perpendicular and bent to a right angle at each obeisance, and without a syllable of accompaniment to lessen the solemnity of the action, he quitted the room, his head thrown back as usual, and his step measured and steady as an undertaker's at a funeral.

When he reached the porter's lodge, he stopped and mused for a moment, as if he had forgotten something. He did not return, however, but stood there looking towards the glebe-

house. In a minute or two after, Archibald, the agent, appeared, with a hurried step, and said as he approached, 'Goodsoul?'

"The same."

"Ha! well, what news?"

"I have executed thy commands faithfully," said the Bible reader.

"Did you find her at home?" inquired the agent.

"No, sir, she was returning from the chapel, or the house of abominations, where she had gone, with other maidens, to worship their goddess Astaroth."

"Humph!" said Cantwell, with evident dissatisfaction, "I wish you had met her at a more favorable time. Did she seem displeased at the overture?"

"Very scornful," replied Goodsoul, and then he added, "verily she seemeth a goodly and well-favored maiden, and—"

"Well, well, sir," interrupted Cantwell, "I don't require your opinion now on that point. But the answer—what was her answer?"

"None, sir."

"Ha! did you tell her how her father was in my power, and would be ejected for arrears of rent, if she continued obstinate?" said the agent.

"Yea, sir, and she chided me bitterly."

"How?"

"She spoke of hypocrites in the garb of religion, and affected to think me a vile man—that I was leagued with you in iniquity; but, verily, verily, thy secrets are thine own. I am but a poor, sinful creature, I admit, borne down by the load of my infirmities; yet, nevertheless—"

"Pah, sir!" cried Cantwell, passionately, "a truce with this mummery. We know each other, Mr. Goodsoul. I

know your value, and you, I believe, have already some reason to know mine. Remember that—”

Here steps were heard coming towards them, which interrupted the conversation. The agent and his trusty and pious confidant separated for the night.

CHAPTER V.

AN IRISH FAIR, WITH ITS PECULIARITIES, WHICH, BEING NATIONAL FOR THE MOST PART, ARE VERY UN-ENGLISH, AND OF COURSE VERY ABSURD.

WHEN Dick had delivered the letter to Doogan, according to Shandy's instructions, he sauntered through the village with a very self-satisfied air, and—if we might judge from the quantity of cakes he carried in his pockets, into which his hand found its way occasionally—with the laudable determination of living like any other independent gentleman, while the resources lasted ; or, as Mrs. Trollope would say, like any other Irishman.

The "fair" was unusually large, the day fine, and business smart and stirring. It was now about six o'clock in the afternoon. All the principal parts of the town—particularly the Diamond—were crowded with people listening to ballad-singers, lottery-men, and itinerant auctioneers. Having sold what they had brought to market, or purchased their little necessities, as the case might have been, their thoughts were high and happy—glad to see their neighbors, and disposed for the time to forget all their wrongs and sufferings, and to be on friendly terms with the whole wide world. Almost every one having a penny to spare, was desirous of treating his neighbor "to something to dhrink ;" or when his thoughts turned homewards, of buying "the *fairins* for the chilkher, the crathurs who'd be expekin' them."

"Here Peggy, achusla, here's a testher," said an ill-dressed but good-looking countryman to his wife, "maybe ye want somethin' to buy."

"Feen a hapworth 'ill buy the day, Barney," she replied.

"Well, well, ye'll want somethin' maybe; here, woman, take it."

"Barney, dear, you know we can't afford it; it's fither we'd lay it up for the haliday rent. Cantwell 'ill drive us to the pound av we hav'n't it ready for him."

"I know that, Peggy, but sure God's good—it's a long while yet to that time, ye know, an' the corn's up tuppence a stone—here, dear, take the thrifle, we'll niver miss it."

"A thrifle now, an' a thrifle again, Barney, 'id soon run out the purse," observed the wife, smiling in her husband's face; "an' you wantin' a new shuit, so ye do—for in troth 'am a'most ashamed to luck at ye, yer so bare i' thothes."

"Hout! niver mind me—these ould duds 'ill do me well enough; ye'r more in need i' somethin' dacent yerself. Here, take the testher, 'am sayin'."

"Well, sure, thanks be to God, Barney, we're not so badly off—we're stout an' strong yet, both av us, an' has our hands to work for a livin'; I'll buy somethin' with it for the childer, they'll be at the lane waitin' for us."

"Come, then," said her husband, "here's candies here beyont, it 'ill plaze the creathurs best av any."

He led the way accordingly, jostling the crowd as he passed along to where the candy-men were crying their valuables at a corner of the Diamond, and where the passage was narrow and densely thronged, some crushing in to purchase, and others listening and laughing at the droll expressions of the venders. In the centre of the crowd were two men, carrying each a wooden waiter or square board, on which the candies were placed, and supported by cords running round their

necks, and fastened to the four corners. On this waiter might be seen arranged, according to their several genus and species, all kinds of beasts, birds, and fishes, made of sugar or molasses, as it might suit the customer's purse, or please his fancy. The two candy-merchants, as already said, met directly in the middle of the throng, each passing in an opposite direction, and vociferating the qualities and perfections of his stock in trade, in tones capable of waking the very dead. Neither would give way to the other. So that each stood facing his antagonist, looking daggers, and endeavoring to silence him by the strength of his lungs, as he cried,

"Here's the Rock—the Rock (candy,) the rale Indhin,
And peppermint Rock, goin' for
Bits i' brass for broken glass—r—r—"

"Lave the road!" shouted one, at length, impatient of the delay; "lave the road, an' let yer betthers pass. Here's the Rock, the Rock—r—"

"When I see them, my *augenaugh*," cried the other. "Here's the Rock—r—"

"Stop yer shoutin', or 'ill run my *ketogue* down yer throat," again cried the first, and then in an under-tone to a new purchaser,—“twopence, ma'am, only twopence, it's dead cheap; that horse's as big as a common elephant—here's the Rock, the Rock—r—yis, ma'am, only a halfpenny, one hal'penny; that cat's as large as a dacent sheep. Stop, ye spalpeen,” he continued,—“stop,” said he, at the top of his voice, and shaking his fist at his competitor,—“stop this minit, or 'ill not lave a baste on your board.” Here an incident occurred, however, which precipitated a quarrel that would have evidently taken place, only perhaps a few minutes later. A tall, stalwart fellow, flourishing a blackthorn of no very slender proportions, shouldered the last speaker against his antagonist—breaking

cows, horses, seals, whales, elephants, and their keepers at one rush. The candy-merchants, seeing their stock in trade literally swept from their hands, and their prospects completely ruined, perhaps for a whole month to come, turned to revenge on each other the injury their own obstinacy had occasioned. Being strangers, however, in that part of the country, and generally of a character not likely to create much interest in their favor, they were permitted to adjust their differences as it pleased them best. In the mean time the man with the blackthorn was not idle: treading, with a most magnanimous disregard of danger, over tigers, lions, and various other savage animals, he shouted, as he hurled the bystanders aside,—

“Make room! make room here for the ballad-singer—let me see the policeman that dare touch him—stand roun’ him there, and keep yer shillelahs in yer fists. Frank Devlin, can’t ye drive that oul fella with the cape on his coat out i’ that—don’t ye see he’s crushin’ the ballad-singer?”

“Three cheers for the ballad-singer,” cried another; “who dar say bum to the ‘white ribbons?’”

“Lift it now, my bonchal—yer friends is roun’ ye,” cried a third, slapping the vocalist on the shoulder. “Hurroo! my boy, ye’ve friends at yer back. Rise it, my lad, an’ don’t fear the bloody police.” The ballad-singer, seeing himself surrounded by a circle of strong, stout men, ready to protect him, took courage, at length, and began in a stentorian voice—

“Come all ye Roman Catholics, I pray ye now attend,
An’ listen with attention to these few lines I pinned;
It’s av the bloody Orangemen, I mane for to relate,
That murdered Teady Houlahan, and did him masacrate

‘It was on the twelfth iv July, as that ye soon will hear,
That comin’ from Jim Donaher’s, all in this present year
They put a sword into his heart, an’ pinned him to the groun’—
The Lord have mercy on his soul, it’s to himself be touf (told.)”

The cry of police! police! put a stop to the song, as the ballad-singer had begun the third verse with increased animation; "They're comin', they're comin', an' Trueblue at their head." In another instant the police were in their midst, and with bayonets on their carabines, drove the defenceless people before them, pricking them from side to side as they dashed furiously along. Five or six mounted police, with the officer in front, were particularly active; careless of all consequences, and reckless of human life, they spurred their maddened horses over men and women, young and old, shouting as the infuriated animals reared and plunged under the spur, "Cut them down, the bloody papists, hew them to the ground, the croppy rebels, we'll teach them treason songs." The officer who had charge of the party, having already cut and maimed all who opposed his progress, came dashing up to where Barney and his wife had taken refuge. As he approached the unoffending man, he rose in the saddle, and made a desperate lunge, but Barney evading the blow, the horse bolted forward, throwing down his wife, and crushing her under his feet. Hardly had she fallen, when a voice, clear, distinct, and powerful, was heard high over the din of the multitude, ringing as it passed along, "White ribbons to the rescue!" and the next instant the officer received a blow on the temple, and fell insensible to the ground. Then the riot became serious. The white ribbons rallied round the corner of the Diamond from every part of the fair, and aided, as they were, by friends and relations who had never joined, and others who had already abandoned the society, made a formidable force. The reins of the cavalry horses were cut, and of course they became ungovernable, throwing off their riders, and trampling on all before them. The infantry, on the other hand, had their bayonets broken in the melee, and nothing to defend them but the unloaded carabines. In this perplexity the police cried to the

Rev. Baxter Cantwell, J. P., to read the riot act, and the sergeant taking command in the absence of his superior officer, ordered the men to load. Amid the noise and turmoil that prevailed, the magistrate took the riot act from the clerk, and read with considerable perturbation as far as the end of the first paragraph, when a shout was heard behind him, and a company of military came thundering along, with their officer in front, saying as he approached the magistrate, in a deep, authoritative voice,

"Stop, sir—I take command here."

"What! Captain O'Brien," demanded the rector, "are you justice of the peace?"

"I am, sir, when I choose to act; and I choose it now. Lieutenant Somers," he added, addressing his next in command, "put the sergeant of police under arrest, and send his men to their quarters. Mr. Cantwell, you have no longer authority here—I shall be responsible to the *proper* authorities for this conduct of mine, when required," and slightly bowing to the clergyman, he moved along in front of his men. In another minute, all was as quiet and peaceable as if a loud word had not been spoken. The crowd immediately broke up, each one talking of the scrimmage to his neighbor and laughing over the different accidents that occurred, or recounting the deeds he had done in the "battle." Whilst the scene above described was taking place, others of a less exciting description were occurring in different parts of the village.

At an open window of a very elegant mansion, remote from the business localities of Donegal, sat two young ladies, chatting pleasantly together, and enjoying the cool air of the evening. The elder of the two was Emily Johnston, daughter of General Johnston, the owner of the establishment, and then in England engaged on business connected with his profession. The other was Ellen O'Donnell, the only re-

maining child of Edward O'Donnell, formerly of Larkfield Castle, in the county Leitrim, but now a portrait painter in Florence, and but a few months returned from Italy, where she had spent the last ten years of her life. General Johnston had formed an intimate acquaintance with her father, during his stay at Florence, where he had gone some years before, at the request of George IV., to purchase cartoons for the pavilion at Brighton. It was in consequence of this acquaintance that the general, on his return to Italy with his daughter in 182—, again visited the city of painters, renewed his intimacy with Edward O'Donnell, and at the solicitation of Emily, obtained permission for Ellen to accompany them to England and thence, after a short stay, to their country-seat in Donegal.

Edward O'Donnell was the last lineal descendant of the kings of that name. He had but one brother living, and he was a Dominican friar, supposed to be in some part of southern Europe, but of whom he received no intelligence for the last seven years. His children all died young but Ellen, and she was now the only tie that bound him to life. The Larkfield estate had remained in possession of the family ever since the reign of the old kings, and until some time after the peace of Europe. It was their last refuge amid all their trials and persecutions; and they regarded it always as a kingly residence, the birthplace and nursery of a royal race. At length, however, it became so encumbered by the interest of old debts long accumulating, that it was finally put to the hammer, and Edward of Larkfield was cast penniless on the world. Too far advanced in years to enter the military service of Spain, where many of his relatives were forced to seek their fortunes, and too proud to remain in his native land as a beggar, where he felt himself entitled to rule as a king, he resolved to emigrate to Florence, where he hoped

his pencil would earn a competence for himself and his child.

Edward had already acquired considerable celebrity as a painter. He had spent the last five years of his minority in Florence, and was just beginning to take a respectable rank among the artists of that famous city, when his father died, and he was called home to take possession of his estate.

Before his departure from Florence, he discovered that a maternal relative, Hugh O'Donnell, who lost his life at Ravenna in 1512, had left a collection of paintings of considerable value, with Count Frioli, of Parma, in trust for the rightful heir, should he ever claim them. These consisted of a "Sampson," (breaking the chains,) by Michael Angelo; a "Madonna," by Raphael, and a number of the earlier productions of Titian and Giorgione, with all of whom he had cultivated an acquaintance of the strictest and friendliest intimacy, under the guardianship of Cardinal Bibiano, afterwards secretary to Leo X. These splendid bequests he succeeded in recovering, after much anxiety and perseverance, and carried them with him, notwithstanding the difficulty and danger from the severe restrictions of the Italian laws, home to his patrimony in Leitrim. Surrounded by the works of the old masters; his whole time and attention was now devoted to his easel, declining all intercourse with the neighboring gentry, whom he ever regarded more as serfs than as equals—the usurpers of his rights, rather than the lawful inheritors of the soil. When, at length, he found himself, after many struggles and long-enduring trials, driven from his residence, he sold all the property he possessed in the world, personal and real, except his paintings, from which he never parted; and the last of the O'Donnells, with his wife and daughter, sought a home in a foreign land. He chose Florence.

Ellen had now reached her nineteenth year. She was a

tall, graceful, and eminently beautiful girl. Her features wore an expression of melancholy, that assorted well with the sad reverses of her family fortunes, and chastened rather than lessened the high aristocratic tone of feeling that marked her countenance. Educated in the convents of Italy, surrounded almost from her infancy by all that is great and magnificent in Christian worship, and inheriting the chivalrous Catholic spirit of her fathers, she was enthusiastic in her attachment to the "old faith." Her native country held the next place in her affections. On both subjects she was haughty and inflexible; on all others of less interest, gay, cheerful, and entertaining. But we must not anticipate.

The low window at which the two ladies were seated, looked out, as already observed, on a quiet and remote part of the village. A deep palisade before the house intercepted, in a great measure, the noise proceeding from the business and bustle of the fair, and gave to the residence a somewhat retired appearance. Notwithstanding, however, the shouts and cheers of the populace made their way thither from time to time, and elicited from the ladies occasional conjectures as to what might be passing, or more philosophical remarks, perhaps, on the impulsive and excitable character of the people.

"What a savage people, Ellen," said Miss Johnston, on hearing a loud shout from the further end of the town; "really, they act more like New-Zealanders, than as a civilized people—if indeed they can be called civilized."

"Only giving you a proof," replied her companion, "how happy they would be under a paternal government. A light-hearted people, Emily, are easily satisfied."

"But look," said Emily, without attending to the reply, "look how wretched they appear. See that group passing the gate. How fortunate, Ellen, you have not to pass your life amongst such beings!"

"If fortune prove no kinder, Emily, I shall have little to thank her for."

"Oh, you cannot be serious."

"Never more serious in my life."

"Well, I can't conceive, for the life of me," said Miss Johnston, with affected surprise, "how you could exist in the midst of such barbarism."

"I would give the wide world, Emily, to be once more amongst them, mistress of that old castle you see beyond there, where my ancestors reigned before they were driven to Larkfield. It is now in ruins—but still dearer to me than all the earth beside."

"But the people—do you love them still as fondly as ever?"

"Fonder than ever," said her companion, "their misfortunes bind them every day nearer and closer to my heart."

"Indeed, Ellen, you astonish me—you, especially, who have seen so much of the world—so much courted during our stay in London—the admired in all the fashionable circles of the great metropolis. Why, it's almost incredible!"

"It was there I learned best the sterling worth of my poor countrymen," observed Ellen.

"How so?"

"In contrasting the licentiousness and deception practised there, with the pure morality, chivalrous honor, and unbending integrity of the poor peasantry you see before you."

"You are a happy girl, Ellen," said Miss Johnston, "I wish I could feel as proud of my countrymen, as you seem to do."

"I feel," said her companion, with a promptness that marked how sincerely she spoke, "I feel as every Irishwoman ought to feel—proud of her fine old land, with all its old memories around it. I am but a simple girl, my dear Emily, and speak my thoughts without reserve. I love my countrymen for

their virtues—virtues that have ever clung to them bright and beautiful, amid the gloom and horrors of a terrible destiny. Oh, they have never yet deserted them.”

“Such sentiments might do very well,” said Miss Johnston, smiling somewhat equivocally, “three or four centuries ago; but in this age, and in the society we live in, they are perfectly inadmissible—a complete outrage.”

“Perhaps so; but you don’t reflect how little I prize English society. I never can be taught to like society that has nothing but its vices to recommend it.”

“Vices! oh no, Ellen, you are too severe; call them indulgences. And you know, without some indulgences, life would be intolerable.”

“I know of no indulgence, either rich or poor can claim, at the expense of religion, or the interests of our fellow-creatures. The law of God recognises no distinction of persons.”

“Oh, of course,” replied Miss Johnston; “I don’t dispute that; but you know, if we followed that law in every respect, we should all be nuns and anchorites.”

“And therefore, the better Christians,” said Ellen; “did we possess but half the charity they do, the poor mendicants at our door would not so often upbraid us with our luxuries. But the law does not command us to be either nuns or anchorites, but to perform our religious and social duties in a Christian spirit. The wickedness of the world has made more nuns and anchorites than the counsels of the gospel. Had society been what God intended it to be, there would have been no need of such seclusion.”

“Pah! Ellen dear, I hate moralizing—it’s so methodistical. Come, let us have some music. I’m weary of this monotony—but look,” she added, rising, “look here, who is this gentleman opening the gate? He seems, by the smile on his face, to be one of your acquaintances. Good heavens, how hideous he is!”

It was poor "Dick the Omedaun." He had recognised his friend, and came to speak to her.

"God's blissin' be on your purty face, Miss Ellen," said Dick, smiling, as he looked at his favorite, leaning towards him from the window; "it diz one good to luck at ye, so it diz; won't ye shake hands with me. I like to be near ye. But maybe ye forget me—oh, no, Miss Ellen, ye don't—sure ye don't forget Dick?"

"No, no, Dick," she replied, feelingly, "I never will forget you. I should be very, very ungrateful, if I forgot you, my poor fellow. You risked your life for me, Dick—I can never forget *that*."

"Oh, tare-un-ages, d'ye mind it!" ejaculated Dick. "That was the wild night, wusn't it, Miss Ellen. You niver got the money since?"

"No, Dick, I never expect to get it."

"Oh, maybe we might, Miss Ellen, 'twas a power i' money. Bad luck attend the villains. Don't ye mind how I carried ye in my arms?"

"Yes, and called me all the time yer *lanna* bought."

"Ha, ha! ye don't forget—God's blissin' on ye—an' you a'most dead."

"But, look here, Dick," said Ellen, directing his attention to her companion at her side, and of whose presence, till that moment, he seemed to be completely unconscious, so much was he interested in the person speaking to him—his hands resting on the window-sill, and his large eyes fixed full on her face; "look, how do you like this young lady—is she not very handsome?"

"Phught!" said Dick, turning his eyes towards the lady for an instant, and then withdrawing them, "she's only a *sasse-nagh*, Miss Ellen. I like yerself far betther. That's the general's daughter—I know her rightly."

"And what is a sassanagh?" inquired Miss Johnston.

"Oh, I don't know," said Dick, scarcely heeding the question.

"Tell the lady, Dick."

"Oh, sure they're the people beyont the wather that hates us—bekase—"

"Because what?" demanded Emily.

"Bekase—I don't know—they say it's bekase we go to mass, and haven't good clothes; that's what Shandy says, and sure he knows. Don't be stayin' with them, Miss Ellen, don't, they'll be makin' ye forget iz."

"Stand out of the way!" cried an angry voice to some one obstructing the passage at the gate, "leave the sidewalk, sir; what business have you here?"

"Oh! that's him, that's him!" muttered Dick, his voice immediately falling to a stage whisper.

"Whom do you mean?" inquired Ellen.

"Him that murdered Mary Curran; don't you know him?"

"Murdered?"

"Ay, surely—sure she's buried in the ould abbey."

"You forget yourself, Dick," said Ellen, reprovingly. "I shall be displeased if you talk so."

"Indeed, it's as thrue as yer there. They say he broke her heart in two—just as ye'd break a *kippeen*, (little stick,) and then you know she died."

The two girls looked at each other, as if commiserating the darkness of the poor fellow's intellect, and believing this story to be some momentary creation of his wild and restless fancy. They said nothing, however, but permitted him to proceed.

"He's a bad man, Miss Ellen, to brak a poor girl's heart that way, an' her not doin any harm." He paused for a mo-

ment to think, and then looking up again in Ellen's face, said sternly, "Troth, if I had a gun, 'id shoot him!"

"Shoot him!" repeated Ellen, awed by the sullen decision with which he spoke.

"Well," said Dick, musingly, "I would, only for Father Domnick—he'd surely fin' it out. They say he knows ivry thing."

"Who?"

"Father Domnick. But he wudn't let me go on my knees to him like the rest."

"Why so, Dick?"

"Oh, I don't know—he said I was an innocent creathur. God bless him, he's very ould, I believe. He'll soon be goin' there himself; but tell me, Miss Ellen, isn't it a quare thing to see an ould man cryin'."

"Who was crying, Dick?"

"Father Domnick—'twas at Mary's funeral. An' sure, I was cryin' too. Troth was I—I cudn't help it, some way. My mother says I niver cried afore since I was the size i' that. Well, I'll tell ye. Ye know all the people cum in from ivry place—ay, as much as 'id be in a market—an' oh, what a gatherin' i' young girls. Mary Connor was there too. D'ye know Mary Connor?—no, ye don't—ould Jemmie's daughter that has the mill. My mother said Mary was the queen i' the whole i' them: an' then you know when mass was over, up they gets, an' walks in rows jest for all the world like sodgers. Oh, it was very purty, Miss Ellen. I was thinkin' av you then. I was sayin' to Mickey Durnin, if you were there, ye'd take the shine out i' them all. Whin we cum to th' ould abbey, who'd be there but the minister, ridin' on a big black horse, jist at the gate. Sure, they say the ould place belonged to iz long ago. I don't like it any way, it's bare now a'most as myself," looking at his tattered garments with

a melancholy smile; "troth, it is—an' them black crows be's in it ivry night to scar people. Whusper, Miss Ellen, sure I was afeerd the docthers 'id be goin' to lift Mary—bad luck to them, they say they be goin' about the new graves. Well, sure, I slipt out when my mother was asleep, an' stole over to th' ould place to sit awhile beside the crathur, for fear, ye know. It was very dark—horrid dark, an' rainin'—ye wudn see yer finger afore ye—but norra bit I cared beside Mary. Her ghost wouldn't do me any harm—she was a good crathur, jist like yerself. Tell me, is that ould castle yours? Shandy says it is. Maybe ye'd come an' live in't?"

"Oh, yes—but you were talking of the abbey," said Ellen, "you were not afraid to remain there at night."

"No, feen a bit av Mary I was afeerd, but them crows was frightenin' me; they were black, ill-luckin' things. D'ye know, Miss Ellen, I thought they ough'nt to be comin' about Mary's grave that way. Sure, the minister made Father Domnick take aff the black ribbon that was on his neck. He said he'd pit him in jail if he didn't. I dinno cud he, Miss Ellen?"

"Certainly, Dick, so I'm told—but you said Father Domnick was crying."

"Oh, ay, 'deed was he—tell me, did ye ever see an' ould priest cryin'? Well, no one seen it but myself. He cudn't spake right, some way—he was only whisperin'; that's when the coffin was pit in, ye know. I was beside him, jist as near as I'm to you, an' siz he, 'God be merciful to ye, Mary Curran, an' forgive them that tuck yer life.' Well, when he said that, I lucked up an' saw the tears runnin' down his cheeks in sthrames. No one saw him but me—I was under him on my knees, an' he kept his han' jist that way—like a body that 'id be ashamed; an' then siz I, on my knees, when I saw him cryin', I'll kill him for that; an' I promised with my hands

that way, by the five crosses I wud. So I must do it, Miss Ellen."

"Oh, Dick, Dick!" said Ellen, starting from her seat, and shuddering at the solemnity with which he pronounced the last words, "you must not do that—that would be murder, Dick. I must speak to Father Domnick about it; indeed I shall."

"Well, if ye do," said Dick, "I'll niver care about ye more; 'ill niver call ye my *lanna bought* again." Dick turned from the window, and walked out slowly to the road. He stood there for a moment holding the handle of the open gate, and looking wistfully at his favorite. At length he closed the gate, shook his hand at Miss Ellen to keep the secret from Father Domnick, (for he feared not all the world but hin,) and turned towards the fair.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SAME CONTINUED—ANOTHER LETTER OF SOME IMPORTANCE.

IN the dusk of the evening, the agent of Colonel Templeton (whom we shall call Cantwell simply for the future, adding reverend as a distinction in his father's favor) had been seen standing for upwards of an hour at the corner of the Diamond, twirling his cane between his forefinger and thumb, and bandying compliments with the country girls as they passed. He was dressed in black, and wore a white glove on his left hand. His right was uncovered, but on its little finger was a ring apparently of some value. The rays from a newly-lighted lamp in the window of a store behind him, fell occasionally on the brilliant, as he turned and twirled the cane, and gave to the wearer an air of fashionable dandyism which, on a nearer approach, contrasted strangely with his long, dark, sepulchral visage. He was evidently waiting there for some one, for he looked anxiously up and down the sidewalk when not engaged in making his mock compliments to the passers-by. At length he began to feel impatient, and instead of giving the cane a circular motion, struck it now perpendicularly on the ground very rapidly, and with considerable force. While thus employed, Doogan the butcher made his appearance.

"Humph!" said Cantwell, "you come when it suits your convenience. Well, what of Devlin; did you do that?"

"I wadna dout, yer honor," replied the butcher, "but he's a ribbonman a'ready."

"Why do you think so?"

"Why I ken by his snickerin' an' laughin', when he met them suspeckit cheels ye wur spakin' o' down by there."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Why, Shandy M'Guire, as they ca' him, an' a wheen ither birds i' the same hatchin'."

"Did you put the paper on his person, as you promised?" again demanded Cantwell, speaking low, and looking round about for an instant.

"He's *spotted*, yer honor," replied Doogan. "The deil's na surer o' his ain than yer honor is o' him, 'gin ye like to mak the grab," and he grinned as he spoke like the archfiend himself.

"And where is it to be found?" inquired Cantwell, eagerly.

"In his boot," was the reply; "he maun wear buskins now like any ither young gentleman."

"Ha! are you positive you put it there; how did you ef foot it?"

"Why, whin them clevers o' ballad-singers began their ribbon sangs, I gaed down amang them, an' seein' Devlin, I squeezed mysel' alongside o' the lad. Sae whin the scrimmage begun, and a' were drivin' helterskelter on tap o' us, I fell down aside the cheel, jist as if ane had gaen me a wallup o' a cudgel, an' pud the throws (trousers) up and drapped in the bit paper. Hegh! mun, I ne'er in a' my life nabbed a cove sae cannie. Deil hae me, if they wurna trampin' ower me like an auld dead doag. Weel, I'll no be mindin', yer honor, i' the wee bit lan' ye promised; ye'll aye keep me in yer honor's thoughts, na dout." Then, as his eye caught a glance of the brilliant on his patron's finger, he exclaimed, "Hah! that's

the ring—I see ye like it—it's a bra stane, yer honor. Did ye mak oot the 'device,' as ye ca'd it?"

"No, I can't read it, Doogan. You say you found it at Ballycastle?"

"Within a wheen miles o' it, yer honor, jist peepin' out amang the dust on the road. But I wudna be ower gaen to wear it in the fairs an' markets, yer honor; 'gin the owner 'id see it, he might thrav my wizen for the bauble."

"Did you not tell me you found it ten years ago?"

"Ou ay, but ye ken, it's no like goud or siller, it's no easy 'o mistak it, and maybe the owner might be deil-driven sneugh to say I rabbed him o't. It's a bra ring for ane that it's fittin' for—but it's na worth a bodle to me. Weel, I doutna yer honor 'ill no like me the waur o' the ring, when ye hae iccasion to befreen me in the bit farm."

"Is it not enough that I have promised," said Cantwell, again striking the ground with the cane, in evident vexation.

"Plenty, yer honor; I'd tak' yer word for a thousan', withoot scrap or witness."

"Very well, let it rest so. Go down, now," he continued, laying his hand on the butcher's arm, and bending his head a little closer to his ear; "go down to the barrack, and tell the policeman in charge, (the sergeant was already placed under arrest,) tell him I wish Devlin to be taken to the barrack forthwith—to be strictly searched, and if any ribbon papers, or other such evidence of conspiracy be found on his person, to be detained a prisoner till further orders."

Cantwell drew the glove over his right hand, turned up the cane under his arm, and began to walk leisurely in a homeward direction. He stalked along with the air of one born to lord it over such serfs as surrounded him, touching his hat occasionally to the better dressed, and passing his humbler dependent without nod or recognition. Conscious of the

power he possessed as agent of the great Templeton estate, aware of the awe he inspired for his authority, and brought up from his childhood amidst hatred and contempt for every thing Irish, he looked, as he turned his eye lazily from face to face, and strided past, to be the living counterpart of Glenalvon, when he said to the peasant Douglas,

"Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee———?"

Whatever may have been his thoughts at that moment, they were suddenly interrupted by a peculiar, or rather a sort of confidential plucking of the skirt of his coat. He turned slowly round, without either surprise or displeasure, as one does who understands the niceties to be observed in secret intercourse, and found himself beside a little man, blind of an eye, and wearing a tattered brown overcoat that covered him from the neck to the ankles.

"Follow me," said the little man, in a low, suppressed tone, and he turned down a lane leading to the old castle which Ellen O'Donnell alluded to when conversing in the last chapter with her companion at the open window. Cantwell obeyed without hesitation, convinced by the stealthy manner of the stranger's request, he had something interesting to communicate. When they had got as far as the ruins of the old building, the little man, facing his companion somewhat abruptly, and lifting his hat till he bared his forehead, said, while he labored under a painful impediment of utterance, "Di ye know me, sir?"

"No," said Cantwell, after a pause, during which his eye passed over the whole person of the stranger with a scrutinizing gaze. "No, I can't remember just now, to have seen you before."

"That's quare enough," said the little man.

"Only that you have lost an eye, and your manner of speaking so very different, I would have taken you for another," observed Cantwell, still examining the stranger's person.

"An' who is that?" said the little man, scarcely able to articulate the words.

"A man they call Andy, or Shandy M'Guire. Do you know him?"

"I do," replied the stranger, "who didn't know Shandy—the greatest villain—"

"Well, well," interrupted Cantwell, "enough! What is your business with me?"

"To warn you av danger."

"Danger! humph! in what shape is the danger to appear?"

"I'm but a poor man, yer honor," he replied, "an' my life's in japirdy too. Will ye gi' me yer word, as a gentleman, that ye 'ont tell it?"

"Pagh!" ejaculated Cantwell, "I did not come here to be fooled with; tell me your business at once, sir, or I shall compel you to tell it."

"Maybe ye mightn't do that so aisy as ye think,—well, there's four or five men to murder ye whin ye're goin' home th' night. If they ketch ye out alone, ye'll not be worth the liftin'."

"Ha! that's the danger, is it; and who are you, pray?"

"Oh, no matter—it's enough that I was sent to warn ye—so that's all I wus bid tell ye."

"And who sent you, my honest man, eh?"

"Oh, one that has a rigard for ye; she toul me not to minshin her name."

"*Her* name!" repeated Cantwell, "humph! who is *she*? I must know her name."

"Oh, faith, I darn't," said the little man; "she's mighty opaisy about ye; but 'am bound not to speak a word—honor bright, Mr. Cantwell."

"D——n your honor, sir; honor from you—paugh! who is she, sir?"

"I'm a poor man," said the stranger again, "I cudn't."

"Here," said Cantwell, taking off his right-hand glove, and handing the little man a guinea from his purse; "here, try will that open your mouth."

"Open *sesame*!" ejaculated the little man, pocketing the gold, "that's a beauty av a ring an yer honor's finger."

"The name, sir—the name?" demanded Cantwell, considerably annoyed.

"Mary Connor, the miller's daughter," whispered the stranger, almost in his ear.

Cantwell was taken completely by surprise. From the failure of the overture made to the young girl through Good-soul, he feared he should have some trouble in bringing her to terms, and accordingly gave up all hopes of immediate success, resolving rather to go systematically to work, by first getting rid of Frank Devlin, to whom she was shortly to have been married, and then working on her fears for her father's ejection from his little holding. But now that affairs had taken so sudden a turn in his favor, he knew not well what to think; he rejoiced at his good fortune, and yet he feared there might be deception practised upon him. Under this feeling of apprehension, he again examined the features of the stranger, as he said—

"Mary Connor,—humph! perhaps so—but where's the proof?"

"The proof's here," said the little man, touching the pocket of his overcoat, "but there's one thing yet to do, afore I give the letter"

"The letter!—what is that one thing?" earnestly inquired Cantwell.

"That yer honor swares—"

"I swear nothing, not a word."

"Well, that ye'll give yer word an' honor as a gentleman, that ye won't, while yer a brathin' mortal man, iver minshin her name, as ye did Mary Curran's."

"Agreed," said Cantwell; "I pledge my honor—that is, if she don't deceive me."

"Then there's the letter," said the stranger.

Cantwell took from his hand something in the shape of a letter. It was perfectly square, very much soiled, and sealed with some substance like shoemaker's wax, stamped with a thimble. On the back of the missive were written the words, "His honor, Mr. Archibal Cantwell aistquire." As he opened the letter, a piece of paper dropped on the ground, which the little man took up and held until Cantwell had finished reading the epistle.

"Ha!" muttered Cantwell, "*'ill be in danger, will I, humph! well, what next—to be at the Mill at 10; very good—capital—excellent! Not for any harm. Oh, no, not the least harm; oh, of course not. Humph! ye know my father always paid his rent dacently, an' niver was back a penny. Very true, to be sure. Sine this racet. Ha! ha! she must have her terms; well, that's all I wanted—agreed. Remimber, don't cum afther 10, they'll be all home thin. Agreed again. Notebani. Oh, surely; why not? If we'er to be married, it 'ill hav' to be afore the wurl. Ha! ha! by George that's capital; married, no less. Well—ye may thrust the bearer—into the sea, I suppose. A beautiful epistle from my adored one—capital!*"

When he had ended, he took the blank receipt from the little man's hand, and again looked steadily in his face—

"Be cautious how far you proceed in this affair, honest friend," said he, "for if I am deceived, by h—— your life shall pay the forfeit."

"An' welkim," replied the little man.

"What is your name?" demanded Cantwell.

"Hudy McGettigan, yer honor, a son of ould Billy's, of Dumnasillach. Sure ye know my uncle Donahy Buoy, that lives—"

"No, no," cried Cantwell, impatiently, "I do not know; but no matter—tell me, McGettigan, are you fond of gold?"

"Very," said the little man.

"Would you make yourself useful, if I employed and paid you well?"

"Fegs, I don't know; sure, av' coorse 'id do my best to earn a penny in honesty. But, yer honor 'ill be a betther judge afther th' night. Ye'll aizy fin' me, when 'am awantin'. Hudy McGettigan's as well known as a bad halfpenny, yer honor."

"Very likely, very likely—it is not by any means difficult to recognise that face and tongue—the latter being, in your case at least, a very unruly member;" and Cantwell laughed at the miserable pun. "However," he added, "I shall now sign the receipt—come, we must get pen and ink."

"Here they are, yer honor," said the stranger, drawing an ink-bottle from the depth of his capacious pocket, and taking a pen from under the inner lining of his hat; "here, yer honor, here's the 'vaniency, and there's the crown i' my caubeen to write on." Cantwell filled and signed a clear receipt.

As he handed the document to the little man, he remarked a slight indication of a smile on his countenance; but attributing it very naturally to the pleasure he felt in having concluded his business so satisfactorily, he said nothing on that

score, but observed, that for the safety of all parties, there should be a password agreed upon.

"Cupid, I think," said Cantwell, "will be appropriate; tell her 'Cupid' is the password—do you understand?"

"Arrah, will yer honor let iz alone," said the little man, with a knowing wink of his lonely eye; "is't 'Cupid,' the darlin' himself, that ust to kill iz all entirely? Pooh, yer honor, jist lave it to me."

"Very well, I'm satisfied; but be cautious, and remember your instructions."

"Jist trust me for this once; never fear Hudy—he knows the cards. In troth, I'll give ye the queen i' hearts this night, yer honor, an' no one the wiser. Och, may showers i' love attend ye, any way; but yer the dacent liberal gentleman."

The agent waited not to hear these encomiums, but hurried up the lane. The little man disappeared within the walls of the old castle, and was observed to be in the act of disencumbering himself of the brown overcoat, as he became invisible amid the ruins.

CHAPTER VII.

BEING A CHAPTER OF REFLECTIONS.

"It must be admitted the Irish are a wonderful people," said *the Duke*, after the charge at *Quatre Bras*. We agree with him fully—happy to think, even if it be only once in our lives, we have the pleasure of coinciding in opinion with so distinguished a personage. His reasons, however, and ours, may be very different, though the conclusion be the same. Very likely the Duke's wonder was excited on seeing his Irish troops display so much valor and desperate daring in a struggle from which they had nothing to gain, but the consciousness of having drawn the slave-chain still closer around them, by strengthening the arm of a cruel, despotic, and anti-national government. So far the commander-in-chief was perfectly right. Indeed, the whole world agrees with him on that point. But our reasons are somewhat different, more numerous, and equally conclusive. Besides, the Duke's then opinion of the Irish people is of comparatively little consequence now to the reader or the writer of these pages, since he has long since thought proper to retract it. He has forgotten, many a year ago, the veterans of the Douro and Waterloo, and sat tamely by, whilst a half-bred alien chancellor made his "alien" speech against their claims to the rights of free-born subjects; he sat when he should have arisen, and

in the words of the Orator of the house of commons, have cried, "Hold, sir, I saw the aliens do their duty." But who that has followed him in his extraordinary career, from the time he used to lisp *bon-mots* and mumble sugar-plums in Regents' Park, till he found himself the enthroned monarch in Apsly-house, can doubt for a moment the influence court favor had in inducing him to barter the rights of his native land, the honor, the integrity of his once fair name, for the paltry glory with which he is now surrounded—a glory in which there is not mingled one single blessing of his country or his race to hallow it? How truly has the immortal bard anticipated his future character, when he said—

"Wellington—or Villainton—for fame sounds
The heroic syllable both ways!"

It cannot be denied, the Irish are a strange people. They can boast of more contradictions and eccentricities of character than any other nation on the face of the globe. Well, and what then? it is their genius—every nation has its genius; to be sure it has; but in the Irish nation it's *barbarism*.

The Irish are democrats in their public meetings, and aristocrats at home. They are forever shouting for equality among men as their birthright, and despising their neighbors, at the same time, for the lowness of the family connections; and this in republics is called a *weakness*; in Ireland, the birthplace of a thousand kings, it is but the result of *brutal ignorance*.

They work like slaves, and hoard up like misers, while left to the solitude of their farms; but once that monotony is interrupted by the bustle of the fair, and the hearty laugh of their old acquaintances, all the necessities of the present, and all dread of future poverty is forgotten in a moment. Ask

him then to lend his money, or to defend your person at the risk of his life, and he hands you the purse, or lifts the shillelah without a moment's hesitation. This, in England, is genuine philanthropy—in Ireland, but the impulse of *animal passion*.

He protects his little property at every hazard. He will sue his neighbor for the slightest encroachment on his land—often when the damage would not amount to a shilling in a thousand years. But go to his house, ask him to relieve you from pecuniary embarrassment, and you see him in an instant undergo an extraordinary change. He does not speculate like the Scotchman on your usefulness as a friend, nor like the Englishman, will he take time to consider by telling you to call again to-morrow; but, "Nancy Asthore, bring up that ould stockin' from the chist; sure, it's God sent it to us, to help ye, my poor fella, in yer pinch." For this the Englishman would be called a benefactor—the Irishman a reckless spendthrift.

Pride is his ruling impulse. He labors to maintain the credit of his little family—not for the bare means of subsistence. He pays his rent, not exactly because he thinks it an equivalent for the land he occupies, but through the dread of being ejected from the homestead of his fathers, associated as it is with all the little family honors. This pride, even amid all his misfortunes, never deserts him. He never loses a full consciousness of his native dignity. If he be crushed down, it is but the body—the spirit still rises and swells out in the conflict. And when at last he is driven from his home, he remains not in the vicinity to beg from his friends and relatives, but covering up his face from their gaze, he takes his wife and children by the hand, and seeks his daily pittance from the strangers in some remote part of his native island; or, if the means be still left him, leaves it forever to gain an

humble, but honorable livelihood in free America. In England this would be called *misfortune*; but in Ireland it is only the result of *lazy, indolent habits*.

It will be said, (and who can doubt it?) that mendicants are more numerous in Ireland than in any other equal portion of the globe. And is there to be found any other nation of the globe, where the causes of beggary have been either more effective or more numerous than in Ireland? Absenteeism, exorbitant rents, want of tenure, want of manufactures, church endowments—each and every one of these is sufficient of itself to pauperize Ireland; what therefore must be the effect of them all combined? Yet notwithstanding all these, the able-bodied paupers of England exceed those of Ireland in a ratio of twelve to four; and of these four it will be found, on strict inquiry, that more than a half have been, and now are, the offsprings of mendicants—having followed the profession, father and son, mother and daughter, for centuries. Once the little pride was lost, all shame and delicacy abandoned them, and their children grew up careless and indifferent like their parents; their ambition never carrying them beyond the mere wants and exigencies of the day. While the manufactures of Ireland, before and for a short time after the passing of the legislative union, were in operation, there were few mendicants to be found, and the people were comparatively happy and prosperous. But as soon as the capital was removed from the county, on the circulation of which a large portion of the laboring class depended chiefly for support, the people had no resource but the land, and it was already divided and subdivided into farms so small as to afford only a moderate return to the immediate occupants. The dying father saw his sons entirely unprovided for—they had neither trade nor profession from which to derive their maintenance, and hence he was obliged to divide his property equally among all

Each received his quota of the inheritance, and on that was to be placed his sole reliance ; for he had not even the alternative of becoming a day-laborer, his neighbor's little spot of ground being equally small as his own, and incapable of affording any extra employment. According to a valuation in 1830, the average of farms under crop did not exceed four acres and a half. Hence, then, the Irishman was obliged to work on his little "holding," and if he at length sank to beggary under the pressure of misfortunes, he either found his way to other countries, where labor received a better remuneration, or he was thrown out a mere mass of bones—a cripple pauper, on the charity of his fellow-creatures.

If pauperism, therefore, has increased in Ireland since the union, England alone is the cause of the calamity. But when the voice of the people of that unhappy country, not her own sense of justice, had forced her to entertain their application for employment, how did she attempt to remedy the evil? Was it by a repeal of the laws under which they were reduced to that condition? No; such a course might trench, perhaps, too closely on the imperishable rights and privileges of the aristocracy. Such a course, however, equitable, would harmonize too much the jarring discords of the human family; it would bring a wretched people one degree higher up the scale of human happiness, at the expense of the pensioned peers and placemen of the realm. It could not be thought of for a moment. It would lessen too much the distance that separated the master and the slave. The idea of such an approximation might do in a republic, but under an English monarchy, and an English aristocracy, it was utterly alarming. The law of primogeniture would soon tend to revolutionize the country, instead of being the powerful arm of the oligarchy. National prosperity might create a confusion in rank and family influence—it might, in a word, enable the peo-

ple to examine too closely the relations between the landlord and tenant, the noble and the peasant. No, no, the colonies were the remedy for the evil. They were the fittest places for barbarians like the Irish. The colonies were purchased with Irish blood and Irish gold, and who could deserve them better as a reward for past services? And mark the care and wisdom of the project. Whilst four millions of acres of reclaimable land lay waste in Ireland, the government expatriates the hands by which they might have been made productive. Whilst this land, according to the highest valuation, required but ten pounds an acre to bring it to a state of proper cultivation, the government pays out of the public treasury the sum of twenty-two pounds per head for emigrants to New South Wales and other colonies of the empire. And what is still worse, in doing so, they ship the bone and sinew of the country, on which the cultivation of the land depended, (like cargoes of nursery plants,) to other climes, and leave the old decayed roots and trunks to rot on their own soil. And all this, forsooth, was an act of pure benevolence! When a nobleman then and now high in office was remonstrated with, on the lavish and unprofitable expenditure of the public money, (at Brook's, a few nights after he professed his sympathy for the people of Ireland,) he exclaimed, in a fit of petulant pride and passion, "He wished to God he could ship the whole nation, and consign them to the d—l."

Shortly after the scheme of expatriation had been determined on, a wealthy and benevolent gentleman (since member for Kircudbright, Scotland) endeavored to form a company having for its object the purchase of fee-simple estates. These were to consist chiefly of mountain and turbury lands that had never been reclaimed, to be given to the cottier class of the Irish under leases of twenty-one years for a nominal rent. For this term the tenant was to pay but little to the landlord ;

all his available means being requisite for the reclaiming and cultivation of his farm—but at the expiration of the term, he was expected to offer the proprietors a fair remuneration for their outlay of capital. The design, therefore, was to give employment to the people on their own soil, and at the same time to develop the internal resources of the country. But the project failed. He was invariably told, on making application for shares, that the object was decidedly benevolent and encouraging to the *enterprising* capitalist, who prepared himself to run all risks; but owing to agrarian riots and disturbances in the south, and party quarrels in the north, it was the last country in the world a prudent man would choose for the investment of his money. The design was therefore abandoned.

In the following year, the subject was brought before the government in a new form, (giving Chancery the management,) but like the former, it fell through by the misstatements and false reports of the Irish executive.

The treasury paying enormous sums for the drafting off a wretched heart-broken peasantry from their own firesides, where millions of acres lay beside them, inviting by all their facilities for reclamation the exercise of industry and labor, to foreign lands, where the revenues for half a century to come could barely support the few regiments of military left for their protection, is a picture of things so anomalous, that we can hardly reconcile the fact with the history of an age so enlightened, and of a country so renowned for the wisdom of its statesmen, as the British empire in the nineteenth century.

From 1809, and up to the peace of Europe, Ireland was enabled by her agricultural produce to keep England from starving. The Baltic was closed; America was up in arms, and England had very little foreign supplies to depend on.

During these few years, a number of fortuitous causes concurred to make Ireland a prosperous and contented country. But when peace was proclaimed, and grain poured in from the different foreign ports that had been sealed up during the war, to almost inundate the home market with a torrent of plenty, there was a disastrous change. Prices of grain fell immediately—the enormous rents with which the Irish farmer was saddled were still kept up, and the consequence was, the farmer saw himself reduced in a few years. To remedy this, it was absolutely necessary either to re-establish the manufactures, or reduce the rents in some proportion to the fall of the markets. Neither of the two remedies was taken. Manufacture was entirely out of the question, for two reasons—first, because it would be injurious to England, being itself a manufacturing country, having millions of operatives to employ, who would be thrown out of employment by so near a competitor as Ireland. And secondly, because, as already said, there was no security for the investment of capital. But the reduction of rents was equally as impossible as either of the two before mentioned.

The great land proprietors having followed the Irish parliament to the English metropolis, felt obliged to support more expensive establishments there than had been required in the less fashionable metropolis of their own country. They accordingly determined, when the produce markets were high, to raise the rents in order to meet their increased expenditure. The rents, however, for a time, were willingly paid, for lands were valuable, and every thing seemed to be token a growing national prosperity. But the change came soon and sudden. The landlords were inexorable—they had tasted of the luxuries of London life, and were resolved not to relinquish them; never to relax the hold they had once taken, nor descend one step from the high position they as-

sumed, to meet the exigencies of the times. The people were sacrificed.

Every year since the passing of the union, the social and political condition of Ireland was gradually deteriorating; and if the short period from 1807 to 1815 gave hopes of better times, it was only to render the disappointment and reverses of after-years more afflicting and oppressive.

But if the old *noblesse* and aristocracy of Ireland had found it necessary to graduate a degree higher up the scale of English fashion, what shall we say of the union lords and baronets—the younglings—the little unfledged ones—that day after day came chirping and waddling in upon the theatre of fashionable life? Oh Sheridan—poor lost Sheridan—had you lived till 1810, how many new and improved editions of your inimitable Bob Acres could you furnish, from the flocks of new-made Irish lords, baronets, esquires, and gentlemen of that period! What bustle—what shouldering up to the high places—would you not depict! What equipages with English coachmen and Parisian footmen—what driving and smashing at the Herald office—what emblazonry of panels—lions *ram-pant*, panthers *couchant*, *sheafs of wheat*, and *bloody arms*—what damning the ignorant Irish—what cursing their agents, after returning from the fashionable hells of London! Unfortunate Sheridan! your race was short—your star was shorn of its beams in the very height of its splendor—when the world wanted you most, you had left it, and none was found to fill your place. What a character could you furnish from such an assemblage of raw nobility! Well might you look for higher applause than your incomparable Rivals obtained, when you first brought it on the stage at Covent Garden. How truly could your “hero” say, like Bob Acres, “Oh, Sir Lucius, I have had my ancestors too, every one of them colonels and captains in the militia, odds balls and barrels! Say

no more about that, man. Odds blades! the villain has called me, (traitor to my country, renegade,) and upstart. I must be in a passion. Sir Lucius, I must be in a rage; yes, I shall fight him; sold my country for a bribe and a title! Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper. How shall I begin? Shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a damme, my lord." With a countless herd of such spendthrift nobles and aristocrats to support abroad, and an overgrown, bloated church establishment to maintain at home, it might be truly said in their own homely, but expressive language, *they were poor, broken-hearted creathurs.*

The following copy of a letter, dropped by a union lord in one of the hells of London, and afterwards published in the Dublin Gazette, will give the reader some idea of the friendly relations then existing between landlords and their Irish tenants. It was addressed to his agent in the county Donegal:—

* * * * "Confound them—the ungrateful dogs—my tenants not relieve me from my embarrassments! Not able! how dare they have the audacity to say so? Not able, indeed! Well, let them live more economically—let them save the rent and pay it. I only ask them for the rent *a few months before it comes due*, and they refuse. Why do they not live on potatoes and salt, as the Irish do in other parts of the country? it's most excellent food—they should be thankful to have it. Curse them, do they imagine I can live without money? There is still that debt of honor unpaid to Lord Pillsbury. I cannot endure this trifling any longer. If the rent be not paid by the 2d of November, I now direct, nay, command you, to drive them, (their cattle,) eject them, grind them to the dust. Am I to be disgraced—my name dishonored on their account? And who are they that I should hesitate to screw from them the last farthing? infamous papists,

savages, pagans, cross-worshippers—were they not created to be our slaves? They should be grateful when we permit them to enjoy even the very breath of their nostrils—and yet some of them, you tell me, have been wondering how we can spend so much money. Heavens! what is the world coming to, when our very tenants are beginning to talk in this fashion. This is the effect of a free press, and education of the masses. But why have we tenants at all, if not to pay our debts, if we please to contract them? If we choose to keep mistresses, and frequent gambling-houses, what is that to them? There is Lord Cunnin—am, beside me down there. He has his mistress to maintain, and his debts of honor to pay—why do his tenants not refuse to pay him—even a whole half-year's rent in advance? Am I not a nobleman as well as he—a lord only of yesterday if you like—but have I not owned the estate before I obtained the title, and therefore are not my rights of property the same? He can afford to spend more, perhaps, than I can. His mother was kind, and George was liberal—but that don't concern me. His tenantry dare not whisper a syllable about his extravagance. Why should mine? Drive them—drive them at November—eject them, leave them without house or home, if they refuse to pay my rent."

The American reader will observe that we speak now of the state of Ireland from the year 1816 to the story's date—always remembering, however, that it was every year becoming worse. In 1822, by the failure of a single crop, five-eighths of the people were reduced to absolute starvation. For six months in each of those two years the towns and villages were crowded with people begging alms. They seldom appeared till after sunset, that the blush of shame might not be seen on their pallid faces, as they stretched out their hands to ask relief for their suffering children in the name of the

God of charity. The writer of these pages remembers well to have seen the long, white, downy hair of hunger covering the cheeks of boys and girls of tender age, as they came, in the dusk of the evening, to seek relief. He remembers to have seen young men, accompanied by their wives, with ragged cloaks muffled closely round their faces to avoid recognition, and leaning against the walls of houses in the villages for support, as they slowly and stealthily staggered rather than walked in pursuit of a morsel of food. But, reader, this is not all—let us cap the climax.

When England had robbed unfortunate Ireland of all the little capital she accumulated during her years of prosperity; when in succeeding years she robbed her even of her daily food, and left her starving; when the bread that made the heart light and the arm daring, had been turned to stone, it was then, ay, then, reader, she permitted a prince of the royal blood to let loose his Orange myrmidons on the people of Ireland, to bind in cords the prostrate bodies of their victims. In the passing of the infamous union, she had drawn away the very heart's blood of Ireland—her parliament was her seat of life, her principle of vitality, from which the veins diverged and radiated, carrying life, and health, and strength to the nation. But that was not enough; it was not sufficient that Ireland fell weak and powerless at her feet, the object of her hate, and the victim of her vengeance. No; she had another outrage to add to the category. When she saw her bruised and bleeding victim at her feet, suing for mercy, she struck her—like a craven coward she struck her. It was then she permitted the Orangemen of Ireland to sally out under their august leader, the Duke of Cumberland, like the Saracens on the plains of Palestine, after the battle was ended, and tear the cross, the emblem of their religion, from the nerveless arms that had so long guarded it from insult. Yet the hoary-

headed miscreant had loftier designs than the subjection of an idolatrous people. His ambition was high and daring, and chivalrous, like that of the rest of the royal family. To be sure : high, because it was despotic—daring, because it grasped at the necks of millions—and chivalrous, because treason to the empire and barbarity to its subjects, were to have marked its progress. Thus are the hereditary virtues of his race to be explained in order to be estimated. This royal duke, we are told, once contemplated the erection of a throne on the banks of the Ganges, or the Hoogley, but the idea of a Hindoo aristocracy scared him from the project. He next raised his eyes to the throne of Britain, and found the object exceeding agreeable and fascinating. But there was caution to be used in laying his plans of operation. There was vigilance necessary, to watch the spirit of the times, and great care to be observed in influencing public opinion in his favor. He accordingly organized a society of Orangemen, at the head of which he placed himself under the title of "Grand Master of the Orangemen of Great Britain and Ireland." He declared himself the royal champion of Protestantism, and proclaimed eternal hostility to the Catholic people of Ireland. Not only the lower order of Irish Protestants, but a great majority of the land-owners and wealthy proprietors, were enrolled in his ranks. Then, after a few years, the military became gradually initiated in the mysteries of the compact ; regiment after regiment gave in their adhesion, till almost half the standing army, and all the militia, were at his beck. In fact, the country was on the eve of an insurrection ; Ernest of Hanover would inevitably have placed, with his own hands, the British crown upon his head, perhaps in a few months more, had not the government suspected his design, and dispatched an order through the "Horse-guards," suppressing Orange societies in the army. This timely countermand saved the na-

tion from the horrors of a civil war, but did not entirely destroy the hopes of the royal duke; he still believed, if he succeeded in extinguishing the Catholic religion in Ireland, he would yet become the idol of the empire, and thus mount up to the throne on the shoulders of the English people.

The Orangemen of Ireland had bound themselves by oath to follow wherever he chose to lead them. They were united not only to him, but to each other, by solemn oath and covenant of blood in a common bond of hatred to every thing even approaching to Catholicity. They cared little, perhaps, for the duke's ambitious projects, even if they had been made aware of them; it was sufficient for them, that in forwarding his schemes, they were permitted to indulge their undying revenge against the Catholics of Ireland. The duke felt all this, and resolved to act accordingly. He saw himself at the head of a powerful body of men, (amounting, in 1822, to 125,000,) and having no immediate occasion for their united services, he pointed to the Papists of the North, as playthings to amuse them in their hours of idleness; or rather, as targets, on which they might practice, so that when the hour should arrive for more serious encounters, they would be found a well-disciplined and highly accomplished army of cavaliers. Thus the Catholics were completely in the power of their enemies, without leaders, arms, money, or other means to maintain an opposition. They found themselves destitute of every succor—a beggared race, a starving people. They had submitted too long; they had bartered away their rights and liberties for reforms promised, but never realized. They found themselves at last in the same position as the unfortunate Swiss, who made every sacrifice to please France, and at the end were deprived of their independence by that very nation—the nation whose friendship and protection they had so long labored and suffered to secure.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE IRISHWOMAN AS SHE OUGHT TO BE.

ELLEN O'DONNELL stood before the window, pensive and melancholy, for some time after Dick had passed the gate. She observed the solemnity of expression, and determined look with which the Omedaun accompanied his last words, and was probably thinking over the possibility of his carrying his terrible resolution into effect. She turned to communicate her fears to her companion, but Miss Johnston had left the room.

The shades of evening were now coming rapidly over the different objects in the apartment, as she sat down near the window, resting her cheek upon her hand. The gloom that deepened around seemed to be in accordance with her thoughts. Doubtless she was then musing over the fate of her unhappy country, for after a long silence, during which her eyes were fixed unconsciously upon the table against which she reclined, her hand sought her bosom, and drew thence a small gold crucifix, of very curious and antique workmanship; and as her eyes fell upon the figure of the Saviour crucified, she said in a tone of sorrowful satisfaction, "Emblem of the faith of our fathers, image of truth and love divine, amid all our miseries we have never deserted thee. I thank thee, my God," she continued, raising her moistening eyes towards heaven, "I thank thee, that amid the wreck of all our hopes and fortunes, we have clung to thee still—that

if we have lost our nationality, we have still preserved the faith."

The heart of the beautiful girl had been saddened by the affecting story of Mary Curran, related in his own simple style by poor Dick. The name called up many images of the past; it led her back to the time when another gentle heart was crushed and broken, far away "from her own loved island of sorrow." Her memory wandered through that dark and dreary vista of years, and not one single ray of sunshine could she find to dispel the gloom

But melancholy in a little time gave place to far different feelings. The enthusiasm of her country and her race, unsubdued by all the stoicism and sophisticated manners of the age, again resumed its dominion over her proud spirit. She arose and placed herself before the harp, her favorite instrument. She had carried it with her from the shores of Italy, to wake its echoes once more in her native land. The memory of her fathers now rose up before her—the red spot on her neck, the "Baldearag" of the O'Donnell's, glowed and smarted as if conscious of the indignant thoughts that burned within—the blood mantled on her cheeks, and the dark eye flashed, as throwing off the braid that bound her throbbing temples, and gazing from the window on the fading outline of her ancestral castle, now in ruins before her, she swept the strings, and sang in all the wild luxury of her impassioned soul, the well-known stanzas of her immortal fellow-countryman :—

" Oh, for the swords of former times !
Oh, for the men who bore them !
When armed for right they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouched before them

" Oh, for the kings who flourished then !
Oh, for the pomp that crowned them !

When the hearts and the hands of free-born men,
Were all the ramparts round them."

She was suddenly interrupted, as she commenced the accompaniment to the next stanza. The door opened, and a tall personage made his appearance. Ellen could not recognise his features in the deep gloom of the apartment. She arose quickly from before the instrument, and stood for a moment like one who had been disturbed in some rapturous revery—her fine form a little reclining against the piano behind her—the cross swinging for an instant from side to side, and then resting on her bosom—her long, loose, dark tresses flowing gracefully over her shoulders, and her cheeks flushed to very crimson, like a sibyl under the influence of her inspiring deity. Ellen was no longer the gentle bashful girl; she stood haughtily before her unknown visiter, and looked like a pythoness, gazing on the man who dared thus without ceremony to check the current of her sacred memories.

"Pardon—a thousand pardons, Miss O'Donnell, for this interruption; let me entreat you to continue—pray do not—"

"Ah, Mr. Cantwell, I believe!" ejaculated Ellen, and her voice trembled, as she spoke. The warm blood fled rapidly from her cheeks, and her face became pale as marble, as the voice made her conscious in whose presence she stood. She determined, however, to suppress her indignation, and receive him as a visiter of the family.

"Pray be seated, Mr. Cantwell," she continued, sinking as she spoke on a *fateuil* at her side, "you have found me quite unprepared for the honor of this visit."

"I regret exceedingly, madam, that my entrance could interrupt your pleasures for an instant. Indeed, when the servant announced me, I was about to withdraw till the end of the piece; for I observed, notwithstanding he spoke in a loud voice, you were still unconscious of my presence—ab-

sorbed, perhaps, by the sentiment of the song—is it not one of Moore's?"

"Yes, sir, one of his national melodies. Do you admire his songs?"

Here a servant entered with lights.

"Oh, delighted with them; all his songs and lyrics are beautiful. Some of them, I think, inimitable; but do you not sometimes feel as if the spirit of nationality which pervades them, were too exclusive, too irrespective, if I may say so, of English feeling and taste?"

"On the contrary," replied Ellen, "I think he has injured himself seriously by the little respect he has shown, in a few of his pieces, for English national and religious prejudices. He should never have stooped to notice them at all."

"And do you think it wrong to conciliate the English people in favor of your country and its interests?"

"Conciliate—why, Mr. Cantwell, *we* have nothing to do with conciliation. England has made us her enemies, by her tyranny and misrule; it is *her* duty to conciliate—not ours."

"But would not conciliation, on your part, think you," said Cantwell, smiling, "tend to better the social and political condition of the country? Would not the English people be brought, by such a course, to entertain, for instance, a more favorable opinion of your religion, and place it, perhaps, on a more equitable and surer footing?"

"Not at all; I believe conciliation would be useless and unprofitable; besides, if we are permitted the free exercise of our religion, we care not what opinion English or Irish Protestants, be they in power or otherwise, may form of us. That is of no moment whatever to us."

"Might it not have the effect of inducing Protestants to join your church? Would that not be a great advantage?"

"Certainly," said Ellen, "an advantage; but it would be all theirs; *we* could derive no advantage from their conversion. The Catholic church regards neither your conversion as an honor, nor your obstinacy in teaching false doctrine as a matter for sorrow or regret, only inasmuch as your own eternal happiness is concerned. She would not purchase the conversion of the king of England and all his court, by the obliteration of a single *rubric* of her ritual."

Cantwell felt considerably annoyed by the calm, composed, and somewhat careless manner in which Ellen uttered the last sentence. She seemed to him, also, from the tone of her voice, the slight curl of her lip as she addressed him, and the indifference with which she exposed the cross that hung suspended by a small gold chain from her neck, to treat him with more contempt than she ever did before.

"And you, would you not," he said at length, "consider it a great advantage to have such a convert as king George, of England? I think the Pope might cheerfully give all the jewels in his tiara, and all the rubrics in his ceremonial to boot, to purchase such a convert."

"The church of Rome would not abate a single genuflection, to purchase all the heretical kings of the earth. If they wish to become reconciled—if they promise to become obedient children, instead of rebels to her authority, she is willing and anxious to receive them: if not, she will have none of them. She must receive them as children—as babes who ask instruction, not as masters who give it. She will permit neither king nor beggar to make conditions for their allegiance to her sovereignty."

"Such an assumption of absolute control," observed Cantwell, now smarting under Ellen's undisguised contempt for the paltry opinions he had been taught to entertain of the Catholic church, "I was about to say such despotism in reli-

gion, may do very well in Italy and other Catholic countries of Europe, but it won't do here. The light of truth has at length shone brightly on these islands, after a long night of darkness. We sleep no more."

"Sleep," reiterated Ellen, with evident emotion, "yes, you have slept the sleep you shall never know again—you have slept placidly in the bosom of a mother who loved you as mother never loved before—a mother that guarded you from danger—that watched over you amid your sorrows and afflictions—that nursed you, when a child, with the sweetmeats of holy love, and would have attended you to your grave with the same unflinching devotion. She was a mother who was first to bless you as you entered the world, and the last to leave you as you departed from it. It was in *her* bosom you slept. All the return she asked for this kindness, was obedience to her parental instructions. Call you that despotism? No, sir; it was the unrestrained impetuous tide of human passions that carried you away from her." Then, after a pause, she said, "And after all, why should not religion be—despotic, if you love the term—are not all religions but the Protestant despotic?"

"Not as the Catholic religion is."

"Infinitely more; was there ever a religion more despotic than the Jewish? the high-priest was the sole authority in faith and discipline; no one, even the most learned, dare refuse obedience to his injunctions. Was there ever any thing more despotic than to oblige the Jews to come from beyond the mountains of Judea, to worship once a year in the temple of Jerusalem? Is not Mahometanism despotic? Is not the religion of the Fakirs, the Hindoos, the Bassas, despotic?"

"Granted," said Cantwell, smiling at the folly of introducing Pagan worship, as a proof of despotism in revealed religion; "but you will remember that you speak now of infidels, not of Christians."

"Yes, I adduce them as examples, to prove to you how necessary even they believed absolute authority to be, in order to preserve a unity of belief and practice. Their very instinct—if I may so call it—seems to be superior to your sophisticated doctrine of liberty in religion. Liberty in religion, Mr. Cantwell, is only another name for Protestant infidelity."

"I regret, madam, your opinion of Protestantism is so very unfavorable," said Cantwell, affecting at the same time an indifferent air, and smiling as he spoke; "I'm afraid we shall never agree on that subject."

"Whether or not, Mr. Cantwell, it's a matter of but little consequence to the church or to society; they know little and care less, perhaps, what our opinions of religion may be. But you have so often introduced subjects connected one way or other with religion; that I must now candidly tell you, I am not at all fond of controversy, and would rather decline conversing on such topics. Besides, if I were desirous of discussing such important matters, it would be only with those who endeavor to practise what they profess; for then, Mr. Cantwell, I would at least have the satisfaction of knowing I was met neither by hypocrisy nor dissimulation."

Cantwell's brow darkened for an instant, as he observed the equivocal smile that played on the countenance of the young lady, as she uttered these last words. He felt, in a moment, she had discovered the cold-hearted villany he practised on Mary Curran. But he was not the man to appear crestfallen or confused in woman's presence.

"True, very true, Miss O'Donnell," he replied, with a little hesitation, "but men are mortals, you know; we are not impeccable—our faults and imperfections are beyond number."

"Imperfections!" repeated Ellen, glancing at the agent; "oh, we have all our imperfections—I did not mean that. But, be it so," she added, "charity to the poor will atone for many

of these imperfections you charge yourself with. Why do you not practise it more extensively?"

"If you mean corporal works of mercy," said Cantwell "we have done so to a very large extent."

"In this neighborhood?"

"Even so; but we meet with so much ingratitude, lately, that really we are becoming quite tired of the business. The objects of charity are, for the most part, Catholics, and they are so difficult of—"

"Of conversion," added Ellen, laughing.

"No, not exactly; but so untractable, that we can make nothing of them."

"Oh, I understand you, Mr. Cantwell. But you have a remedy—Catholics will be always untractable in *your* hands. Get the priest to manage them. Give him the distribution of your charity funds. He knows best the dispositions and wants of his people."

"The priest!" repeated Cantwell, with an affectation of surprise: "oh, no, Miss O'Donnell, you could not suppose we would co-operate with a priest."

"And why not, sir?"

"Oh, I don't know, exactly. Why, to be candid with you, they are, in general, I believe, very uneducated men; and then—"

"Uneducated! and pray, Mr. Cantwell, how does that happen? the Catholic church expends more in educating her clergy, than all the other churches of the world put together. Her libraries are the most valuable in the universe—the nations under the spiritual guidance of her pastors are the most polished and most learned on the face of the globe. How then can her priests be illiterate?"

"With such advantages, it would be difficult to tell," said Cantwell, sneeringly.

"No, no," replied Ellen, now completely alive to the interest of the subject; "no, it is very easy to tell why, with all these advantages, you look upon priests as ignorant men. They are ignorant, because they have not learned to follow the fashions of the world like the ministers of the Anglican church—because, like your Singletons and Cowpers of Belgrave-square, they have not learned to pick up ladies' fans, and talk fashionable scandal in drawing-rooms—because they have not learned to keep racehorses, powdered valets, and wear quizzing-glasses. Of all these, priests are ignorant; and so far are they unfit for the society of the age. But in so much, also, are they superior in character to all other clergymen."

"I have been taught to form a very low estimate of the character of Catholic priests; but I am happy," added he, bowing with an ill-concealed feeling of resentment, "I am happy to find they have found in you, Miss O'Donnell, so able and accomplished an advocate."

Ellen failed not to perceive the bitterness with which the words were accompanied, but she affected not to notice it. From the beginning she was resolved to use no precaution to avoid irritating him. She even permitted herself a latitude in expressing her opinions, which she might regard perhaps as overbold in another. She was well aware of the disregard he often expressed for her among the circles of his acquaintance; and that it arose not so much from his hatred to her creed, as from a conviction that her high and haughty spirit placed her far above the reach of his artifice. In accordance therefore with these thoughts passing rapidly through her mind, she affected not to remark the sneer with which he acknowledged her advocacy, but pursued the subject still further in the same tone and manner.

"You say you have been taught to form but a low esti-

mate of the character of Catholic priests—and I know it. But why do you not travel, in order to judge for yourself—not depend on the interested stories of your ministers. You should travel, sir, to see and feel the world around you.”

“And return,” said Cantwell, laughing, “with my opinions still more confirmed.”

“No, but return after having left all your coarse prejudices behind you. Stay but three months in Italy, and when you return you will wonder, as many others have done, that such a thing as Protestantism could ever have existed. Then, as regards the Catholic clergy, you will be astonished to find how vastly superior they are to the ministers of the English church.”

“In what particular, may I ask, is this superiority so manifest?”

“Oh, in many—in every respect, but perhaps in none so remarkably as in their knowledge of revealed truths, and their uniform practice of the duties of Christian charity. But why should I go abroad for examples in this latter respect? You will find Christian charity equally practised at home. You have only to look around, and see the Catholic clergy of Ireland resigning all earthly comforts the better to promote the spiritual and even temporal welfare of their poor people.”

“Perhaps so—but if we can judge from the evidence of a most distinguished Catholic gentleman, given not long ago before a high commission, these same priests, notwithstanding their spirit of abnegation, would gladly accept a government pension.”

“But you cannot judge from his evidence—he gave his own opinion, not their sentiments, and since then he has been severely and justly reprimanded for his temerity. Oh no,” continued Ellen, with more animation than she had shown hitherto, “no, never, sir, I trust, will you see the day when the

Irish Catholic clergy will accept a state pension from an English Protestant government."

"Ha!" said Cantwell, "and is it possible you can be averse to such a measure?"

"Decidedly so—I abhor it; for it is not a pension but a bribe you offer them."

"Really, Miss O'Donnell, you appear to take an extraordinary interest in the affairs of Ireland and the Catholic priests. You, who have made your home in foreign lands, might well have forgotten these things; but I must not quarrel with your patriotism."

"I forget!" repeated Ellen, her eye moistening, and her lip quivering with emotion as she spoke; "oh no, I can never forget. My residence, it is true, is in another land, but this, sir, is my home. I am still an Irish girl—ay, every feeling of my heart is Irish. I am but an orphan too, the last of my race—thrown like a beggar on the world's charity. Yes, my ancestors have transmitted to me only their misfortunes as my dowry; but, thank God, they have left me also some of the old family pride, to bear them as it becomes my name and my rank—a name that I should ever regard as dishonored in my person if I could for one moment forget the people and priests of Ireland."

"Oh, I beg pardon," said Cantwell, in a supplicating tone—"excuse me: family recollections are sacred—I did not mean—"

"Far too sacred indeed," replied Ellen, "for such a presence. I speak not, sir, as the descendant of a kingly race. I speak only and feel as every Irish woman ought to feel. And who have preserved and kept together the wretched remnants of the liberty of this once proud land?—the priests of Ireland. When day after day you have been driving the people to sedition, that you might have a pretext for treading

out the last spark of freedom that remained, who stood between them and the danger?—who but the Catholic priests of Ireland?”

“I cannot understand, Miss O'Donnell; you are really—”

“Understand! Mr. Cantwell,” repeated the enthusiastic girl. “You cannot understand how the clergy kept the people from sedition? Then I will tell you. It was by teaching them obedience in the *confessional*, when you made it treason to preach it in the *pulpit*. It was by maintaining an influence over their flocks, for holy and peaceful purposes. And that influence they acquired, sir, not by gold or the sword, but by ministering to their wants of both soul and body,—by watching at the patient's bed amidst poverty and disease,—by offering the consolations of religion when often the poison of contagion was rioting in their own veins,—by journeying on foot, mid the snows and storms of winter, to their wretched hovels,—by kneeling on the cold damp floor beside the dying Christian, whispering in his ear the words of comfort and hope; and when he had done the last office of his ministry—nay, when he had closed the poor man's eyes in death—by sharing with the widow and the orphans his own miserable pittance. Oh! sir, it is through the power and influence these self-sacrificing ministers of God have so dearly and nobly earned, that we have yet some shadow of liberty left. That, sir, is the Catholic religion, pure and uncontaminated by earthly thought as the God that gave it. That, sir, is my religion—the religion of the heart, (and she rose as she spoke,) not cold, dreamy, and philosophical, but warm, and full of life bubbling up from the fountain of Divine love within. Yes, sir, that is my religion. I learned it here on this soil, and care not what name you give it.”

Ellen rang the bell. When the servant entered, she desired he would request Miss Johnston to honor her with her presence.

"You have been unusually animated this evening, madam," said Cantwell, not regarding the interruption, and speaking in a low subdued voice; "and I admire your advocacy in such a cause. But you will permit me to observe, that in the warmth of your zeal you have quite overlooked the extensive charity practised by the Protestant gentry of this neighborhood. We have clothed and fed the poor of this parish for the last two years, at a very considerable expense."

"Oh, to be sure, sir," said Ellen, relapsing again into her usually careless mood, and searching for something on the mantel. "Certainly, you have dealt with the poor as you would with the priests."

"As we would with the priests!"

"Of course."

"I don't understand, Miss O'Donnell."

"Oh, don't you? Why your wits are a-woolgathering to-night. Well, then, I must enlighten you, Mr. Cantwell. I meant that, as you clothed the poor as an inducement to make them abandon the faith of their fathers, so would you pension the priests as a bribe to make them desert the interests of their country. Eh, Mr. Cantwell, is it not so?"

Cantwell was about to speak, but Ellen interrupted him.

"No, no, sir—I shall not ask your opinion on that point; I have already heard it sufficiently discussed at 'Alton Towers.' The old earl is a consummate statesman, you know, and *almost* as stanch a Catholic as myself."

"I know nothing of him," said Cantwell, doggedly.

"Oh, of *course* not; but Colonel Templeton does."

"Very likely," muttered Cantwell, suspecting at once what she alluded to, but affecting to be totally unconcerned.

"Why, you surely must have heard of the *caricatures*," she said, laughing. "The whole world has heard of the colonel passing the river."

The door opened and Miss Johnston entered.

"Ellen, what have you been saying to Mr. Cantwell?" asked the lady as she approached. "Why, he looks like a rejected lover, so pensive and wo-begone; and you—you like a Belvidera, with your loose, dark tresses. What has happened?"

"Oh, nothing," said Ellen, playfully. "I was in one of my fits when he came in; so, you know, he was obliged to suffer as usual till it passed over."

"Oh, is that it?" laughed her companion. "Don't mind the mad, wild creature, Mr. Cantwell; the poetry of Italy and her own native enthusiasm together, have almost made her crazy. We must tame her spirit in this colder climate."

"Now, Mr. Cantwell, I shall leave Emily to entertain you," said Ellen. "You will find her, no doubt, a more agreeable companion." And bowing lightly and gracefully, she quitted the drawing-room.

Having passed through the spacious entrance-hall of the mansion, and about to ascend the stairs to her boudoir, a voice immediately behind whispered, "Signora."

She turned, and found her confidential servant, Maddelena, whom she brought with her from Florence, at her side.

"Signora," whispered the Italian, "come, there is one in that little room beyond who wishes very much to speak with you."

"Is it a message from Captain O'Brien?" inquired Ellen, following the servant across the hall.

"Oh, no," replied Maddelena, "I think it must be from Father Domsick."

The room, at the door of which Ellen stopped for a moment, was dark.

"Why are there no lights here, Maddelena?" she inquired.

But before the maid could reply, a voice from the centre of the apartment said in a well-known accent—

"Whisht, whisht, Miss Ellen, come in an' close the doore afther ye."

She entered without further hesitation, and found herself in the presence of Shandy M'Guire.

It is unnecessary now to relate to the reader the conversation that took place; suffice it, for the present, that after having been closeted for the space of ten or fifteen minutes, both again appeared within the open door of the dark room, and Shandy said, as he was about to steal out—

"Now, Miss Ellen, don't for yer life and sowl give him the laste hint av it."

"Oh, trust me, Shandy, I shall take every precaution—but as to the ring, why that's utterly incredible. Villain as he is, he surely could not—"

"Well, well," said Shandy, interrupting her, "sure ye'll jidge for yerself; but don't tell a livin creather about it, barrin' the captain an' Father Domnick; an' now God be with ye, Miss Ellen, for I must hurry on to Tubbernasiggart." Shandy disappeared.

Ellen hastened to her boudoir, and having adjusted her dishevelled hair as quickly as possible, returned to the drawing-room, and found Cantwell preparing to take his leave.

"Going so soon, Mr. Cantwell," said Ellen, tripping lightly across the room, and leaning her arm on Miss Johnston's shoulder: "to the Orange Lodge, perhaps; is there not to be a meeting of the committee there to-night?"

"So I'm informed," replied Cantwell; "but I can't attend. I have some urgent business to manage before 10 o'clock."

"To-night!" inquired Ellen, with feigned surprise.

"This very night—the business is both urgent and important. I assure you, ladies, (and he spoke with the serious air of

the 'official,') I assure you, the duties which we agents have to perform are often very disagreeable—very, indeed; think of being obliged to ride eight or ten miles such a dark night."

Ellen fixed her eyes for an instant on the cold, dark, hypocritical face of the agent. It was a look that at once spoke unutterable contempt for the man, and a perfect knowledge of his infamous designs. He raised his right hand, and ran his fingers through his hair, but Ellen could see no ring upon it.

"You will be caught in a storm, if you ride out 'o-night," said Ellen, carelessly.

"Storm!" ejaculated Cantwell.

"I really think so: I may possibly be mistaken; but it would seem to me the storm is about to break over your head."

"Why, Ellen, you cannot be serious," said Miss Johnston.

"Time will tell; I have just been looking out, and the clouds are dark and lowering. But to-morrow will decide," she added, playfully; "then you will see whether I have entirely forgotten the signs of approaching storm in my native skies. If it do fall upon you, Mr. Cantwell, remember the warning."

The gentleman took his leave, and returned to the "Moor."

CHAPTER IX.

CONTAINING AN IRISH RECEIPT FOR COOLING THE BLOOD.

We shall not stop now to inform the reader when Mr. Cantwell left the Moor, but at once proceed with our story, and that gentleman, to the humble homestead of old Jemmie Connor, of Tubbernasiggart.

Since his interview with the little blind man in the brown overcoat, Cantwell turned over in his mind very often, the circumstances attending that meeting. But now, as he rode quietly along in the silence of the night, and on the most unfrequented road leading from the village, he had more leisure to review them. There was, certainly, something about the affair which a prudent, cautious man would call suspicious—sufficiently so, at least, to require care and circumspection. But the truth is, Cantwell's grosser passions carried him frequently beyond his prudence. If he ever paused to consider the danger or the difficulties into which his vicious inclinations led him, it was not with the intention of avoiding them, but rather to fortify himself with the consciousness of possessing means sufficient to obviate them in any emergency. Like many others in his sphere of life, he had, notwithstanding his apparent disregard of public censure, a great dread of detection and exposure, if he happened to be unsuccessful in his intrigues; but let him once gain his point, no matter at what

sacrifice of virtue or of honor, and he gloried in his victory like Courtall, in the Belle's Stratagem.

In his convivial hours with his intimates, he spared no woman's reputation—high or low, rich or poor, innocent or guilty, they were all alike in his estimation. Female chastity, as he often expressed it, was a beautiful idea; but then it was only an idea—it had no actual existence. Every mortal, according to him, was but the creature of circumstances—governed by impulses, weak or strong, as nature happened to bestow them, and which it was a folly or an impossibility to resist. Innate love of virtue was but a deception. Conventional forms and manners of society gave it an existence, only in the fancy. Man was created for pleasure—not for self-denial. To subjugate his passions, was an outrage against himself; but still, as the decencies of social life deserved respect, it became a matter of prudence and discretion to confine them within certain limits, merely for the preservation of order in the community, but with no higher aim. Certain acts were called vicious, others virtuous, merely because the present order of society required such a doctrine to be taught; but if chance had organized society in another form, it might have happened that virtue and vice would have changed their correlative significations. If, therefore, he sinned against public morals, and was detected, let the public punish him for a breach of its rules, or its etiquette; but why should conscience, or whatever else it might be called, be suffered to reproach him for his conduct?

Religion, too, had certain duties, and he endeavored to perform them to what he considered a reasonable extent. Religion he thought a very excellent thing in its own way. Without a due respect for its precepts, society would soon be disorganized, and that would be a serious evil. It was a powerful auxiliary to the laws. Without its sanction,

laws would be ineffective of their aims and objects, and his own authority incompetent to the discharge of his office. Besides, to spend an hour or so at church on a Sunday, was a very agreeable manner of whiling away the time ; it was a kind of recreation—a sort of relief after the toil and trouble of the week. Nor had he the least difficulty in finding a form of religion that suited him. He had it at his hand. High-church Protestantism, in which he was born, was quite sufficient for all practical purposes. Stripped of the little asceticism that lingered about it till the Revolution, it was now a pleasant religion to profess. It had none of the acerbities of the Nonconformists, or the self-denial of the Catholics, to scare him from its adoption or its practice. As a dominant law-religion, it gave him power to persecute its opponents. Professing to hold a less rigorous code of morals, it required him to restrain but few of his vicious propensities. As a creed, it flattered him in the high estimate he had formed of his intellectual powers ; it encouraged him in the belief, that he was at perfect liberty to choose any doctrine of faith or rule of conduct, provided he could squeeze out of the wide range of revelation a pretext for its adoption. A religion like this presented, neither to his mind nor his senses, a single difficulty. It required no submission from the one, nor denial of gratification from the other. Unencumbered by burden, and unfettered by restraint, he could travel at his own pace, fast or slow, up and down the hill of life, just as fancy led him, or impulse drove him on.

Such, reader, was the doctrine, and such the sentiments and feelings that actuated Mr. Archibald Cantwell. He was not alone, however, in his views of religion, or his estimate of the human virtues. By no means. If he were, we never should have dreamt of giving him a place in your thoughts. No—he was only one out of two-thirds of the English Prot-

estants of Great Britain and Ireland, from his own rank upwards. This is no exaggeration—it is fact—a terrible, deplorable fact. It is the result of men's pride in claiming a freedom in judging for themselves in the important affair of religion. It is the natural result of Protestantism. It is, in a word, the result of a system of ethics conceived and developed under the influence of the human passions. He who becomes acquainted with life in London, will readily acknowledge the truth of all this. In the upper ranks he will discover a total disregard for religion and its most sacred ordinances hidden under the veil of a prudent reserve or an ostentatious charity. He will see the elegant and accomplished countess, after a night's dissipation, perhaps after having lost or won a moderate fortune at the card-table, driving in a splendid equipage to a religious society-meeting, and thence to the Virginia-courts, Dedham-place, or St. Giles-alleys, to distribute consolation in the shape of tracts and bibles to the destitute, starving poor. He will find her husband driving from Burlington Arcade with rich presents to his *dear friend* in Hanover-square, and after spending an hour in infamous dalliance, proceed to Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and contribute his monthly donation to the funds for the support of the Magdalen asylums. He will see the infidel—the scoffer of Christianity in Belgrave-square—become the champion of religion in Westminster. In short, there is nothing there to be seen but a continual endeavor to maintain an outward show of respect for the law of God, without a single feeling of remorse for its secret violation. Still it may be said, that low vice is as common in Catholic as in Protestant cities. But it is not the fact, if we except the city of Paris alone. Perhaps all the other Catholic cities of Europe put together could not produce, as London does, the enormous aggregate of 75,000 prostitutes and 60,000 street-robbers, not to speak of any other item of its

vices. And why should Paris be an exception, only from its contiguity to London? The extraordinary disproportion that exists between Paris and the other cities of Catholic Europe, in their calendars of crime, (allowing even for its excess of population,) is a sufficient proof that its proximity to London has been the cause of its immorality. Besides, in Catholic cities immorality is never the result of doubts about the faith or precepts of God or of the church; in Protestant cities, if they be not the impelling, they are at least the predisposing cause. A true Catholic can never doubt, without losing the spirit of his religion; a Protestant may and does, because it is his right and his privilege to do so. A Catholic perseveres in crime through a feeling of reckless despair; a Protestant through a hope of self-justification. If a Catholic remain a sinner after his fall, it is because he has abused the holy sacraments of his religion, and fears he can never make sufficient reparation; but the Protestant, who has no holy things to abuse, can feel comparatively easy—he has no horrors of conscience to annoy him. Every step the Catholic takes through life, God is about and around him: he sees him, face to face, in all the mysteries and sacraments of his religion. The Protestant sees him only at a distance, under the vague, undefined shadows of revelation. Hence it is evident, from this simple view of the general features of the Protestant and Catholic religions, that the former leads to rationalism and infidelity, as a matter of course; while the latter takes an opposite direction as a matter of necessity, induced by the very nature of its conservative doctrine and uniform practice.

But to return. Why was Cantwell not satisfied with simply adhering to his own standard of religion? Why did he suffer his religious opinions to influence his conduct as a public man? Why did he persecute others for their religious opinions or practices? The answer is very easy: because,

simply, they did believe and practise a severer religion than his own. Precisely so. Was it not intolerable to be obliged to hold intercourse with a people whose lives were devoted to the performance of the most austere duties of self-denial, so prominently enjoined in that very book which he chose as his guide? Was it not mortifying to see himself surrounded by a people whose high estimate of religion, and particularly of the social and domestic virtues, was a continual reproach on the latitudinarianism he had practised—by a people whose horror of immorality was a perpetual check on the impetuosity of his passions? Rather might it be said, why should he not persecute such a people?—why not make every effort to blot out the hateful contrast between vice in himself and virtue in others, by lowering down every higher standard of morality to a level with his own? How else can we account for persecution at his hands, and the millions of others whom he represents, who care nothing for religion of any kind—Protestant more than Catholic—only in as much as the former is pleasanter to practise, and more aristocratic to profess. The greater glory of God, in whose existence they scarcely believe, or man's salvation, which they regard as a phantom, could be no object of solicitude to them. Envy of a purer morality, not hatred of false doctrine, is the impelling cause of Protestant persecution, at least in nine cases out of ten. Is it not from a similar feeling that the detractor endeavors to tarnish the reputation of his neighbor, and the murderer on the scaffold becomes the accuser of his accomplice?

By such sentiments were the mind and senses of Archibald Cantwell influenced in his rounds of official and social duties. Yet in the politer circles of life in which he sometimes found himself, he knew well how to keep his passions under restraint: there he was the man of the world; that is, in other words.

neither a sinner nor a saint, but one who assumed a reasonable share of both qualities. He found this character the easiest to sustain—nothing could be more convenient. He could drop the sinner and assume the saint, or *vice versa*, as circumstances might require. But we have digressed.

Cantwell rode on in the direction of Tubbernasiggart, at a moderate pace, for it wanted some twenty minutes of the appointed hour, and he was now within a short distance of the mill. He dreaded detection, should he be compelled to await long the appearance of Mary Connor, and resolved, therefore, not to anticipate a single moment of the time agreed upon. Again and again he thought over the interview at the old castle. "Hudy M'Gettigan," he muttered to himself, "Hudy M'Gettigan—humph! I never heard of the man particularly. There are M'Gettigans, I believe, on the other estate, but I don't know them. Well, well—he is easy found if he played me false. And yet he was devilish like that scoundrel Shandy M'Guire, only for the impediment in his speech, and the loss of the eye. But such a love-letter—ha, ha! such a letter! shoemaker's wax and a thimble—devil a loss. It should be sent to the Dublin Museum, and kept with the Queen Anne farthings, in the cabinet of curiosities. Oh! it would be such a lasting evidence of Irish female virtue. *I'll be at the mill at 10, not for any harm.* Oh, not at all—no, no, of course not. Irish chastity—excellent! What a laugh I shall have when I meet Goodsoul, and tell him what a fool she made of him, after all his cleverness at intrigue. When I get among my own 'set,' and produce this letter of assignation, by George! they never will survive the reading of it—*if we're to be married, it 'll be afore the wurl.* Capital! But the priest will forgive her, to be sure. She can afford now to pay him for absolution for twelve months to come. That

receipt is worth all the papist chastity in the parish. Ha, ha, ha!—the father's danger soon brought the daughter's honor to the market. Honor!—oh, confound the less it is now, the devil's in their impudence—honor! And there's Miss O'Donnell—paugh! her national pride sickens me—she's as poor as Job, and as proud as Lucifer. Her father, driven from the country a beggar, goes over to Florence, becomes a painter, and sends her back to us again, after a few years, with all the family pride, from Ned of Larkfield up to Hugh Roe, stuck in her gizzard; and the haughty dame frowned on me when I interrupted her music this evening, as a sultana would on her slave. Never mind, I'll find some means of taming her pride. Ha! *a storm would burst over my head*, she feared. How very solicitous about me—very, indeed."

Here his soliloquy was interrupted by a flash of light, at apparently but a little distance before him. "Humph!" said he, drawing up the reins of the bridle, "that's a signal—by George it is—and from the mill too. He accordingly dismounted, and tied the horse in the corner of a field at some distance from the road.

The night was now pitchy dark, and so still that not a withered leaf rustled on the trees beside him. The light again appeared for an instant. He saw it, and crept up as stealthily as an assassin to the spot, muttering as he went, "Ay, that's the signal—now's the time, and here's the man."

When he had reached within a few yards of the building, he saw the light again appear in a female's hand, through the aperture in the gable of the mill, where the axle connects the inner with the outer wheel, (the wheels were removed to undergo some repair;) and creeping up sufficiently near to be heard, he said in a low, stealthy voice—

"Mary, is it you?"

"The password ! what's the password ?" whispered a voice from within.

"Cupid," was the reply.

"Misther Archibal ?"

"Your own Archy."

"Oh ! I'm dyin' for fear," said Mary.

"Fear nothing," said Cantwell, encouragingly.

"Oh ! 'am thrimblin', Mr. Archibal, 'am thrimblin' with fear."

"Nonsense !" said Cantwell. "Can I get into the mill."

"Oh ! no, no," whispered Mary with earnestness. "No, yet a minit. Stop ! whisht ! there's some one comin'. Go back — go back, Mr. Archibal, or we'll be ketched. Go back there to the corner."

"Where ?"

"Behind where the wheel was."

"It's wet, but I'll try. Now see, is there any one coming?"

"Whisht ! I'll steal out an' listen. Don't stir from that for yer life," said Mary, as she stepped noiselessly back into the building.

Cantwell had retreated from the aperture till his back rested against the breastwork of the dam, and he stood now bolt upright, like a soldier on drill. He had not, however, been fixed in that position more than a few minutes, shivering with cold, (for the water in which he stood was running over his ankles,) and equally as much with fear, perhaps, at the danger of discovery, when he heard Mary Connor again repeat the password directly above where he stood.

"Cupid !"

"Angel !"

"Keep close, 'am afeerd some one 'ill see ye. Keep close, for yer life."

"Never fear," said Cantwell; "my feet are cold and wet—but no matter."

"Whusper, Mr. Archibal."

"What, my angel?"

"Sure, ye'll niver spake i' this?"

"Never—never!"

"Well, remimber ye promised."

"I would sooner die than speak of it."

"But you tould of Mary Curran, Mr. Archibal."

"Oh, Mary Curran! but you know what *she* was."

"Well, well, Misther Archibal, I always thought she was an innacint creathur, so I did, an' that ye'd clear her afore the wurl."

"I couldn't perjure myself, Mary dear."

"An' whusper, Misther Archibal. Didn't she die innacint?—every one says she did—now tell me the thruth."

"Oh, I must not tell secrets, Mary; you would hate me if I did."

"She was a cousin i' mine, Mr. Archibal, and I'd lake to be shure—I'd lake to hear it from yer own lips. Was she innacint or guilty?—say, Mr. Archibal."

"Guilty," said the defamer of the dead.

"Lyin' dog of a Sassenagh!" cried the high-spirited girl. "She'd scorn the deed, an' now 'am here to avenge her."

The first words had scarcely broken from her lips, when she drew up the gate of the sluice, and the water rushed down, sweeping the unfortunate Cantwell, with the impetuosity of an Alpine torrent, tumbling and tossing into the river below. An instant before the sluice opened, he felt he was betrayed, and attempted to leap on the rocks above the water-course; but it was too late. Then a wild deafening cheer rose from behind the mill, that almost drowned the noise of

the rushing water, accompanied by a sudden glare of torch-light that revealed to half a dozen of laughing faces on the river's brink, the gallant of the night, the accomplished and aristocratic Archibald Cantwell, holding on with the grasp of death to an arm of an old tree that lay across the breast of the foaming flood. He rose and sank as the branch yielded to his desperate efforts to gain the opposite shore, his hat rolling down in the stream, and his long, glossy, black hair floating on the surface to and fro, like a mermaid's on her native element.

"Hould on!—hould on, my darling Cupid!" shouted a well-known voice; "hould on, mavourneen asthore. Shure it's on beds av rosees ye ought to lie, instid i' the could wather."

"Oh! for the love of heaven relieve me," cried Cantwell, in an agony of despair. "Don't let me die in this way. Oh—oh!" he ejaculated, as the water rushed, and the branch bent with his efforts.

"Och, now, yer honor, Misther Archy dear, don't be onaisy; shure here I am, yer own Hudy M'Gettigan, an' Mary Connor, an' ivery one that loves ye for a good, liberal, modest creathur, and a frien' to the poor Catholics, lake yer own father afore ye—don't be onaisy, achusla, don't asthore."

"Are ye Christians?" shouted Cantwell; "have ye no mercy?"

"Christians! Oh, bad luck to the one dear; we're all only papishes, ivry mother's son av us."

"Save my life!—save my life, for mercy's sake!" ejaculated Cantwell, almost suffocated with the foam that had gathered around his head. "Save me, for God's sake—I'm sinking!"

"Yer honor was right; ye wur sayin' ye'd want me again,

so ye wur," continued Hudy, in the same imperturbable tone of withering sarcasm; "and shure here I am, yer own poor Hudy, as well known as a bad halfpenny. But och, och, ochone! isn't it myself has the sore, sore heart this blissed night, seein' ye there cowl'd an' wet, an' can't be as much as the laste taste av sarvice to you, an' poor Mary Curran's ghost—och, only jist think av that, yer honor—prayin' to us this minit, I'll warrint, to help ye in the amplish that y'er in."

"Heave him a rope!" thundered a commanding voice from behind; and instantly the tramp of men and the clang of fire-arms were heard ringing on the bank beside the laughing group.

"Captain O'Brien! Captain O'Brien! Put out the lights and fly!" was now heard on all sides.

"Men, guard the prisoners—let not a light be extinguished—let none escape—on your lives I command it!" cried the young officer, considerably excited. "Bring a rope—a rope, or he's lost."

But the order was unnecessary. Mary Connor, whose gentle heart could no longer entertain a feeling of revenge against her enemy, now so signally punished, came running breathless, carrying a line, and exclaiming as she approached,

"Here—here, take this one av ye—take this and save him. God may change his heart—he may repent. But what's this?" continued the affrighted girl, suddenly changing her voice when she perceived the officer and his men, whose arms and breastplates shone brightly in the torchlight. "*Oh, hierna!* it's the sodgers." And the timid creature shrunk back fearful and ashamed in the presence of the strangers.

"A girl, by Jove!" said O'Brien; "there's mischief here—"

and Shandy too—by all that's mischievous it is. "What, sir," he demanded, stepping over to the pretended Hudy, now engaged in hauling Cantwell across the stream, and laying his hand roughly on the collar of his coat. "Why are you here, sir? What's the meaning of this outrage?"

"Outrage!" repeated Shandy, lifting his hat to the officer with one hand, while he held the line with the other. "Ough, no, captain! it's not that bad; it's only a receipt for coolin the blood."

"But what's the meaning of this villany?—answer me, sir," again demanded O'Brien.

"Ough! nothin' out i' the way, yer honor; only a thrifle av sport—it's a way we have down here."

"But who is he?—speak, villain!"

"Begorra, myself disn't know yit," persisted Shandy, without betraying the least visible emotion, and pulling with as much unconcern as if a log of timber were attached to the line. "Begorra, myself disn't know yit, till we land him, whether he's a salmon or a *gub-dugh*, (black trout.) Ned," continued he, addressing a comrade; "Ned avic, give the captain a gaff, till he helps to land the creathur dacently." And Cantwell at length was drawn ashore insensible.

"Will we rowl the wather out iv him, yer honor?" inquired Shandy, looking up in the face of the officer with a countenance as grave and solemn as Sir Robert Inglis, before the University.

"Hold!" cried O'Brien, stooping over the exhausted Cantwell, now stretched at his full length in the centre of a circle of grinning faces, and turning his head to a horizontal position. "Hold! bring the light nearer. Who is he? What—powers of earth!—it's Cantwell!—Cantwell, by all that's horrible! How is this, sir?—answer me, M'Guire—villain! answer me directly."

"Tare-an-ages, yer honor—shure it was fishin' he came, an' fell in."

"Fishing! ye scoundrel."

"Deil a hap'orth else, captain; begorra 'ill take my oath av it."

"Angling, ye villain, at night, and such a dark night as this?"

"To be sure; faith, the fish he wants ketches best in the dark."

The captain collared him, enraged at not receiving a direct answer to his oft-repeated question; but Shandy's tone and manner were still the same.

"Bad scran to the word lie 'am tellin' ye, captain," he continued. "It was fishin' he was, an' the throut tuck the bait unknownst to him some way, an' pulled him in; may I be Lord Chancellor, if it isn't as thrue as 'am tellin' it. The throut pulled him in while ye'd wink. The throuts hereabouts have the quarest ways with them—they're the devilishest throuts that iver—"

"Silence, you villain!" shouted O'Brien, driving the imperturbable Shandy out of the circle with a violence that threatened to immerse him also in the river. "It's hanged you'll be yet for your damnable tricks—you're never out of mischief."

"Hanged!" repeated Shandy, returning again and mixing with the excited group. "Hanged! oh, seen a bit fear av it, captain dear; the M'Guirees niver were given to them high airs: it didn't shute them these hard times. But listen to me—whusper a minit, Mr. O'Brien." And he took the officer aside, and communicated, in as few words as possible, the cause of the unlucky adventure. When the officer found how matters stood, he burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter

"Sergeant," said he, "release the prisoners, and move homewards—I shall follow you in a moment."

When Cantwell recovered his senses, he raised himself to a sitting posture, rubbed his eyes like one just starting from a sound sleep, and looked about him in extreme bewilderment. But there was no one to be seen—all was still as death—not a sound came to break the lonely silence: even the sluice had ceased to send forth its noisy tide. He started to his feet, raised his hand to feel for his hat; but it was gone. As he stood erect for an instant within the circle formed by the torches' dying embers, the sickly lurid lights seemed to concentrate their feeble rays upon the face of the libertine, as if to give his hidden spectators a view of his demoniac countenance, now working under the influence of rage and revengeful passions.

"Damnation!" he muttered at length, grinding his teeth as he hurried from the place.

"Saxon dog!" said a deep-toned voice, almost in his very ear as he passed on. "Begone, and remember the lesson the Irish peasant-girl has taught you."

Cantwell stopped for an instant, listened as if he wished to discover the speaker, then dashed forward, and was soon out of sight.

But misfortunes never come single, they say. His horse, disposed to await the return of his master with patience and resignation, had bent his head like a sensible, well-behaved animal, and began picking the long grass about the roots of the tree to which he was fastened. All of a sudden, however, his quiet thoughts were disturbed, and his patience put to a far severer trial than ever it was exposed to before. Indeed, the shouts, the cheers, the rush of water, and the rapid moving of the blazing torches, would have startled animals of far higher pretensions to calmness of temper than

his had ever been. So he broke the reins of the bridle, and galloped homewards. His master, therefore, was obliged to follow him in the best manner he could, reconciled to his loss, no doubt, by the salutary reflection, that wet garments were both injurious to health and very disagreeable on horse-back.

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CHAPTER X.

THE ORANGE LODGE.

WHILE the incidents related in the last chapter were occurring in the country, matters of no less interest were taking place in the town of Donegal.

The committee of Orange Lodge No. 516 and district 143 met, according to previous arrangements, in the aforesaid town, on the fair-night, being the 26th day of October, 182-. The object of the meeting was to take into consideration the propriety of sending petitions to parliament, signed by the Orangemen of Ulster, praying that no further concessions be made to Roman Catholics; that the annual grant of £8,900 to the College of Maynooth be discontinued, agreeably to motion made in preceding session by the honorable member for the University of Oxford; and finally, that the oaths of supremacy and abjuration be extended to all persons holding responsible offices under corporate bodies, when the salary of said offices should amount to the sum of thirty pounds sterling. Also to prepare resolutions condemnatory of the conduct of certain brethren in Belfast and Portadown, who had treacherously given their support, at the recent general election, to reform candidates, and declaring such brethren undeserving of confidence.

The Rev. Baxter Cantwell, district-master and chaplain of the lodge, having transacted the more important business of the meeting, and after solemn prayer, closed the minute-book

for the night, led the way to the festive-board, and took his usual place as chairman.

On the right of the chairman sat Mr. Thomas Liscaden, a very pious, church-going, pert, curt, fat, middle-aged gentleman, presenting a snub nose, and a very apoplectic appearance. He was senior churchwarden, and treasurer of the Sabbath penny collections for the destitute poor, a teacher in the Sunday-schools, and an inveterate enemy of Catholics, especially of the Pope.

On his left sat Robert Snodgrass, Esq., apothecary and surgeon of the village. He was a very elegant, ladylike personage, or what is commonly understood to be a "nice young man." His fair hair was kept always in perfect order—brushed flat down, and sleek as an otter's—not a single hair but had its proper location, from which it was never permitted to stray. He was tall, very delicately proportioned, and as modest as a girl of sixteen. Whether sitting or standing, he was ever prim, stiff, bolt upright as a portrait of the reign of Elizabeth. Snodgrass, in very deed, was an exquisite both in mind and person: he could spend hours drawing panzas and butterflies for the ladies, sang "Love among the Roses," wore an eyeglass, lisped compliments, and talked and leered and sighed divinely.

The third and last member of that respectable committee, to whom the reader requires an introduction, was the gentleman who sat next Mr. Snodgrass, on the left of the chairman. He was a gentleman whom it would be criminal and ungrateful in the writer of this veracious story to pass over in silence. The deeds of daring he performed in these troublous times,—his devotion to the sacred cause,—the sacrifices he made to maintain the glory of Protestant ascendancy, should not easily be forgotten—least of all by one who spent so many pleasant hours in his society, listen-

ing to his stormy bursts of eloquent denunciation,—gazing on his proud, indignant brow as it looked thunder, and his flaring eye as it spoke lightning, on the villanous papists and Ribbon conspirators of that period. This gentleman's name was Dowser, commonly called “Dumpy Dowser, or Dowser the Dumplin,” perhaps from a fancied likeness his enemies (every one has his enemies) said he bore to that substantial article of food, as it appears engraved in Mrs. Hall's Domestic Economy. His limbs were unusually large, very short, and cumbrous—his knees, whilst he stood, scarcely appearing in the background, but when he sat down, they shot out like rule-joints, connecting the upper man immediately with the nether limbs, and presenting to the fancy a figure of two short Gothic columns supporting an idol of Juggernaut.

Poor Dowser, not many years previous to this meeting, was a quiet, sober, peaceable man, as ever carried a bible to church, or sang psalms to the measures of Lord Teignmouth or Dr. Porteus; and in all probability would have remained so, moving leisurely and piously through the vicissitudes of life,—never dreaming, like Arthur Wellesley, that his country would yet be proud to do him reverence. Simple-hearted man! he might have drooped his head and died like the bashful unassuming little buttercup on his own native soil, instead of the streets of Bristol, fighting for the loyal cause, had chance not called him to see with his own eyes, and hear with his own ears the champions of Protestantism in the London Tavern. Oh, William III.! Oh, Burnet, Swartz, Tennison! ye originators and abettors of the charter of 1701, for spiritualizing the gross and morbid feelings of the human race! how elevating to the soul of Dumpy Dowser to hear your panegyrics breaking from the eloquent and impassioned lips of a Hughs and a Thomas—and in that hall, too, consecrated to the genius of religious liberty! In that hall

Dowser had once the good fortune to find himself on a memorable occasion, when Verner occupied the tribune and Hawkesbury the chair. That once was enough: Dowser returned home a changed man—and oh, what a change! Mrs. Dowser, poor soul, had been long and anxiously expecting him, for never had he been away so long before. But when he did at length arrive, what was her surprise and disappointment when, on the following morning, instead of the silks and brocades, the jewels and embroidery so confidently looked for as the gifts of a loving husband, she found nothing in the great travelling-trunk but swords and pistols, Orange-flags and scarfs, pictures of King William, controversial tracts, bullet-moulds, and duodecimo bibles. The writer fancies he still sees that amiable lady sitting in her easy-chair, knitting her stocking, and musing, as she plied her needles, over the many ills of wedded life, when he called to congratulate her on her husband's safe return. How careworn she looked when describing the awful change in Mr. Dowser!—how she seemed to mourn “the hopes that left her,” so long centered in him. “Alas!” she said, “the happy smile is gone from his sweet countenance, and the cheering sympathy from his loving heart. Instead of taking his tea hot, as he used to do, with his nicely-buttered toast, he leaves it there to cool, and marches through the room, brandishing his new sword, and cutting holes with it in our new carpet, and shouting—oh! dear friend—shouting like one demented, ‘No surrender!—down with the bloody papists!—to—the naughty place with the Pope!’—and—and a thousand other terrible things. But look here,” she continued, “see that old family painting,—it is one of my ancestors, unfortunately a Catholic,—and observe, he has riddled it with pistol-bullets. Oh! I’m a broken-hearted woman!—but see there the pieces of slate lying scattered on the hearth: it was little

John's slate; and because the child was making crosses on it, playing 'fox and geese' with his sister this morning, he broke it in a hundred pieces; and look here—he says I must wear this Orange-scarf every sabbath to church, and have the green paint on the walls covered over with blue. Oh! if he had never gone to London, I would still be happy. He would not be making mad speeches, as he does now, after dinner, and no creature to listen to him but his wife and his two little children—mad speeches about King William, and drinking, in every spoonful of his punch, the 'glorious, pious, and immortal memory.'” But to resume.

The Rev. Baxter did the honors with a very pleased, self-satisfied air. He drank wine with every member of the committee, and gave the charter-toast at least a dozen times that night amidst raptures of applause.

“It's a glorious night,” said Dowser, after finishing his sixth tumbler of poteen punch, (he never tasted wine—he despised it.) “It's a glorious night; but what is it to a night in London!—Oh, thundher! if yer reverence was ere.” And he spoke like a voice proceeding from an empty barrel, hoarse and hollow, and in very short, pithy sentences, being, as the reader may have already supposed, short-winded.

“Clever men—noble fellows!” observed the chairman, approvingly.

“Clever—noble!” ejaculated Dowser. “Look here, yer reverence. See, they put a new soul in me—I trembled when I heard them—I did—I felt a kind of dinling all over me—my courage riz in me—oh, thunder-an-turf! to hear Colonel Verner, and see Boyton lifting his tremendous fist, and shaking it at the bloody papists. Hilloa there below!” he added, “send up the decanter—one bumper more to Verner. Hip, hip, hurrah! Verner forever!”

It was now approaching 10 o'clock, the usual hour for the chairman's leave-taking; he therefore begged his *convives* to fill again, and gave in glowing terms the health and happiness of their worthy brother, Doctor Snodgrass. Doctor Snodgrass arose to return thanks; not, however, till he ran his hand leisurely over his hair, and found all his fair locks in their proper places,—pulled up his shirt-collar, and wiped his lips with a snow-white handkerchief. He smiled as he raised his delicate body to the perpendicular, looked around with complacency, and began his address.

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen—brethren mine," said he. "(Hem) I return you my best (hem)—my most heartfelt thanks, (laying his hand on his heart.) I have never, gentlemen, (hem)—unaccustomed as I am (hem)—that is, gentlemen, I mean I have never been in the company of gentlemen (hem)—"

"Pon my conscience, that's no lie, any way," muttered Dowser, in a stage-whisper; for he hated and despised the speaker most cordially.

Snodgrass affected not to hear the words, but nevertheless got so embarrassed that he felt he could not utter another syllable. "Gentlemen," said he, endeavoring to make an honorable retreat from his disagreeable position, "as I cannot do justice to my feelings in a speech, I will try what I can do in the musical way—I'll substitute a song with your favor." And saying this, he resumed his seat amidst cries of "Song!—song!—Mr. Snodgrass's song!" in true bacchanalian uproariousness.

As soon as silence was obtained, the doctor leaned back in his chair, clasped his hands before him, resting them on the edge of the table; and fixing his eyes in melting softness on the ceiling above, he sang, with all the languishing, melancholy tone and manner of Tilburina in the Critic—

Oh ye panzas, and ye roses, and ye daffodils so fair,
 How I love t'inhale the perfume of your odors breathing there!
 But oh, my love—my Josephi—i—ine, (shake.)

"Augh! bad luck to yer Josephine and your daffodils!" roared Dowser, no longer able to restrain himself. "We didn't come here to be sickened with your perfumes—damn it, man, perfume us with punch, if ye like, and give us a 'no-surrender song!'—the curse i' the crows light on yer roses and panzies."

"Mr. Dowser—Mr. Dowser! what means this?" said the chairman, reprovingly.

"My dear reverend sir," entreated Snodgrass, with a meager attempt at a smile, and looking beseechingly at the rector; "do not—oh, pray do not interfere—you know what he is!"

"Know what I am!" repeated Dowser, stung to madness at what he believed to be an insult, and starting to his feet as he spoke. "Know what I am!" he reiterated, looking swords and daggers at his victim. "Yes, sir; *I* know what I am, and whom I *came* from—what many a one that carries—that carries a high head, sir, *doesn't* know. Yes, sir—I'm a *gentleman*, sir—and what's more, sir—I have property, sir—I have a *stake* here, sir, (striking his ponderous thigh with his open hand.)—I have a *stake* in the country, sir, what you have'nt." Here the laugh became so loud and long, that Dowser, after repeated attempts to obtain a hearing, sat down completely exhausted.

Snodgrass, amid the noise and confusion, kept his handkerchief pressed to his mouth, his eyes cast down, and his person immoveable as if he had been riveted to the chair. He was brooding over the melancholy fate of his favorite ditty, and making sturdy resolutions never more to sit in the same house, much less at the same board with Dumpy Dow-

ser. But Snodgrass had often made similar resolutions, which he was induced, by the advice of the Rev. Baxter, as often to abandon. The truth is, he frequently experienced the hatred and contempt of his noisy brother very sensibly, because he had not the spirit to resent an insult, or perhaps valued his reputation too high to commit himself with such an antagonist. Dowser knew this, and took advantage of his pusillanimity on every possible occasion to act the bully. "He deemed it reproachful," as he often said, "to the Orangemen of the Donegal lodge to have such a creature acknowledged as a loyal brother, and personally insulting to himself besides, to have such a fellow take precedence in their assemblies; indeed, he felt himself compelled, as a man of nice sensibilities, to protect his own honor by showing, on every opportunity that presented itself, how very far he was above submitting to be regarded as an inferior, or even as the equal of Mr. Surgeon Apothecary Snodgrass." So much was the latter harassed by these continual attacks, that of late days his dread of Dowser became excessively annoying; in fact, he began to entertain serious fears that his enemy might end, some time or other, when his blood was up, by an attempt on his person perhaps his life. It remains to be seen whether he had any reason to think this apprehension unfounded.

"I have now," said the chairman, when the noise had somewhat subsided, "I have now, gentlemen, the pleasure—the high gratification of giving you Mr. Dowser's health—a man ever foremost in the good cause,—ready at all times to sacrifice his fortune, yea, and his life if needed, to advance the interests of our holy confederation, and maintain the rights we have so nobly earned by our glorious revolution. I give you, gentlemen, without further preface, the health and happiness of our worthy and respected brother, Mr. W. Dowser and long may he live amongst us."

Then were heard the shouts of "Dowser forever!—our brave Dowser!—long live Dowser!" The empty glasses leaped and danced quadrilles on the table, spoons flew from their tumblers in ecstasies, and the very windows of the apartment jingled their applause.

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," said the lion of the night, (the muscles of his face quivering with emotion, and his cheeks swelling like Eolus preparing for a storm.) "Gentlemen, I am a man who can thank you. And why?—because I have a heart to do it, (here he struck the table with his ponderous fist,)—because, gentlemen, I have a *soul* in me—yes, a soul that fears no man—a soul, gentlemen, that's ready to *die* for the cause, and for the whole of you. Oh! when I look at that—at that glorious flag over his reverence's head,—when I look at the orange and blue that we wear—when I look at them, your reverence—when I do, I'm not myself—I'm not,—I'm a Sampson—I'm a Goliath, (tremendous cheering.) When I look at them, and think of them, I could sweep—sweep the heads of all the papist Ribbonmen—" Here the orator became altogether uncontrollable; and suiting the action to the word, he swept—not the heads of his enemies—but the contents of a steaming pitcher that lay peaceably on the table, right on the person of the unfortunate Snodgrass, moody and melancholy at his side.

The discharge of a whole galvanic battery into a dead rabbit could not produce a more instantaneous effect. With the elasticity of an India-rubber ball, he bounced from his seat, emitting an awful scream, and fell back upon the floor.

"Stand back!" cried the chairman. "He's ruined forever!"

"Oh—oh!" cried Snodgrass. "I knew he'd murder me. I'm burned to death—I'm burned to death!"

"Thunder—thunder!" roared Dowser. "What's this?—

I didn't think—I'm very sorry—where's the cold water?—push it over here, Wilson." And taking another pitcher of that cooling liniment in both hands, (thinking it, in the confusion of his ideas, to be at that moment the best and speediest relief,) he turned to heave it on the scalded man, when the chair tripped him, assisted no doubt by six or eight tumblers of stout Innishowen, and he fell, pitcher and man, on the prostrate body of the unfortunate doctor.

When Snodgrass received the shock, or rather the *thud* from the avalanche of human flesh, he groaned like a man in his last agony, as much as to say, "It's all over *now*—my time has come at last;" but in a moment after, feeling a consciousness of life within him still, and making an instinctive effort to preserve it, he caught Dowser by the gorge, and struggled, twisting as an eel does to escape from under a rock, till he finally crept up on the huge body of his antagonist, with the determination, doubtless, of strangling him now that he lay so completely at his mercy. A lucky incident, however, saved his life, and gave quite a new interest to the scene.

Scarcely had Dowser fallen, when the door of the apartment opened violently, and a stranger entered crying, "The Ribbonmen! the Ribbonmen!—they're comin'! they're comin'!—the sodgers are gone, an' we're all murdered!"

The reverend chairman and the other disengaged members of the committee profited by the warning, by rushing precipitously from the room, resolved to save their own lives at all events, and let fortune decide the fate of the mortal combatants. This will account in some measure for the somewhat protracted embraces of the brethren on the floor.

As Snodgrass gained the summit of the Dumplin, and had inserted his long wiry fingers in the folds of his cravat, the cry was again repeated, and Dowser was saved. Snodgrass

unloosed his hold, started to his feet, and ran with the speed of a greyhound.

Dowser, also, after much puffing and blowing, got on his pedestals, upsetting the table in his desperate efforts; and with his arms stretched out before him, his eyes starting from their sockets in his eagerness to escape, waddled and staggered furiously from the room. When he reached the bottom of the stairs, he called lustily for his gray horse, King William. The animal was in the gateway of the hotel, ready for his master to mount, and thither he directed his course, driving the bystanders from side to side, and forcing a passage for his immense body, with the impetuosity of a tornado.

"That's right, my boys," he endeavored to articulate, his breath almost exhausted. "That's right—hold the horse steady—now help me to mount—now, ye scoundrels, help me—the villanous papists—the cut-throats—they came to murder us—are they coming?—look, are they coming?—now give me the reins—ha! I'll soon be out of their power."

Hardly had Dowser rode ten paces from the gateway, when a man vaulted on King William's back behind him, took the reins from his hands, and turned the horse down a back lane, heading at a full gallop directly for the country.

"Not a word," said the same voice that scattered the revellers from their orgies in the lodge. "Keep quate an' easy, or I'll fling ye on the pavement. It's only the loan av ye we're takin' till we see young Frank Devlin again."

CHAPTER XI.

THE SICK-CALL.

"It's a wondher," said Mary Connor, (after the little party had returned from the mill, and were seating themselves round the kitchen fire,) "it's a great wondher what's keepin' Frank; he ought to be here afore this."

"Niver fret, woman dear," replied Shandy. "Maybe it's glad ye'd be he niver came, afore yer a year married. Get us Jamie's pipe, till we take a draw afther that trifle i' business." And he seated himself snugly on the creepie.

"Well, Shandy," observed old Jamie, "I'm doubtin' we'll be after payin' dear for this night's sport yit."

"Hooh, man! niver buy yer coffin till yer ready for't. The young gentleman 'ill keep clear av ye, I'll warrint—troth will he, Jamie: he's above makin' a parish talk av sich a thrifle."

The company, consisting of Jamie, Ned, Mary, Shandy, and a few other neighbors, determined now to remain till Frank's return. The pipe and glass circulated freely, eliciting many a witty remark and pleasant joke at the expense of the unfortunate Cantwell.

"Did I niver tell yees, boys," said Shandy, in evident good-humor, "about the night I was goin' to be shot, about a fortnight ago?"

The answer, of course, was in the negative; then a general movement of the chairs and stools still closer round the

cheerful turf-fire, and a unanimous wish expressed to hear the story.

Shandy wiped the shank of his pipe in the sleeve of his coat, handed it to his next neighbor, and then folding his arms on his breast, and leaning back against the hab-stone, with his legs across, began the tale.

"Well, boys, as I was sayin', it's jist a fortnight this very night. Father Dominick went down the glen to Dennis Sheeran's, where he was to have a 'station' nixt day, an' av coorse, myself was there too. Darby Gallaher, th' ould clark, was pittin' out the catechism as uswal on the childher, an' his reverence reading his offick in the wee room aff the kitchen. Well, lo an' behowld ye, it was drawin' close on this time i' night, iz all gathered roun' the spunk i' fire, some thinkin' i' bed, an' ithers lisenen' t' ould Darby an' the childher, whin who comes in but a son iv Pether Hanagans, an' him as drukeit as a duck in April, an', siz he, comin' forrit,

"'Save ye, genteels—this is a stormy kine av a night.'

"'Thru for ye, Pether,' siz I, 'an' is that yerself, man—why, ye're a'most drowned—come into the fire, an' dry yer duds.'

"'I haven't the laste iccasion,' siz he, 'am all in a leather i' sweat, as I im. I was sent for the priest—is he here?'

"'Well he is,' siz I, 'av he's not gone to bed—but who's sick, that yer in sich a hurry?'

"'Brine Horisky, av the Cairn,' siz he, 'an' his wife—they're not expected, an' they sent me, hammer-an'-tonga, afther his reverence, for he'll not overtake them alive.'

"'Dear be about us,' siz Darby, 'and what's the complent?'

"'Yalla faver, 'am tould,' siz Pether; 'but it's a famishin' to face out, an' the young priest not to the fore aither. 'Am a'most afeerd to thry ould Father Dominick; but any way, he made bowld, an' up he goes to the doore and knocks.

“‘Who’s that?’ siz the priest. (Now, boys, you know I can’t put the twee on the English lake his reverence—that divlish Haybrew pit a sort av a slippaugh on my tongue that ’ill niver get rid av.) ‘Who’s that?’ siz he; ‘don’t be disturbin’ me—’am goin’ to bed.’

“‘It’s me,’ siz Pether.

“‘Is it indeed?’ siz the priest. ‘Well, an’ wid ye be plazed to give yer name?’ mighty snappish-lake.

“‘It’s a sick-call,’ siz Pether. ‘Brine Horisky an’ his wife up the Cairn.’

“‘What ails them?’ siz he.

“‘Och! they’re very bad intirely, yer reverence, ye’ll not overtake them.’

“‘Begone out i’ that,’ siz the ould man, openin’ the doore, an’ makin’ a wallup i’ the stick at him. ‘Begone! is this any time to come for a priest, an’ me goin’ to bed.’

“‘Well, yer reverence,’ siz Pether, ‘sure they’re callin’ for ye all mornin’—maybe they’re dead be this time.’

“‘And why didn’t they send since mornin’?’

“‘Bekase they cudn’t get a sowl to come,’ siz Pether; ‘they’re very dissolit creathurs, for ivry one’s afeerd i’ the yalla faver.’

“‘Well, be off,’ siz the priest, ‘an’ don’t come near me till mornin’.’ So with that he closed the doore.

“‘Now,’ siz Peter, luckin’ at me, an’ scratchin’ his head, ‘I tould ye what I’d get; but it’s murdher, any way, to think av bringin’ th’ ould man out sich a night.’

“‘Niver mind,’ siz I, ‘the first’s the worst av him: he has a kine av a frownin’ way, ye know, but he’ll go, ’ill go bail for him.’

“We all gathered roun’ the fire, speckin’ to see him come up from the room ivry other minit; but a deuce a up or up he come. So I wint over, an’ clapt my eye to the keyhole,

an' begorra, there he was in bed as snug as a flea in a blanket.

" 'Well,' siz I, turnin' to Pether, 'if that's not quare enough, gahun to the bit—if it isn't the first time I ever knew him to do the lake afore; so 'am thinkin' ye may go home, Pether, for he 'ont go the night.'

" Aff went Pether, an' we all got undher the clothes, an' fell asleep. We cudn't be'more nor sound—Paddy Kelly an' me in the same bed, as snug an' warm as two kittins thegither—when what wid ye have av it, dear, somebody got a houl't i' my nose, an' pucked it jist as if it didn't belong to me!

" 'Git up out i' that,' siz some one, 'an' quiet yer snorin': it's corked yer nose ought to be. Git up,' siz he again.

" 'Who ir ye?' siz I, wakin' in a minit. 'Who ir ye that's makin' sich freedoms?—less i' yer thricks, my good fella, till yer bettther aquent. Cork yer own nose,' siz I, 'av it disn't plaze ye.'

" 'Git up, man, shure Father Domnick's waitin',' siz Brine Sheeran, for I knew his voice now. 'He cudn't make out where yer bed was, an' I had to rise to waken ye. Make haste, and don't keep him waitin'.'

" Well, up I bounced, and there sure enough was the ould oriest ready for the start.

" 'Orra, mai i' mai, Father Domnick dear,' siz I; 'shure yer not dhreamin' iv goin' out sich a night?' (knowin' I'd have to go with him.)

" 'I must go,' siz he; 'I can't sleep, so I may as well take the hills for't.'

" 'But isn't Pether gone,' siz I, 'not expecin' ye'd budge till mornin'? Hout! ye can't go, yer reverence, its down-right murder.'

" 'Well, well,' siz the priest, 'ye know the road as well as Pether—arn't ye bound to visit the sick, arn't ye?'

"' Visit the sick ! oh, av coorse,' siz I, 'sartintly, it's one i' the seven corporals ; but feen a word the Chrisen docthrin says about goin' out sich an onraisonable night as this. Begorra,' siz I, (pittin' on my shoes,) 'the Bible says there's a time to go to bed and a time to rise, an' now yer reverence is goin' as clane against it, as av ye wur a downright Prot-
estin'."

" But it was all no use. So, to make a long story short, I gathered my duds about me as well as I cud, and tied a *kidug* over the priest's hat, an' under his chin.

" ' We'll have to walk the whole skutch,' siz I, (trying him again,) ' an' it's well on to the feck i' six miles to the house : 'am afeerd, in throth I am, Father Domnick, it 'ill kill yer reverence—an' you not so rugged as ye us't to be ; it's pow-
erin' lake a waterspout."

" ' Nonsense,' siz he ; 'sure 'am not made i' suggar, that I'd melt."

" ' Well, but ye know ye done enough in yer time,' siz I : 'yer ould now."

" ' Niver mind that,' siz he again, strikin' the ground with his *batta-more*. 'Niver you mind, Shandy, (smilin' in my face,) 'am not too ould to attend a sick-call yet, God be thankit."

" ' May the blessin' i' the same be about ye then, and keep ye long so, priest dear,' siz I ; for, in throth, boys, myself was proud to see the sperit he had in him.

" Well, weans, it was as dark as pitch—ye cudn't see yer finger afore ye—an' it rainin' lake the end av the worl', but we got on middlin' well till we came to Drimnasillach, an' then, sure enough, we had to take the soft bog for't. Feen a sich sput-
terin' an' tumblin' as we had ever ye seen since the creation i' cats—in a' one hole, an' out i' the ither, jist for all the wur' lake a pair i' frogs in ditch-shugh. Well, whin we got up as

far as th' ould walls that Cantwell racked an' burned to the ground, it got mortal cowl'd, and rainin' still lake the eave of a house.

"'Yer reverence,' siz I, 'it's a tarrible night intirely, so it is; it's the onraisonablest night,' siz I, 'I ever pit me fut out—'am afeerd we'll not be able to stan' it.'

"'Thrust in God,' siz the ould man; 'he's able to help us—it's his work we're doin', shure an' he 'ont forsake us. Go you on afore me,' siz he, 'an' 'ill hould ye by the skirt.'

"On we trudged, him houldin' by the skirt i' my coat, an me gropin' my way with a stick; for my eyes might as wel be in my pocket: bad win to the stime I could see more nor the pothooks there.

"'Whisht!' siz Father Domnick; 'was that a voice I heard afore us there?'

"'Ugh, no,' siz I; 'it was only a *peewee*;' so on we wint again about the three lengths av a tether, not spakin' a word, with our heads down facin' the rain; when jist while ye'd say trapsticks, down I tumbled, head over heels in a turf-bink, as I thought—but what was it, av yees plaze, but Patchy Keshidy's still-house—the priest lettin' go my skirt, an' stappin' above. I knew in a minit where I was, feelin' the smell i' the potale an' grains that I was rowlin' in, lake an eel in a mud-hole. Well, begorra, I'd scarcely been right in the hole, when two i' the chaps runs out, cryin' 'Police! police!' an' one i' them got houl't i' me by the neck lake a wild-cat.

"'Let go me neck!' siz I; 'for ony sake let me go—'am a smotherin'.'

"'Fire the still!' shouted Patchy, (for I knew his voice in a minit) 'Blow it up,' siz he, 'on the rascally police—the stave-brakin' villains.'

"'Stap! stap!' siz I, 'for the love i' God, or ye'll kill the

priest. Stand back, Father Domnick,' siz I, 'or they'll blow ye to dhuggins.'

"Don't fire it!" roared Patchy; 'stap—who ir ye at all?' siz he, still guzzlin' me by the throat.

"Shandy M'Guire,' siz I. 'Who else 'id I be?'

"Well, begorra, the word wasn't well out i' my mouth, whin bang went the still, an' tuck the roof i' the *craw* along with it; but, iv coorse, it was only scraws was on it.

"The priest! the priest!" siz I, (an' me a'most dead myself;) 'he's murdered! Father Domnick, ir ye living at all?'

"To be sure I am,' siz he; 'take care av yerselves.' An' with that he jumped down on the *bossag* beside us, as light as a bumbee on a benweed.

"Well, there's no use in talkin'—if we wurn't in a purty mess—I wish ye'd jist see us. May I niver, if the 'brack iv Anghrim' cud houl the cannell to it. But bad scan to the hair we cared about ourselves—only thinkin' av his reverence, for we wur sure an' sartin he was kilt; an' when we saw him safe, we got as proud an' uplifted as Joice the gauger himself.

"Well, as I was sayin', we soon got to our scrapers again, an' afther condolin' with Patchy about the 'rimmigin' an' rackin' we made, I scrambled up some i' the ould splinters i' the still-house; indeed, they wur scarce enough, but ony way, as big Jarmy ust to say, 'between rooks an' jackdaws,' we got as much as made a torch, an' aff we set once more to the Cairn. It wusn't very long, ye may be shure, till we got to the place, seein' we had the light, and cud step on 'ithout gropin'.

"So when we came to the doore, an' lucked in, in troth it was tryin' enough. There was poor Brine an' the wife, (God be good to them both, they're past throuble now, the crea

thurs!) there they wur lyin' thegither, in a wee outshot bed aside the fire, an' not a livin' wurl near them but themselves, barrin' the cat that was washin' her face cozily on the habstone.

"It's a poor sight, Father Domnick,' siz I, as I peeped in av the broken windy. 'It's a distressin' sight for a body to luck at, an' not a brathin' mortal to see afther them.'

"Poor enough,' siz th' ould man, shakin' his head, an' the wather runnin' aff his hat lake a beescap in a shower i' rain, 'but God is good to them; shure they're livin' any way, an' that's one blessin': they'll not be without the blissed sacramints. Go up, Shandy,' siz he, 'to the nixt house there, an' bring me a cannell, if they hava any.'

"Up I runs to Mickey Melly's, and glad they wur to see me, when I tould them the priest was cum.

"Irn't ye afeerd,' siz Mickey, 'av the yalla faver, that yer goin' in so bowld with the cannell?'

"There isn't a feerdher clathar brathin' breath,' siz I; 'ill only lave it at the doore, an' come back while he's purparin' them.' So down mysel' goes with the cannell, an' siz I, 'here it is, yer reverence, am afeerd to ventur.'

"Come in, Shandy,' siz he; 'come in—there's no fear—God's good,' (an' he spoke thick lake one'd be out i' breath.)

"Oh, begorra,' siz I; 'I darat—the M'Guire's is greatly given to the faver.'

"Come in,' siz he again, 'an' help me—'ill not keep ye a minit.'

"Well, with that I ventured to peep in, an' may I niver do harm, weans dear, if I knew whether I was sittin' or stanin' when I saw it. 'Bah!' siz I to myself, 'it's only ravin' I am—it can't be.' So I winked three times, and lucked in again; but it was true enough: there wis th' ould priest sittin' lake on the bed-stock, with Brine's arms roun' his neck, an' his

own roun' the dyin' creathur, jist that way, (here Shandy described the posture,) supportin' him, an' strivin' to rise with him on his back, but cudn't, for he was ould now, an far waker nor he ust to be. So, siz I, goin' forrit a step or two, not knowin' what he was about—

“‘For the love i' Heaven,’ siz I, ‘Father Domnick dear what in the wurl d'ye mane?’

“‘Whisht yer bawlin’,’ siz he, ‘an’ don’t bring the towr about us.’

“‘An’ goodness be near us,’ siz I. ‘What ir ye doin’ at all?—ye must be asthray!’

“‘I want to get him over on the straw there in the corner, to hear his confession.’

“‘To hear his confession!’ siz I.

“‘Yes,’ siz he; ‘shure the wife’s here in the bed, an’ she’d be listenin’ to us.’

“Well, boys, I knew then at wanst what his manin’ was; an’ surely when I sees th’ ould priest with his white head bent down, tryin’ to lift the sick man, an’ not able, an’ him so delakit to ax anybody to help him for fear they’d ketch the disase, I got all throughother an’ ashamed i’ myself. The fear left me all at once, when I saw the amplish he was in and, begorra, over I runs, an’ gets a houl’t i’ Brine.

“‘Let his reverence go,’ siz I; ‘I’ll kerry ye in God’s name,’ siz I, ‘if I was to take the complent an’ die the-mor-row.’ So I tuck him over, an’ laid him down on the wisp i’ straw fornenst the fire.

“‘Ye have God’s blessin’ an’ an ould man’s for that, any way, Shandy,’ siz he. ‘Take up this big coat, an’ dry it for me—if I want ye again, I’ll call ye.’

“When I gets up to Mickey’s, there was a brave rousin’ fire on; so I sits down, and siz I to Mickey—‘Am thinkin’ Brine an’ the wife ’ont put this over thim.’

"'It'll be nick-an'-go with them,' siz Mickey; 'an' more's the pity, for Brine an' Kitty were dacent, civil, honest neighbors.'

"'Thru for ye, Mickey,' siz I. 'It ought to be in them any way; for if they tuck it from the ould stock, there never was anything but dacency left at their doore. But shure,' siz I again, 'I thought Brine was betther aff.'

"'An' so he was,' siz Mickey, 'clane an' comfortable, till misfortin overtuck him—but I suppose ye heerd it afore.'

"'Not a word,' siz I. 'I live a good stretch from this—he might be dead an' buried for me.'

"'Well,' siz Mickey, 'it's asy toul'. He had two sons an' a girl last year—in deed an' word, as good, well-lookin' childer as ony poor man might wish to see about his fireside. One iv the boys was goin' on twenty, an' a brave help he was on the bit i' land, an' the ither was risin' sixteen; the girl was but a wee girsah, runnin' about the house, an' herdin' the cows an' sheep. Well, it was jist drawin' on this time last year that a poor woman, luckin' for her bit an' her bed, came to his door, an' axed for a night's lodgin'. Av coorse she was welkim'd to the run i' the kitchen, an' a shake-down in the corner, as ivry creathur that's goin' the road has a right to. Nixt mornin', lo and behowld ye, she wusn't able to rise—complainin' of her head an' rackin' pains in her back; but Brine an' the wife thought nothin' av it for two or three days, till ould *Shelah-wore* come in, an' tould them plump it was the faver. Well, ye may be sartin the creathurs were tarrible frikened about the disase, in swithers whither to keep the sick woman, or bring her to the town, and let the rector take care av her out i' the poor-money; for she was some sort av a Protestan, any way, secin' there was nather cross or bades about her, nor niver minshind the priest.

"'Am afeero, honest woman, siz Brine to her one day

afther she got very bad intirely, 'am afeerd ye'r not thinkin' i' yer sowl as ye ought to do. Maybe it's betther for me to go for the priest, av ye lake to have him—'ill be passin' that way to the docthor's for the dhrugs; so it's no throuble at all, av ye be onaisy to see him in yer difiquilty.

“'Am not av his way i' thinkin', siz she; but if ye'd get me the Recthor, I'd be behowlden to ye—I want to see him very much.

“Ough! siz Brine, in regard i' that, siz he, we needn't be at the bother; sure wee Peggy here can read the Bible to ye, if it's that ye want. Ony way, he wudn't come—shure it's the faver ye have.

“I have somethin' to tell him, siz she, afore I die—bring him to me, for God's sake. He'll come if ye tell him it's a Protestan woman that's in it, an' can't die till she sees him—that she wants to speak to him about somethin' that lies heavy on her conscience.

“It's the first time I heerd av it, siz Brine, that a Protestan minister cud be av any sarvice to ye in that line; but as ye axed me, for God's sake I'll not refuse ye.

“So aff Brine went to the Moor, an' whin he got there he tould the sarvint he wanted to see the Recthor.

“What d'ye want with him? siz the sarvint, mighty proud.

“There's a sick Protestan woman, siz Brine, dying on the Cairn, at my house, an' she wants to see him very bad.

“Well, ye may go about yer bisness, siz the sarvint: he can't lave the company—they're at cards now, and won't be disturbed—so be off.

“Bad luck to yer ugly face, siz Brine, seein' the impe-
rance i' the spalpeen; d'ye think 'am a dog, that ye'd ordher
me that way? spakin' loud, an' goin' in i' the door in spite
av him. The powdered fellow boned Brine, an' was goin'

to *malavouge* him, when the mistress herself cum down, an' axed the rason i' the ruction.

"' It's a sick woman, yer ladyship, siz Brine, that's not expected any time: she's at my house, an' sint me down to the Recthor—

"' Oh, to be sure, siz the mistress; poor creathur, why wudn't she get somethin'?—Ye did right, honest man, to force yer way on an arrand i' charity. Take care, James, siz she, terrible sharp to the sarvint, how ye thrate people that's comin' on sich bisness, or av ye don't, ye'll get yer walkin' papers. Go up now, siz she, an' get me a ticket for the 'Spensary, (Dispensary;) I'll write to the docthor's man to sen' her some medicin.

"' Yer ladyship, siz Brine, maybe ye'd send Docthor Snodgrass himself—she's mortal bad. *Shelah-wore* thinks she has her death on her.

"' Oh, no, 'am sorry, siz she, he can't go—he's here now with a power iv company, an' can't lave us; but the medicin 'ill jist do as well.

"' An' what 'ill I say to her about the Recthor?—she wants him too. She tould me she had somethin' to say to his reverence that lay heavy on her sowl, and cudn't die till she'd spake to him.

"' The Recthor! siz she again; oh, that's impossible—he cudn't lave the company the-night, but maybe he might gc the-morrow. An' who is she, siz the Recthor's wife, that she's so onaisy to see him?

"' She's a poor woman, siz Brine, luckin' for her morsel to eat, an' the roof to cover her, an' one i' yerselves into the bargain.

"' An' how—arn't you a Catholic?—how did she happen o come to your place, av she's one av us?

"' Why, siz Brine, whin she axed me for a night's lodgin'

I didn't wait to fin' out what she wus—I let her in for God Almighty's sake; an' I'd do the same av she wus a Turk or a hathen: but it was only nixt mornin' we found she was onwell, an' now Shelah-wore says it's the black faver—

“ ‘Black faver! siz the minisither's wife, jist like one 'id see a ghost, and steppin' back from Brine, mighty bewildered-lookin'. Why, ye villain, siz she, didn't ye tell me that afore? Begone out i' the house, siz she, this minit. Want my husban' to visit a vagabond woman, maybe—and bring the faver home on his back to his family! Begone, siz she, or ye'll smit me—ye have it on yer clothes—put him out, siz she to the sarvints, an' let him wait there till I write the ordher to the 'Spensary.

“ ‘Well dear, o'... poor Brine was shouldherd into the yard, an' there he stud waitin' for the docthor's line. He wusn't long there till the same *augenuch* that spoke to him first comes with a book an' a piece i' paper in his hand, an', siz he, Take these, an' go roun' to the parlor windy—the master wants to see ye.

“ ‘So when he got roun', the Recthor throws up the windy, an' siz he, Take that piece av paper to the docthor's man, an' he'll send some nice medicine for the sick woman, an' tell ye how to give it to her. An' that book there's a small Bible. Tell her to read it piously and devoutly; an' if she can't read, let her get some one that can; an' tell her to thrust in Christ, an' she'll get a change av heart, set in case she's a sinner. I marked the place where she'll get comfort out iv—it's a chapter in the book av Job—it 'ill tach her patience.

“ ‘So yer reverence 'ont come? siz Brine.

“ ‘Oh, I can't, siz the Recthor—I have company, an' my wife's tarrible feerd av the faver; but shure 'am sendin' the blissed word to her—the happy tidins.

“ ‘We have that a'ready, siz Brine. I've a Bible at home,

so I needn't be kerryin' this one—an' Brine left the book on the windy-stool—more betoken, siz he, it's small prent, an' not so aisy to read as our own; an' regardin' this piece av paper, siz he, I'll lave it too, for God be thankit, I've a testher in my pocket that 'ill jist answer the same.

“What! siz the Recthor, mighty angry. D'ye despise the word o' God, ye papist villain?

“God forbid, siz Brine back to him again; but I despise the man that gives it. It's poor charity, that, to a woman that's dyin'—a stranger undher a stranger's roof—'ithout a relation to luck afther her. She's a Protestan too, an' her own minister forsakes her bekase his wife's afraid i' the faver. Av that be religion, siz Brine, it's a wondherful cowl'd one. But God that's above us all 'ill reward ye accordin' to yer desarvin'; for ye'r a bad minister for the poor, whativer ye may be for the rich. So with that he came away.

“Afther gittin' a wheen hap'orths i' drugs in the town, Brine cum home, and tould the woman all that happened.

“Well, says the creathur, it's hard to die this way 'ithout some clargy. You may as well get me the priest, for I must see some one I can thrust.

“Off Brine wint, and you may be sure it wusn't long til Father Domnick was here, an' prepared her as well as he cud in the short time he had. When he was jist steppin' out i' the doore, goin' home again, the woman tould him she had some papers to lave with him; an' takin' out her thrash-bag from undher her head, she give them to him, tellin' us all that she wished him to read them, an' keep them.

“Well, as I wus sayin', the woman died and was buried in Tarranilly graveyard. So that fared well, till about a week afther, Brine's ouldest stockaugh (boy) got sick i' the faver, an' died; in a fortnight more the nixt one, and the wee girsah is lyin' in the room there below with the rest i' the

weans. We tuck her up, the creathur, when the mother got sick, and ould Shelah cum to take care av her.

“ ‘When Brine’s last boy died, afther payin’ docthors, an’ wakin’ him, an’ spendin’ his time runnin’ here an’ there, he hadn’t a four-footed baste in the wurl but one cow, an’ more than that, not a seed-pratee in the groun, nor one to pit in it. So we all jined our shoulders thegither, an’ give him a wee help—some ploughed a day, ithers give him a spade’s settin’ i’ pratees, an’ more a lock i’ barley or oats: that was all right, an’ ivry one was shure he’d soon be on his legs again, when the bailie came an’ give him notish to quet for arrairs i’ rent. Well, May-day cum on, the rent wusn’t paid, nather the ould one, nor the runnin’ half-year: an’ then poor Brine foun’ out at last, that it was the onluckiest day av his life, when he left the Bible on the windy-stool. Cantwell, his bailie, an’ the police were here early on the mornin’ i’ the second i’ May, turned him out av house an’ home, seized the growin’ crop for the rint, tuck ivry pinsworth in the place, as much as to the spoon on the dresser, and tore down the roof an’ the roof-tree, till there’s now nothin’ to be seen, where he once lived dacent and comfortable, but the bare walls. Brine was a beggar. The rest is aisy tould: he had no place to put his head in; an’ for the sake av the God that give me the means, an’ seein’ it was for charity to the stranger he suffered, I tould him to take the barn ye see him in, to thry an’ live in it, an’ while Providence ’d send me a share iv his bounty, I’d give him his part.’

“ ‘When Father Dominick was done preparin’ Brine an’ the wife for death, he cum up to Mickey’s, washed his hands an’ face, an’ afther pitten on his big-coat, (it was now as dhry as powdher, seein’ he stayed a’most two hours with the sick creathurs,) was ready for the tramp again. Feen a bit but tired as I was myself, I’d rather be on the road than so convanient to the

faver; an' as the rain was over, and the moon shinin' as bright as a new *thirteen*, aff we started for Donegal, in place av Dennis Sheeran's; for the priest wanted to see Father John the curate, who was on well, an' ony way, it was only two short miles, instead av six, with a warm bed at the ind av it.

"When we got as far as the Moor, siz I to Father Dominick, 'Am thinkin' it's betther take the near-cut through the Recthor's place here—it 'ill save iz more nor half a mile.'

"Och, no,' siz he; 'I don't lake to meddle or make wif him. Maybe some one 'd see us; they're afeerd av the Ribbonmen comin' about the house, 'am tould, an' might be watchin'.'

"Pugh-hugh!' siz I, mighty onaisy to get to bed. 'Shure it's four o'clock now, yer reverence; there's not a movin' bein' but's asleep this time i' night. Give us yer han,' siz I, 'an' don't be scared.' So I got up on the ditch, an' helped him over.

"Well, when we got into the wee grove i' bushes, ahint the glebe-house, I thought I saw somethin' movin' along, and siz I, 'What's that, yer reverence?' siz I, beginning to feel a kind of fluttherin' about my heart. 'Isn't that some one above there?' siz I again. Feen a word or word he said; and then I turned my head to see was he ahint me; but begorra, the priest saw it afore me, 'am thinkin', for he was gone as clane as yisterday. So I moved on a couple i' steps more, an' lucked again, an' there was the villin eyin' me straight in the face, with a gun in his fist. I knew if I'd run, it 'd be into my coffin. Up he makes to myself in a giffy, with his finger on the thrigger ready to blaze av I'd budge.

"Stand!' siz he, 'or I'll blow the sowl out i' ye.'

"Well, ye may consider weans, I was makin' buttons when I hard that—sartin he was an Orangeman, an' maybe akin' me for a Ribbonman, or a papish at laste. Ye may be

shure I was in swithers what to do with myself—the cowl'd sweat powrin' aff me lake hailstones. 'Am shot,' siz I, 'av I run, an' am thransported av I don't.' So getherin' up all the stray courage I cud convaniently masther, I boulted on.

"'Hugh!' siz I; 'I suppose ye heerd the news, honest man, or ye wudn't be so early a-fut. Is the masther at home?'

"'What news, ye scoundrel?' siz he.

"'Scoundrel!' siz I again, luckin' mighty surpraised at him. 'Well, in troth, dear, it's little dacency yer mother tached ye,' siz I, 'or ye wudn't spake sich oncivil langidge, so ye wudn't, my bonchal.'

"'All blow yer brains out, ye papish villin,' siz he, mighty angry, an' raisin' the gun.

"'Shure there's no one hindrin',' siz I.

"'An' what's yer business here, ye croppy rascal?' siz he, as cross an' sharp as a tow-hackle.

"'Murdher,' siz I, 's my business—will that plaze ye?'

"'Murdher!' siz he again, afeerd-lake.

"'Yes,' siz I, lucking mighty bowld at him, an' risin' my voice; 'murdher an' robbery, an' house-burnin's my business, since I see ye didn't hear it afore: it's fither ye'd be where ye'r more awantin' than skulkin' here.'

"'Where?' siz he.

"'In Coolbeg,' siz I; 'but I must see the masther this minit, I tell ye, an' don't dar to stap me on an arrind av life an' death. Isn't Oliver Wilson's, an' Wully Beaty's, an' all that's in them burnt to the groun'—burnt to cindhers—not as much left as ye'd light yer pipe with?'

"'My cousins,' siz he, starin' at me as white as a sheet, an' drappin' the gun.

"'Deil a less,' siz I, 'av they were yer grandfathers—is there a sowl in the country but's out?'

"Luck was in my side, boys; for may I niver do harm, if myself knew him from mortal Adam. An' siz I, goin' on a step or two—

"'I must see his reverence,' siz I; 'that's my ordhers.'

"'Stop!' siz he.

"Well, I turned roun', av course, an' there I sees my gentleman standin' with his back to a tree, jist as dumsfoundherd-luckin' as av he goin' to mount the gallis.

"'Hout, man!' siz I, 'nonsense—niver let a thrifle cow ye that way.'

"'Oh, my cousins! my cousins! murdered in cowld blood,' siz he, clappin' his hands, an' keenein' lake an ould crone at a berial.

"'It's av murdherin' the papishes,' siz I, 'ye ought to be thinkin', an' not ravin' there—the villins—take up yer gun,' siz I, stoopin' an' takin' her up myself; 'take up yer gun, and pepper the idolather vagabonds. Come along,' siz I; an' I led him up by the breast av his coat, till we wur passin' the big house, goin' down to the porther's gate, whin he stapped.

"'Where ir ye goin'?' siz he, blubberin' an' cryin'. 'Shure there's the house.'

"'Well, I know,' siz I; but as his honor's sleepin', 'am lazy to disturb him.'

"'Disturb him!' siz he, brakin' from me lake a tiger; 'an' my two cousins kilt an' massacrated! Let me go,' siz he; 'by the H—— we'll not lave a bloody papish alive in the three parishes—the murdherin', house-burnin' cut-throats. We'll send them where they'll get burnin' enough.'

"'Aisy—aisy, avourneen,' siz I; 'as yer goin' to send *al* the papishes in the three parishes down there, 'ill go bail, ye'll be sendin' me among the rest; an' as it's not jist convanient for me to go so soon, I'll throuble ye,' siz I, liftin' the gun, 'to keep a spenchal on yer tongue for a while, an' walk on afore

me quate an' aisy, or av ye don't, 'all be temped to send ye to the *low countries* yerself first, to carry the news.'

"Well, I needn't tell ye, he saw in a crack it was on the wrong side i' the pillion he got; so bad cess to the word or word come out iv his mouth till we got over the steps at the gate, an' down in this side i' Billy M'Dade's the blacksmith.

"'Stap now,' siz I, when we cum to the holla in the road. 'Stap, an' on yer knees with ye.'

"'Orrah! what for?' siz he.

"'Why it's the quatest place we'll get,' siz I.

"'What for?' siz he again, as pale as a parsnip.

"'To say yer prayers, an' make yer sowl, av coorse,' siz .

"'An' what d'ye mane?' siz he. 'Shure yer not goin' to murder me.'

"'I can't help it,' siz I.

"'Och!' siz he, 'yer only frightenin' me.'

"'Deil a help I can do it,' siz I; 'an' in troth and conscience, it goes against my grain to kill ye in this lonely way—it's not lake a scrimmage in a fair or market; but what's the use iv talking?—it was afore me, it seems—it was my luck to meet ye, I suppose.'

"'Och! och! don't say that,' siz he, trimblin' and shakin' like the happer av a mill.

"'Oh, begorra,' siz I, 'the priest left it on me for penance—not a lie in it more nor's in yer Bible. I have six murders yit to do afther this one. If I had ketched the Recthor instid av you, I'd be free, seein' he'd be aqual to seven common heretics himself. But down with ye,' siz I; 'I haven't time to wait—down with ye, an' say a mouthful i' prayers.'

"'Oh, for the sake iv yer own sowl, don't murder me, siz ne.

"'Faith, dear, it's for the sake i' that same,' siz I, 'am

doin' it—to keep it as long out i' purgathory as I can—down with ye, an' don't delay me.'

"'But think i' my wife an' weans,' siz he, 'that's behint me.'

"'Think you av Teddy Houlahan's ghost,' siz I, 'that ye's murdered th' other day, an' that can't rest till there's seven i' your kind killed fornenst it.'

"'I'll give ye all the money I have in the wurl,' siz he, 'av ye spare my life. Here's ten poun' I've to pay the haliday-rent, an' 'ill bless yer bones in the clay. Oh, for the sake av my poor wife an' childher, spare me this time, an' I'll niver wear an orange-ribbon while I live.'

"'Well, go down on yer knees, any way,' siz I; 'an' now, what's yer name?'

"'Andy Dinsmoor,' siz he; 'am the father i' five helpless childher.'

"'Well, then,' siz I, 'Andy Dinsmoor, take yer purse with ye, an' yer poor cowardly life along with it, for I'd scorn to touch them; an' when ye hear yer minister prachin' av papishes killin' an' butcherin' heretics as a duty av their religion, remember this night,' siz I, 'an' me afore ye with a gun in my fist; an' when ye get a poor Catholic in yer power, don't massacre him as ye did Teddy Houlahan. An' whin yer Recthor's prachin' charity, tell him to go an' visit the poor, lake the heart-broken priest that come along with me the night—him that ye'd have shot av ye had seen him a while ago. Tell him to go, lake him, over the mountains on fut to the poor av his parish, an' not to be ashamed nor afeerd to go into the dissolit cabins where the poverty an' the faver is; an' av he can do their sows no good, let him give them some thin' aside the bare, cowld Bible—let him give them the bit an' the sup for the poor body; an' tell him that I said it,' siz I: 'tell him whin God Almighty calls him up to give in his

account, that it 'ill be a poor excuse to say his wife was afeerd i' the faver, an' wudn't let him go to God's own creathurs when they wur dyin', an' wanted to see him in their last diffiquilty. Tell him that his wife 'ill be a millstone roun' his neck, an' that he'll find the weight of it whin him, an' Brine Horisky, an' the poor woman that he sint the 'spensary-ticket an' the Bible to, meets some day or other. Tell him *that*, siz I; 'an' now rise up, Andy Dinsmoor, an' be aff about yer bisness—I'll lave the gun where ye'll get it safe an' soun; but if iver I see ye wearin' an orange-ribbon or watching papishes again, I'll shoot ye as shure as there's a heart in yer body.' "

Shandy ceased, and stretched over his hand for the pipe.

"And what happened Father Domnick?" asked Ned, handing the tongs and the pipe across the hearth.

"Why, he slept at Father John's that night, an' held the station at Dennis Sheeran's nixt day, av coorse."

CHAPTER XII.

SHOWING HOW THE DEVOUT READING OF THE BIBLE CONTROLS
AND CALMS THE PASSIONS.

THE reader will have the goodness to remember that "Dick the Omedaun," agreeably to the injunctions of our hero, handed a letter to Doogan, which he said his mother directed him to return as soon as possible, and for which civility he received, instead of the threatened punishment, that worthy man's grateful acknowledgment in the shape of a silver sixpence.

Now it happened that Doogan, unfortunately for himself, never thought of the possibility of being overreached, and without hesitation proceeded with the missive to the quarters of the revenue-police. He handed the letter to the barrack-guard, and requesting it might be given to the lieutenant of the party with as little delay as possible, returned to execute, as we have already described, his designs against the person of Frank Devlin.

When Joice read the contents of the letter, he arose from his chair, folded his arms on his breast, and paced the room in solemn strides, meditating as he went, like one over whose fate some terrible danger impended, and to evade which it required him to bring all his ingenuity and prudence to the trial.

"Why," muttered he at length, "this is most vexatious—absolutely horrible—to search the house for smuggled goods, where I have received so much kindness—and a brother Orangeman's too—that brother a magistrate, a minister—and himself the greatest enemy the smuggler ever met 'upon the bench. If I proceed to the search, I may leave the country at once—the Orangemen of the neighborhood may take my life in revenge for the insult offered their master and chaplain; and if I don't, I lose my commission—worse still. There's Miss Cantwell, too—she will never survive it. Archibald says she is ever speaking of me. I know it—her attentions to me are unmistakeable. I never gave her cause—but what then?—that don't alter the case; and to bring up a party of revenue-police to search her brother's house for contraband liquor—ay, that's the devil of it. Well," said he again, after a short interval of silence, during which he stood still, his eyes fixed on the floor of the apartment—"Well, I'll ring for the sergeant—he's a brother, and a member of the lodge; perhaps he may devise some plan, for I can't."

He accordingly rang the bell, and the sergeant appeared.

"Read that," said Joice, pointing to the letter on the table, "and let me hear what you think of it."

"Very disagreeable," said the sergeant, laying it down again upon the table.

"Very," replied the lieutenant, emphatically.

"But it might be worse, sir," observed the sergeant.

"Worse!—how so?"

"Why, if it were *seized*; for then, very likely, the magistrate would be superseded, and the glorious cause suffer—you wouldn't wish that, sir."

"No: well—"

"Well, then, give him the wink—just a hint that you might happen to go that way about 10 o'clock to-night."

"Very good; and then—"

"Then discharge your duty, sir, fearlessly, as the laws of the service require."

"Right," said Joice; "excellent, sergeant—we have both hit on the same expedient. It requires secrecy and caution, however, to manage it properly, and knowing you to be a prudent fellow, and one of ourselves besides, I resolved to consult you. Now, you had better go yourself to the Moor this evening, see Miss Cantwell, (the Rector and Agent will both be at the lodge,) and break the matter to her as cautiously and respectfully as possible. Observe me, if the liquor be in the house she will at once take the hint; if it be not, she may be offended at our officiousness: so let the circumstances best direct you how to act. When night falls, go up as secretly as possible—say I shall be there at 10 o'clock precisely. Go now, and act judiciously." The sergeant quitted the room.

Rebecca Cantwell, during all that afternoon, appeared abstracted and melancholy. She sat silent and alone at the window of her boudoir, looking down on the park-entrance below with a fixity of gaze that denoted any thing but attention to the busy scenes that were passing on the road. She sat there, within that high window, pale, tall, and erect as a statue, and so thin, that one could imagine she had now lost all of earthly mould that once filled up the jarring and angular vacuities of her frame. Indeed she would seem, to one who beheld her there for the first time, to have worn that fragile and attenuated covering of clay, more as a temple for the spirit within to dwell yet for a little time, than as an assemblage of elements mixed up to form a mortal body, or to be the medium of human sensibilities. But it was only seeming: there was nothing real in the picture. Within that light and fragile body beat a heart as susceptible of pleasurable emo-

tions, as when the blush of happy sixteen had mantled her cheek.

Now past the meridian of life, she was sliding down far away from the stars she once attracted around her, but never could absorb; and as she neared the termination of her course, her rays became cold and cheerless. Rebecca felt this, and like the sun, taking a last look of the earth he had illumed and warmed by his beams, and which he sorrows yet to leave,—as that heavenly orb sends out its greatest flood of glory at its setting, so did the heavenly orbs of the languishing Miss Cantwell shed their beams with treble effulgence on the heart of the daring and gallant officer of revenue-police. Yes, indeed, reader, the lady had hopes—hopes that rose up before her in her day-dreams, bright and cheering from amid the gloom and sorrows of her unhappy maiden destiny. Yes, indeed, and alas for her pious, holy, and gentle heart! she placed her fondest affections—her sweetest, dearest, last hope on Joice. It was but the night before he appeared to her in a vision, and beckoned her to come away, and be happy with him forever. She had been dreaming of her young days, her happier hours, when, light and joyous as a sunbeam on the rippling waters, she had danced and laughed merrily through her reckless girlhood; then she dreamt of the time when the rejection of a suitor for her fair hand was an affair of trifling moment—of every-day occurrence—a thing she used only to regard as a subject for joke and merriment; by degrees, however, the dream became less pleasing and illusive: she even felt a consciousness, which her slumbers heightened rather than lessened, that she had acted unwisely—that she had permitted opportunities to pass by, which a wiser and less ambitious maiden would have embraced with gladness. Still the dream proceeded, and carried her further and further down the pathway of life: each moment her fading memory be-

came less and less distinct. Queen Mab, assiduous at her loom, wove her web closer and darker round the innocent sleeper, till nothing at length was to be seen but the future—dreary and dispiriting as the gloom of an eternal prison. Despair came at length like the ghoul from his dark caverns, and scowled horribly upon her; the faces of her rejected suitors appeared one after another from behind the dark curtain, and laughed tauntingly at her deplorable situation. She was just, in the depth of her misery, about to say to death, “Come, thou last resource of the wretched! come, thou ‘pain-killer!’ dissolve this mortal fabric, and let the soul fly out from its prison-vault;” but just at that moment she fancied she heard a voice, sweet and silvery as an angel, exclaim, “Rebecca! Rebecca!—come fly with me;” and looking up, she saw the clouds break asunder, and a countenance peeping out from behind, joyous and happy as a seraph’s, fixing its smile upon her. The voice was that of love, and the lovely face that of Mr. Christopher Joice. “Kit—Kit—my own Kit!” she cried, stretching out her arms to the beautiful vision; “come, and bring me away from this terrible place—oh! I am thine—thine forever.”

“What is the meaning of this, Rebecca?” said her sister-in-law, Mrs. Baxter Cantwell, shaking her by the arm, (for she had just entered the young lady’s room to inquire her reason for retiring so early. “What nonsense, Rebecca—wake up, and tell me who is this ‘Kit’ you invoke?”

“Yes, dear Kit, I know it is you—my own Kit—thine—thine forever!”

“Stop—cease this folly, Rebecca—wake up, and tell me whom you speak of.” And Mrs. Cantwell shook the dreamer still more roughly. Rebecca at length opened her eyes, and looking for a moment vacantly in the face of her sister, exclaimed—

"Oh, is it only you?—Why did you disturb me?—I thought it was—I thought—" And turning on her side, she was again asleep in an instant.

"Very good," muttered the lady of the house; "very good, my pious, saintly maiden. I suspect who this Mr. Kit is—very well—we shall see." And taking up the light, she returned to the parlor.

Next morning when Rebecca awoke, her heart was full of pleasing anticipations: something whispered her, that the vision of the night would yet be realized. She fancied, too, that some one came athwart her delightful vision, and dispelled it somewhat suddenly; but what it was she could not recollect.

It was in the afternoon of that same day, (the one succeeding her dream,) Miss Cantwell had been sitting, as the reader is already aware, in her boudoir, looking out on the pleasure-grounds below. For the last half-hour, she had been apostrophizing the leaves, as they fell off one by one from the trees in the avenue, and lay scattered here and there on the whitening sward. "Such has been my fate, also," she continued, turning her thoughts in upon herself. "Once I was young and fresh like you; but now—in a little time, and it seems very, very short—now I am faded." And she moved round to look in the mirror. "Yes, thou at least tellest no falsehoods—thou reflectest but an image, and yet that image is a stern reality—ay, stern and terrible—no, not terrible, no, that is too strong an expression—but somewhat changed for the worse—the worse!—well, I don't know—that depends on men's taste. Some like the young, and some prefer the—the lady a little more experienced than the romping girl of twenty-five.

*'Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,'*

is an age young enough, I should imagine. A wife should be a serious matron, not a wayward giddy child. The pretensions of young flirts now-a-days are really intolerable. Marriage at sixteen!—it's absolutely frightful—a disgrace to the morality of the age we live in. Generally speaking, men are fools; and as the world grows older, the number increases. 'Kit,' however, is not among that number: he has too much good sense to be running after gilded butterflies. Worth—solid worth is his choice—yes, I have always thought so—and last night's dream confirms me in the belief; for my dreams are ever true as the waking reality."

In such a vein did the lady's thoughts run on, till the shades of night fell upon the landscape before her; and so deep and absorbing were her contemplations, that she might have remained for hours in the same position, regardless of the darkness, had not her waiting-maid disturbed her reveries by suddenly entering the apartment, and announcing a message from Lieutenant Joice.

"What is that the girl says?" inquired Mrs. Cantwell, passing the waiting-maid at the room-door.

"Some message," replied Rebecca, carelessly. "Nothing important, I suppose."

"I thought I heard her mention Mr. Joice's name," observed Mrs. Cantwell. "I trust, Rebecca," she added, with a calm severity in her tone, "you will be cautious how you receive any private message from that gentleman. It is very well to be polite and even condescending to the young man, since he happens to be a convert to our holy religion; but any thing more—no, I cannot, I will not imagine such a thing—"

"Really, my dear sister," interrupted the maiden, "I must not permit you to speak in this fashion. Surely, as you have already said—surely, you cannot imagine a lady of my age

and religious dispositions could for a moment entertain a serious thought of such a man !”

“ Good heavens !” exclaimed Mrs. Cantwell, as if suddenly awaking to the awfulness of the case. “ Just think, Rebecca—if Baxter suspected such an intimacy !”

“ Ah, do now,” entreated Rebecca, imploringly, “ do, my dear sister—do cease to tease me. Oh ! you make me so wretched, to think you could suspect me of such foolish things.”

“ Suspect !” repeated Mrs. Cantwell : “ and is that so very wonderful ? Why, you are forever speaking of him, Rebecca, and when he is here, you seem to have neither eyes nor ears for any one else : perhaps sleeping, as well as waking, you are thinking of him, if the truth were told.”

“ Oh, shame ! shame, sister !—cease this folly. I am not at all in a jesting mood.”

Mrs. Cantwell’s lip curled slightly at the lady’s evasive reply to what she intended for a direct charge ; and she was about to speak out her thoughts, when a better feeling came to soften down the asperity of her temper.

“ Well, Rebecca, all I shall say *now* is, that your manner towards Mr. Joice is very remarkable.”

“ Perhaps so,” responded the maiden, somewhat quickly ; for she thought the best proof of her innocence was to show how heartily she repudiated the insinuation. “ Perhaps so ; and if I feel a lively interest in the young gentleman as a convert to Protestantism, why should you be so unkind—so uncharitable, I should rather have said—as to attribute that interest to other motives ? I assure you, Mrs. Cantwell, I shall not tolerate such unreasonable language.” And saying this, the maiden quitted the room in manifest displeasure.

Having descended the stairs, she found the sergeant of revenue-police awaiting her presence in the hall.

"Madam," said he, taking off his cap and bowing obsequiously, "I am the bearer of a message to you from Lieutenant Joice."

The tall lady smiled as much as she thought necessary to show how little displeasure she felt at the announcement; and then raising her handkerchief to cover an incipient shadow of a blush, said, very modestly—

"Oh! indeed—from Mr. Joice?"

"Yes, madam; he requests me to say, he intends calling here to-night at 10 o'clock precisely, and hopes nothing will be in the way. You understand me, madam?—I cannot be more particular."

"Oh, dear!" said Rebecca, quite nervously, (for she saw in an instant her dream was about to be realized.) "Oh, dear! you quite frighten me—what a strange message!"

"He will come very privately—no one may be the wiser, you know. He hopes all difficulties may be removed—you understand, madam—it's unnecessary to be more explicit."

The lady nodded, and smiled.

"He can't help it, madam—no, indeed. He's a victim to his feelins—he is indeed."

"Poor fellow!" murmured the lady.

"Oh! indeed, madam, if you knew the state of his feelins, you'd pity him."

"I do pity him," replied the lady.

"To-night, madam, remember, at 10 o'clock—let all be right when he comes."

Rebecca permitted her head to fall on her bosom, and covering her face with her hands, murmured out between her fingers—

"Oh, dear! it will become so public—what will the world say of it?"

"Not at all, madam—not at all," said the sergeant, soothingly. "It will be all hushed up—don't be terrified, madam—it has happened to the best families in the kingdom—it has, indeed."

"Oh! but think—think how the world will speak of it—it will be all in the newspapers too. Oh, dear! we must leave the country forever—tell him that—we must fly forever. Oh, dear! how the thought terrifies me!" And the nervous maiden leaned against a table for support.

"Upon my—I beg your pardon, madam—but faith, I can't see why you take on so for such a trifle; sure you know, madam, if you manage right—and you have plenty of time to put all to rights before 10 o'clock—you may defy the world; and then—"

Here the voice of Mrs. Cantwell approaching the head of the stairway, interrupted the conversation at a most critical moment.

Rebecca suddenly placed a piece of gold in the sergeant's willing palm, whispered him to be cautious and faithful, motioned him to leave, and then hurried back to her boudoir.

How Rebecca was employed during the two hours that elapsed between the receipt of the message and the time appointed for the interview, is not given us to declare. Within the sanctuary of her own room, her thoughts and actions were inviolable; even if, in the invisible and ubiquitous character of Fortunatus, we placed our impertinent eye at the keyhole, and fancied (fancy often plays us scurvy tricks) we saw her packing up different articles of dress, costly ornaments, "jewels rare," and rich embroidery, in a portable valise, the secret should forever be confined within the recess of our own bosom. Yes, reader, the historian should have something besides his veracity to boast of. He should have

a delicacy, as sensitive as the apple of his eye,—never chronicle a single event that had not taken place before the eyes of men. He will always find sufficient material in the public acts of men, and women too, without skulking, like a spy, to peep through every hole and crevice in a lady's boudoir or a gentleman's cabinet. For our own part, we have ever shown our utter detestation and horror of such outrages on the decencies and civilities of private life. If, for instance, we had the coarse indelicacy to assert, we saw with our own eyes the amiable and sylph-like Rebecca Cantwell, after locking her room-door, throw herself on a sofa and sigh,—that we saw her rise again, after a short interval of solemn thought, as if from a conflict between strong affection for the man she loved, and the foolish fears the scandal-mongers of a base world had created within her; had we asserted that we saw her unlock her wardrobe,—take out a bridal dress,—listen for an instant as if, like the timid fawn, she heard footsteps approaching,—examine it carefully, that there might be no bar to its immediate use,—sigh as she thought of the many, many weary years that passed since that dress first saw the light of a young existence,—then smile as if some happier ray shot across the gloom, and lit up before her mental vision bright and sunny vistas in her future pathway through life; if we dared to trample the delicate secrets of the sex under our feet, and declare we saw her placing sparkling gems and bridal wreaths in her hair,—that we saw her twist and turn before her mirror, like an Italian opera-dancer before an enraptured audience,—smile and turn and twist again,—and then, with a resignation to her fate so beautiful, so Christian-like, because so painful to a maiden of her trifling experience of the world's ways, begin her packing-up—perhaps for a far foreign land—perhaps for some sunny spot (for aught she cared, poor thing) in the Grecian archipelago, or among the

half-discovered islets of the Pacific; if we dared thus, we again repeat, to shake off our native delicacy, (from which, even story-telling, with all its reckless indifference to private feelings, hath not yet weaned us,) and exposed to the cold sneer of the world the secrets of Miss Cantwell's boudoir, we should cover our face with the hand that wrote the libel on her fair fame, and retire forever from the presence of the sex to whom we had offered so unmerited an outrage.

A few minutes before the time appointed for the important interview, Rebecca descended to the drawing-room, made the usual domestic arrangements with her sister for the ensuing day, expressed a wish to retire earlier than usual, because of a certain degree of fatigue and lassitude she felt, regretted she could not await her brother and nephew's return to join in the evening devotions of the family, and withdrew for the night.

When the maiden again entered her chamber, her eye sought the timepiece on the mantel. It wanted yet five minutes of ten. How strange, she thought, her lover would appoint that hour! Why, it was the very time her reverend brother and his son were expected to return from the lodge. But, then, lovers are never prudent. No—prudence is too cold for love. Yet if she happened to be surprised in the act, how terrible the consequences! Well, but there is danger in every adventure—of course, that was naturally to be anticipated: besides, danger gave a more lively interest to the thing. And moreover, what of danger?—was not her heart young, and daring, and resolute in such a cause—the cause of her “Kit” and liberty? Glorious thought! There was her little canary, poor thing, sleeping on its perch, with its little head under its wing. It had been caged up, like herself, for years. It bore its imprisonment too,

like her, with resignation—no, not resignation—with patience, because there was no alternative. Well, if the dear bird found the door of its cage opened by some good angel, would it not fly away and be free? Nay, more—if it only thought of it—would the poor creature not crush its little body through the wires, even at the risk of its life? To be sure it would—yes, and she *must* give it liberty too: it had a perfect right to range over this free earth like herself. At the moment her own long-looked-for happiness was about to be realized, she ought not to be niggardly of her favors. No! two hearts should beat happily on the morrow—her own and her little canary's; and actuated by this benevolent feeling, she opened the door of the cage, and the window of the room, saying, "Now, my pretty darling—now you are asleep, little dreaming, perhaps, of the joy that awaits you! When the day breaks, your confinement ends—your kind mistress will then be far away—gone forever—and I would not leave you, my pretty pet, to be tended by less gentle hands—no; fly away—fly to the green woods—fly like your mistress, and be happy!"

The house-clock struck ten. Rebecca thought she never heard it strike so loud before—it went to her very heart. The ringing noise that followed the last blow of the hammer, caused a corresponding thrill to pass through her nerves, vibrating as it went. She put a small duodecimo Bible in her reticule, saying, "There—I must not forget my religion—no; I shall carry it in that bag—it will be a great comfort—I shall read it for my dear 'Kit' as we journey along: his thoughts and feelings require to be a little more spiritualized." Then suspending the reticule from her delicate arm, she took up the valise, approached the door, and listened attentively; but no sound came to disturb the silence. Having opened the door, and locked it cautiously on the outside, she felt her way

along the dark passages, and trod as lightly as if her limbs had been formed of the pith of elder. When she reached the great entrance-hall, and was crossing over to the side opposite the stairway, Mrs. Cantwell issued suddenly from a room, within a few paces of her, carrying a light in her hand. Rebecca stopped horror-stricken, as if some dreadful apparition had arisen before her. Her heart beat violently, and her tender frame trembled as if an electric shock had passed through the system; but the lady of the mansion passed on, and Rebecca breathed more freely. Again she took courage, moved resolutely forward, entered the room she had chosen for the interview, placed the valise on the floor, closed the door noiselessly, and sat down before the window, wrapped in her night-cloak, to await the result.

Hardly had she been seated, when her waiting-maid, accompanied by Lieutenant Joice, stealthily approached the open casement. The maid hurried away directly she had performed her task, and left the happy pair together.

"Oh! my dear Miss Cantwell," said Joice, pressing the lady's extended hand affectionately; "can you—say—can you pardon this—"

"Oh, dear, dear!" ejaculated Rebecca. "I fear I shall never be able to—"

"Don't be terrified, Miss Cantwell—be composed—it's quite a common thing."

"Oh, I know that, my dear Kit; but I am naturally so nervous—so excitable."

"There is no cause, I assure you, Miss Cantwell, for this excitement."

"Oh, what will the world say?" sobbed the maiden.

"The world! what has the world to do with it?"

"Oh, think of the newspapers, and the scandal-mongers!"

"Mere folly, my dear Miss Cantwell. You agitate yourself quite too much for such a trifle. Be calm—do, now—it will be all over in a few minutes."

"I am perfectly resigned," said Rebecca, with a beautiful Christian calmness in her tone.

"Trust all to me," said the officer, encouragingly.

"Perhaps I am too confiding, my dear Kit—I feel I have not done right in meeting you here. But fate should have it so—our destiny is not in our own hands."

"Why, my dear Miss Cantwell," observed Joice, after a pause; "I fear I cannot well understand the cause of your apprehensions. Have you had every thing arranged, as the sergeant intimated?"

"Every thing," murmured Rebecca.

"There is nothing to dread—is there?"

"What a question!" thought Rebecca. "No," she replied; "nothing, I believe."

"Well, and why do you appear so terrified?"

"Don't know—woman's heart is fearful—the weakness of our sex, perhaps. It is such a dreadful step to take, you know."

"Dreadful step!" muttered Joice, to whom the truth was beginning to reveal itself.

"You men think little of it, perhaps—but—is all ready?" said the maiden, changing her tone somewhat abruptly, for she felt seriously disappointed at the delay, and the apathy of her lover at so critical a moment. "Have you brought any one to assist?—I mean, to—"

"To assist!" repeated Joice; "yes—the men are in waiting beyond there among the trees."

"Well, then," said the lady, taking up the valise, and setting it on the window-sill, "call one of them, and have him take this to the carriage. I intrust my life and my honor to

you, 'Kit.' I have never concealed my love from you—never; and oh! remember, 'Kit'—remember in after years the sacrifices I have made for you this night: that I am leaving all that is near and dear to me in this world—home, friends, kindred, and country, perhaps—to be thine—thine forever. But what's that?"—interrupted the lady, startled by a noise proceeding from the front of the house—"knocking at the hall-door? Kit! Kit! that's my brother's knock. Oh! let us fly—fly while there is yet time."

"Fly!" said Joice, now in utter amazement. "What—you must have mistaken—"

"Mistaken!" repeated the lady, scarcely able to articulate the word. "Mr. Joice, you surely—you came here to—"

"To make a seizure," added Joice.

Rebecca started back, gave one wild, agonizing shriek of despair, as she felt the last plank so suddenly swept from under her feet, and fell insensible on the floor.

Joice paused not an instant to reflect, but vaulted into the room through the open casement, and caught her fainting form in his arms. Hardly had he laid her on a sofa, and untied the close black bonnet that almost covered her face, and prevented the cool air from reviving her, when the door was violently broken open, a light entered, and ere he could turn round to ask for assistance, received a blow across the temple that felled him at her side.

"Villain!" roared the infuriate clergyman, (for it was the Rev. Baxter himself, just returned from the Orange Lodge.) "Villain!" he vociferated, flourishing the handle of a sweeping-brush over the body of the prostrate officer: "what means this outrage?"

"It's all a mistake," cried Joice, raising his arm to protect his head from a repetition of the blow.

"Mistake!" screamed the lady of the house. "Wretch! miscreant! is that the evidence of a mistake?"—and she pointed to the valise that had rolled in from off the window-sill, and now lay on the floor beside her.

"Low, mean, unprincipled, vile wretch!" cried the minister, again rushing at Joice, who had now scrambled to his feet, while the blood streamed from his forehead. "Is this the reward you offer us for all our kindness?"

"Take her from the room!" screamed Mrs. Cantwell, addressing the servants, who had now assembled round the prostrate maiden, and were chafing her temples. "Take her away—she desecrates the apartment. But stop—what's this dangling at her arm?—a bag—hah! and a Bible in it. Good heavens! what a hypocrite she is! She would carry her religion with her—take her away—away with her!"

"It's only a mistake—I swear it," cried Joice. "I wished to save you the disgrace of a public exposure; but now," added he, stepping back against the wall, and holding up a handkerchief to stanch the wound with the one hand, whilst with the other he raised a small silver whistle to his lips, and blew a shrill blast: "now," said he, smarting from the blow, "I shall treat you with as little civility as your conduct deserves."

"Merciful powers! what does all this mean?" exclaimed the Rector, as the policemen tumbled in precipitously through the open window. "Is my house to be polluted by this fellow and his men? Villain! do you dare me to my face—do you? Are you resolved to carry her off by brute force—are you?" And his voice cracked with passion.

"I come to carry off your smuggled liquor—not your sister," said the officer; "and only that I respect your calling more than you yourself have done to-night, I should arrest you for obstructing me, a king's officer, in the discharge of

my duty. Sergeant," he added, "proceed to the cellar, and make the seizure."

"Hold—hold!" vociferated Archibald, who had just then returned from Tubbernasiggart, his garments dripping, his bosom torn open, and his locks tossed in wild confusion. "Hold!" he cried; "countermand the order, or by all the powers of h—ll, I'll lay you dead at my feet!"

"I shall do my duty," said the officer, resolutely.

"Countermand the order!" again shouted the agent, raising a loaded blunderbuss he had snatched from the hall as he ran in, to a level with the officer's heart, and placing his forefinger on the trigger; "or by—"

The blasphemy was interrupted by a sharp quick blow on the arm from a policeman's firelock. The arm fell paralyzed; but the blunderbuss exploding as it struck the floor, shattered the furniture in the opposite side of the apartment.

"Men, guard the room," said the officer; "these two gentlemen are your prisoners—at least, till I return from the cellar."

After a few minutes' absence, he again entered the room with half a dozen of his men carrying two kegs.

"Now, gentlemen," said the officer, "you are at liberty. Should I hereafter think it necessary to prosecute you for obstruction, you can be easily found. I have received a written information of two casks or kegs of unpermitted liquor having been deposited in your cellar, reverend sir, by one James Gallinach of Lough Devnish, and accordingly, have seized these two casks, believing them to be the same, and shall detain them till such time as my inspector may call upon you, sir, in open court, to show cause why you may not be fined in the penalty of one hundred pounds sterling, for attempting to defraud his majesty's revenue. I came here, reverend sir, to discharge my duty; and however painful it

may have been to me, under the circumstances, yet was I bound to execute it faithfully, or lose my commission. Miss Cantwell will doubtless explain to you, when she recovers from the effects of this very disagreeable mistake, how friendly were my intentions in this unlucky affair. As to the violence offered myself personally, I pardon it; for the rest, the law must take its course. Take up the liquor," he continued, turning to his men, "and proceed to your quarters."

During this somewhat prosy speech, which Joice thought necessary to deliver, for certain weighty reasons, in presence of his men, and which he enunciated in the style of a conqueror addressing the inhabitants of a captured city, the reverend Baxter and his son stood facing each other in the centre of the room, with their eyes cast down, their arms folded on their breasts, and their heads bent in utter desolation of spirit. Neither seemed to move the smallest muscle of his body, till they found themselves completely alone; and then the son, raising his eyes leisurely and furtively till they rested on his father's half-concealed face, said, in a coarse, hollow voice—

"Well, sir, this is a devilish pretty pickle the Rector's family has got into, eh—isn't it?"

"It's painful to flesh and blood, my son," replied the minister; "but religion will teach us to bear it with patience and resignation."

"You thought my aunt was an angel, because she read the Bible, dressed in black, sang psalms, and attended the Sunday-school, eh—didn't you?"

"All flesh is grass, and the grass withereth," observed the Rector.

"Very good, sir; and will you continue to commit smugglers to jail after this night?"

"You speak bitterly, Archibald," replied the Rector; "you

require the aid of religion to sustain you in these trials of the spirit."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the agent, in a tone of deep derision, as he walked towards the door. "You're at the old tricks again—ha, ha! religion—hypocrisy you mean." And the last word was barely audible as the young gentleman disappeared.

CHAPTER XIII.

**A PIOUS LANDLORD DIRECTING HIS AGENT HOW HE MAY BEST
ADVANCE THE SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL INTERESTS OF HIS
TENANTS.**

IN an armchair, near a window of his agent's office at the Moor, early in the forenoon of the Thursday of the week following the October fair, sat Colonel Templeton. He was engaged perusing various papers which his agent handed him very respectfully from time to time, and seemed, by his approving nods as he laid them down again upon the table, to be well pleased with their contents.

Colonel Templeton, as he now appears before the reader, sitting opposite his worthy agent, was about forty-five years of age, of the middle size, a little inclined to corpulency, of florid complexion, bald forehead, fair hair, gray eyes, and beardless as a boy of fifteen. Colonel Templeton was a high Conservative in politics, a Transcendentalist in religion, (we borrow the word from the dictionary of religions for the year 1847,) an Orangeman by public profession, a member of the Carlton Club, a whipper-in of the Tories, a retailer of Irish murders and riots in the House of Commons, and an avowed and declared enemy of the Catholics of Ireland.

His tenants were for the most part members of the Catholic church, and his habits of life, while he remained during the parliamentary recesses at his splendid country-seat of Packenam

Hall, led him to visit them very often. Indeed, his time and attention were almost exclusively devoted to the conversion of his poor misguided people. He provided tracts for them on every possible subject of religious controversy, and distributed them himself personally. He made it a rule to let no day pass without giving them spiritual instruction in some shape or form. During this intercourse with his tenantry, he often met Father Domnick going or returning from a sick-call or a station, and as often received the good man's "Good-morning, colonel—pleasant weather—hope you find your tenantry comfortable and happy." This mode of address gave the colonel considerable annoyance: he would much rather pass the priest without a word of recognition, than hear him speak with such *nonchalance*—such manifest indifference.

Father Domnick had studied long and well the character of Colonel Templeton: he observed closely all his actions,—made strict inquiries as to what he said and did during his daily visits amongst his people,—obtained information the earliest and surest on every matter of importance, and was thus enabled to thwart him in every attempt he made to tamper with the religious convictions of his hearers.

Colonel Templeton was perfectly sensible of the superior advantages the priest enjoyed, in possessing the unbounded confidence of his flock, and of the eagerness with which every little incident was carried to his ears; yet he hoped to make his station in society, his wealth as a benefactor, and his influence as a landlord, achieve what his teaching could not effect. With an income of 24,000 a year, what could he not accomplish? So thought the pious Colonel; and so he persevered day after day, with might and main, to break down the ramparts within which old *Babylon* had ensconced herself; but all in vain. Father Domnick, never asleep at his post, always peeped out from the watch-tower above just at

the most critical moment, and scared the besieger from the walls, by alarming the unconscious inhabitants.

The colonel found, after all the kindness he had shown his Catholic tenantry,—all the Bibles and tracts, all the ploughs and harrows, meal and blankets he had distributed amongst the starving poor, as bribes to induce them to abandon their old faith,—that he had scarcely advanced a single step in the work of conversion. The everlasting reply to all his soul-saving entreaties, was—

“Yes, yer honor, sartinly we’ll ax his reverence, an’ if he lets us, we’ll go to church in a thousan’ welkims; shure we’ll do our best, yer honor.”

“His reverence!” he would often reply, when his patience was completely worn out. “Why should you ask his reverence, when a higher power calls you? Will you forever suffer yourselves to be trampled on by priests? Have you no eyes, nor tongue, nor will, nor intellect of your own to use, but as he wills it?”

“Oh, yes, yer honor,” the poor terrified creature would exclaim; “indeed, it’s true what yer honor says, for sure I often tell the wife there the same thing, when she scowlds me about not goin’ to my duty. ‘Maybe,’ siz I, ‘Betty, it’s long afore the priest ’d gie me a plough or a pair i’ blankets for going to the chapel, not all as one as his honor the colonel for goin’ to church.’”

“Well, sir, and why do you not come to church, if it were only to show your gratitude for the kindness?”

“Oh, begorra, yer honor, I’d lake to ax Father Domnick’s leave first.”

“Merciful powers above! Father Domnick’s leave to save your soul!”

“Sartinly, yer honor, I know that, av coorse; but then it’s not lucky to fall out with the clargy, ony way—throth that’s

past denyin', yer honor: shure there's Murtagh Dinwartaugh down there, a son av ould Shemashen Dinwartaugh-more, and—"

"Stop, stop!—go away, away—I'll hear none of your superstitions. Good heavens! what a miserable and degraded people." And the good colonel, baffled and vexed beyond expression, would hasten out of the house, beyond the reach of Dinwartaugh's melancholy story.

Whilst the stranger, perhaps, could see nothing in this willing and profound submission to church authority but the effects of a slavish dread of a despotic and tyrannical system of ecclesiastical government, deriving its only force from the ignorance and superstition of its subjects, the colonel—whose long intimacy with the Irish Catholics had made him a more accurate estimator of their feelings, their dispositions, their habits, and their thoughts—saw an unswerving faith founded on the promises of God, a warm and holy attachment to their pastors, originating in their reverence for their sacred character, increased by the remembrance of their constancy under centuries of persecution, and perpetuated by the continual administration of a multiplicity of sacraments, all hidden under the appearance of a total abandonment to the will of their superiors. He never hoped, like the charlatans of the present day, to succeed in his scheme of proselytism by merely rousing the people to a sense of the degradation in which their priests had kept them—no; such a course might, he believed, be perhaps auxiliary, but his great dependence was on his wealth, and his power to bribe the pliant and persecute the stubborn.

Notwithstanding these darker features in the character of Colonel Templeton, he was nevertheless possessed of not a few redeeming qualities. On the bench he was an honest and upright magistrate, never permitting his feelings as a re-

ligious bigot, or a political partisan, to influence his decisions. Nor was he ever known to eject a tenant from his farm without at least some legal cause—trifling, perhaps, it might often be—but still a legal cause.

And now to our story again.

"And this ejectment, No. 27, is this to be proceeded with?" inquired the colonel.

"As you may be pleased to direct, sir," responded Cantwell, submissively.

"The arrears are of long standing—seven years, I believe—why did you not endeavor to recover them before?"

"I really cannot say—I think—in fact, I believe I quite overlooked the affair."

"The man has paid his rent, I perceive, very punctually up to, and ever since that time—is it not so?"

"Very much so, indeed, sir. I regret exceedingly he has become so rebellious of late, as not to merit our forbearance: otherwise I should hesitate to proceed against him without your direct commands."

"Rebellious!—how so?"

"Why, he has been keeping a Ribbon lodge at his house for the last two years, I'm informed by very respectable authority."

"Ribbon lodge—strange—James Connor of Tubbernasiggart is an old man, is he not?—got sons, perhaps, who manage the business—eh?"

"No, sir, I'm not aware that he has. There is a man in that neighborhood, however, who spends his time chiefly at Connor's, and is a captain of Ribbonmen—perhaps he is chief-manager."

"Very likely—can you tell his name?"

"Yes; he is called Andy, or Shandy M'Guire."

"Shandy M'Guire!" repeated the colonel; "I have heard

that name very often before, I fancy. Was he not in the habit of maltreating the Bible Readers of this district when he found them out in the mountains—I think—eh?”

“The same,” replied the agent. “You may remember he was accused of making the Bible Reader drunk, and then leaving him in that state, at this hall-door, during your last visit.”

“Yes, yes; I distinctly recollect—ha, that’s a dangerous fellow. He should be seen to, Mr. Cantwell. Well—but as I was just going to remark—if we turn out this James Connor, there may be some difficulty and delay in finding a successor: there are already a number of small farms on the estate unoccupied, and few Protestants willing to take them even at a reduced rent. We must be cautious, Mr. Cantwell; land is too valuable to be left waste.”

“These farms will be all occupied I assure you, colonel, in the course of the ensuing spring. The Catholics who held them have, to be sure, been threatening a few Protestant applicants with house-burning, if they attempted to take possession; but that feeling of revenge is rapidly subsiding. No, no, colonel—there is no fear whatever; we shall easily find a successor for Jemmy Connor.”

“A Protestant, of course?” inquired the landlord.

“Oh, certainly—of course,” replied the agent.

“Has there been any applications since you served him with the process?” again inquired the colonel; “if not, you should be less urgent in bringing the action before the court.”

“Why, yes; there was an application, I believe—I think (Cantwell turned over a page or two of a memorandum-book)—yes, I’m right; here is an application from one Daniel Dooan, a butcher, from near Letterkenny, and a man of good character, I understand.”

“A Protestant?”

"Yes, sir, and a convert. He can be well recommended, he says."

"Very good—very good," observed the colonel. "Well, you will manage the affair as prudently as possible. Of course, you understand these matters best; but take care, Mr. Cantwell, very particular care, that you have, in all cases, *legal cause* for proceeding, as property-agent, against these unfortunate people."

"Colonel Templeton," replied his agent, with much apparent sincerity, "I trust I shall always endeavor, to the extent of my poor abilities, to study your interests as a landed proprietor; while, at the same time, I shall scrupulously guard and protect your reputation as a munificent benefactor of the deserving poor of your estate. I hope, colonel, I shall ever feel as sensibly alive, as I now do, to the awful responsibility you had confidence enough to place in me."

"Why, yes, Mr. Cantwell, it is indeed, no doubt, a great responsibility—very great responsibility. Of course, I *had* confidence in you—very great confidence. I knew your father well. I knew he instilled into your young mind the precepts of our holy religion,—taught you the great morality of the Gospel, and the faith that should create and preserve it in your heart through life. Yes, sir—why should I not have confidence in you?—why not?"

The agent bowed low, and then was preparing to express his gratitude still more, when a servant entered, and handed him a slip of paper with pencil-marks on it.

"Let him wait," said Cantwell, after looking for an instant at the paper, and then at the colonel, as if he doubted what to say. "Let him wait—I'm engaged at present."

"No, no—see him directly, Mr. Cantwell; it may be some matter of importance. Business should never be put off. I shall await your return."

In the entrance-hall stood the sergeant of revenue-police.

"Come in here to this room, sergeant," said Cantwell; "it's more private. And now what's your business? Quick as possible—the colonel's waiting in the office."

"Lieutenant Joice sent me up to tell you, sir, that little affair is hushed up—all settled."

"Which affair—the seizure?"

"Yes, sir; it's all over."

"Possible!—Ha! how was it effected?"

"Why, you see, sir, being brethren of the same lodge, Mr. Joice thought it his duty to forget the hard usage he received on the night of the seizure."

"Well, well—I expected as much—but what of the fine and the trial?"

"All right, sir. He wrote to a gauger of excise in Derry—a friend of his, and induced him to sign a permit in your father's favor, for two casks of malt spirits. Here it is, sir—you see it's antedated: so all's right again. The Rector can send the permit to the inspector, and say he did so, rather than satisfy Mr. Joice by giving it to him. So all's over, and no trial. As for Miss Cantwell, the men don't know, and of course never shall from us, the part she had in the transaction."

"Excellent!" exclaimed the agent, while his long, thin, fallow face lighted up with joy.

"Isn't it though?" half whispered the smiling policeman.

"By the royal blood of King William! it's well and handsomely done, sergeant. Ever since that unlucky night, I felt excessively uneasy. If the case had gone to trial, we might leave the country. My father the Rector of the parish, and the magistrate so notorious for his hostility to smuggling,—ne to be arraigned himself for the same offence, and before an open court too!—why, he never would survive it."

"It's sometimes a fortunate thing to have a brother Orangeman between one and danger," observed the policeman, with a significant leer.

"I believe you, sergeant." And the agent laughed and chuckled in his turn also.

"Certainly, sir; aren't we sworn to defend one another? Of course we're sworn also to protect the revenue; but then, you know, we can't always keep both."

"Decidedly not," replied the agent. "The government does not expect it. Why, my dear fellow, it is the wish of the government that smuggling be carried on."

"Faith, I sometimes think so, from the way it acts."

"Not a doubt of it. Don't you see the smuggler is ever and always able to undersell the large distiller by one and often two shillings per gallon. Well, if the government reduced the duty from three shillings, as it is now, to one, the smuggler would be left completely idle. I tell you, brother, it never was the real object of the government entirely to suppress illicit distillation—never. The preventive force was organized for two very different purposes. The first was to give employment in the service to young men whose friends had peculiar claims on the government; the second was, that it might be a force ready at hand, and prepared at any moment to assist the military, in the event of outbreak or sedition amongst the people."

"To be sure," said the policeman; "and why not?"

"And then again," continued Cantwell, "it has been proved before a government commission, by six most respectable gentlemen of Cork and Derry, that treble the quantity of liquor has been distilled during the course of the last three years, in these two cities, than the malt on which duty was paid could possibly yield. And why? Because the lawful distiller can purchase the liquor, already manufactured, from the smuggler

two shillings less than he himself can afford to sell it for, and thus defraud the revenue in the very teeth of the surveyor of excise. Well, now," added Cantwell, "I mention these facts merely to convince you that government does not look upon the buying of unpermitted liquors as a fraud, particularly by gentlemen like my father, for instance, who purchase it for their own private use. Besides, it is only a penal law, that is, escape if you can—if not, pay the fine; but remember, there is no moral guilt attached to the act—no, no; I would be sorry, sergeant, you could suspect my father for one moment of a morally bad act. I know you would not—no, of course not."

"And isn't it surprising, sir, that holding these opinions, your father could think of punishing the smuggler with so much severity?"

"Simply because they sell it—make a trade of it—don't you see?"

"Well, I don't see that so clear," replied the policeman, "but I suppose you're right, sir; at all events, there's nothing like keeping the people's nose to the grindstone."

"Nothing, sergeant; these damned Irish must be beggared before they are tamed. Yes; that after all is the great secret. Beggary and starvation is the best recipe for taming a stubborn people. But I must go now—the colonel expects me. Good-by, sergeant. Give my compliments to Mr. Joice—say I'm exceedingly obliged. But stay a moment—tell me, do you know the informer?"

The policeman shook his head.

"Oh, I can keep a secret, you know: besides, there should be none between brother Orangemen." And Cantwell, as he spoke, laid his hand familiarly on his companion's shoulder.

"Better you wouldn't know," observed the policeman

"Nonsense, sergeant—do you doubt me?"

"Not by any means ; but I'm sworn not to reveal the secrets of the service."

"Pah! we should have no secrets but our own of the lodge. Come, now—I'm anxious to know—you'll oblige me."

"Well, I'll trust you. Daniel Doogan's the informer."

"Doogan the butcher!" exclaimed Cantwell, in evident astonishment.

"The same."

"You may be mistaken."

"Impossible."

"Why not?"

"The officer in charge of the Straunlar-party obtained the information from Doogan ; but as the smuggled goods were deposited within Mr. Joice's district, he wrote the information as dictated by Doogan, and gave it him to hand Mr. Joice. Doogan, in passing the barrack on the fair-day, slipped it privately into the hands of the guard."

"There must be a mistake—I cannot believe Doogan to be such a villain."

"Why, sir, I tell you I myself read the letter, in which Doogan's name—Daniel Doogan, the butcher—was given as the informer."

Cantwell's brow gradually darkened, as he reflected how deeply he had admitted the informer to his confidence, and that but a few minutes ago he had recommended him as the successor of James Connor of Tubbernasiggart. He bent his head, and bit the nail of his little finger violently.

"No matter," said he—"very well—I'll see to it—no matter now."

"Take care, sir," said the policeman, observing the inward struggle the agent maintained with his passion ; "take care you don't reveal the secret. If you do, I may be dismissed the service."

"Oh, yes—I'll take care," muttered Cantwell, while his face became livid with suppressed rage. "I'll be very cautious. Good-by, sergeant—I must wait on the colonel."

"Where is this Captain O'Brien now—removed yet?" inquired Colonel Templeton, as his agent took his place before him, apparently as calm and tranquil as if nothing had occurred to disturb his equanimity.

"No, sir; he is here still, but superseded in the commission of the peace, thanks to your influence with the Chancellor."

"The Viceroy, you mean—I don't know the Chancellor. By-the-by, ever since the Test and Corporation Acts were amended, the conservative interest is sinking every day. Formerly, you had only to say to a friend in the ministry, if you only met him in the streets, 'There is a troublesome Irish fellow in the peace, I wish you could have him dismissed,' and the thing was done; but now you must obtain an interview, and give your reasons. The death of the Duke of York was a terrible blow to the high conservatives—I fear we never will recover from it—and now the *Hero Duke himself*, after all our expectations, beaten, I may say, in his very first effort. Why, Mr. Cantwell, the times are greatly changed."

"And what if Canning had been able to maintain office for another year?—why, colonel, the country might now be on the verge of insurrection."

"Decidedly—witness the result of his policy in the tone these Catholic associations are assuming. It's positively frightful."

"And then this French and American republicanism, creeping in day by day through the press, is quite unsettling the people's ideas of allegiance and submission to the laws."

"Not a doubt of it. This free exercise of their religion, which Congress has guaranteed to the Irish in America, has not only weakened the power of the Protestant church estab-

lishment in England, but will eventually lead to the formation of such a liberal course of policy towards Ireland, as may yet end in revolt against the power and influence of the aristocracy of the land."

"I fear it very much," replied the agent. "Only last month one of your tenants told me he should sell out, and leave a country where his children were being brutalized for want of education, and beggars for want of food, and emigrate to America where both are abundant,—where there is no bloated aristocracy to feed on the hearts-blood of the poor, nor despots to make laws for enslaving an ignorant people."

"Ha, ha! Mr. Cantwell, he had the boldness to say so, eh? What would this nation be, if it were capable of drawing a parallel between its own social condition and that of the United States? What if we educated the masses, and then recognised their right to be consulted in legislative affairs as they do in America? Why, sir, we should have none but democrats and revolutionists. Our property would be torn from our hands, and ourselves sent beggars on the world. No, no, sir; if we educate the Irish, we can never rule them."

"I am quite of your opinion, colonel."

Here the conversation was interrupted for a moment by a servant entering with a request from Mrs. Dowser, that Colonel Templeton would please do her the favor of seeing her for a few minutes in the next room, at his earliest convenience.

"Well," resumed the colonel, after the messenger had retired, "your have said that O'Brien is still here."

"Yes, sir, he is still here; but my father had a letter yesterday from Dr. B——n, who you know is all-in-all at the Castle, and he says O'Brien is to be removed immediately, and sent on foreign service—East Indies, I think. It is for-

fortunate too, that some three or four officers of the same regiment stationed in Clare, have lately given the government considerable annoyance about Mr. Vasey Fitzgerald's affairs ; so the thing can be done quietly, without creating any useless or vexatious inquiries."

The colonel nodded assent, and then added,

" Irish officers never should be sent here—should be sent to England, or on foreign service. The country would be much easier managed by English and Scotch officers, than these hot-blooded patriots, half-bred Protestants as they are. Where is the advantage of having a detachment of soldiers here for preserving the peace, if they are to be commanded by such men as this O'Brien—a man who dares stop the reading of a riot-act, when but a moment before an officer of constabulary is felled from his horse?"

" Since he came here, things are daily growing worse and worse," observed Cantwell, with an affectation of sorrow that he was obliged to confess it.

" Humph ! I suppose so," muttered the colonel.

" You have heard of the narrow escape I had last week ?—of course you did."

" No, not a word. Ha ! waylaying—attempt to murder—eh ?"

" Yes, sir ; I was set upon by five or six ruffians, who attempted to drown me."

" Merciful heavens !" ejaculated the pious man, looking up in astonishment as he spoke. " Drown you !"

" Yes, sir—drown me. A fellow named Hudy M'Gettigan laid the plot. He induced me, by a promise of imparting certain interesting secrets, to meet him three or four miles from the village. The moment I reached there I was flung into the river, and remember nothing more, than when my senses were leaving me, I got hold of a line or rope, and clung

to it. When I awoke to consciousness on the bank of the river, I found myself in the centre of a circle of dying embers, as if a dance of devils had been about my corpse."

"Heaven protect us!" said the colonel devoutly; "these are perilous times—oh, dear!"

"Very much so, indeed," responded the agent; "and yet," he added, "when you assured the House of Commons a few weeks ago, that to travel through the remote parts of this district without a *posse comitatus* of police, was putting your life in danger, you would hardly be credited."

Colonel Templeton made no reply to the latter observation; he felt *that* ground was too delicate to tread over again. So affecting to be entirely preoccupied with the case immediately before him, he inquired if Mr. Cantwell had yet discovered the villains engaged in the plot.*

* It may be well here to remark, that Colonel Templeton, in a speech delivered in the House of Commons at this period, made a very remarkable declaration, to wit, "that even in the north of Ireland, particularly in the county Donegal, no Protestant gentleman could safely travel through the remote districts without an escort of police; so that the noble lord who had preceded him would find himself grievously mistaken, if he thought that agrarian outrages were confined to one or two counties of the south." Shortly after this surprising declaration had been bruited about through the newspapers, the colonel returned to visit his estate. Having directed his agent some time before to cut a road through a certain mountainous part of his property, and hearing it was now open to the public, he set out after dinner accompanied by a single servant, in an open conveyance, to examine it himself. Owing to the roughness of the new road, his travelling was necessarily slow, so that before he had reached the extremity of the line, the sun had set, and night was falling fast. He therefore determined to proceed to Killybegs, a small town but a few miles distant, and remain at the hotel for the night, rather than return at so late an hour by so coarse and unpleasant a road; but just as he had reached a most dreary and desolate spot in the mountains, he found to his utter astonishment that he had only reached a broken bridge—swept away by the rains of the preceding week. The good colonel was, no doubt, for some time exceedingly puzzled how to extricate himself from this untoward position. Seeing a countryman, however,

"None but this Hudy M'Gettigan, and he—the wretch—is prepared, he says, to prove an *alibi*. Ha, ha!" laughed Cantwell; "he swears he never spoke a word to me on the subject in his life. But the priest will forgive him whatever he swears—that's one comfort at least."

"Of course," replied the colonel; "and the more readily as the prosecutor happens to be a heretic—ha, ha!" And both gentlemen laughed socially together.

"But how did you ascertain the fellow's name?" inquired the colonel.

"He told me himself."

"How—when—at your first meeting?"

"Yes; and that circumstance, I must confess, staggered

crossing the river below the bridge on horseback, he resolved, as a last resource, to ask a passage behind him, and send the servant with the carriage round by the next bridge, about six miles back on the road he had just travelled. The colonel mounted accordingly behind the countryman, and had reached half way across the stream holding on for life and death, his arms wound round the man's body, while his heels were jerked up on the horse's flanks to keep them dry, when two gentlemen came dashing down at full trot to the broken bridge. One was Alexander Murray, Esq., of Kelly castle, commonly called Broughton Murray, then spending a few days on his Donegal estate, and the other his law-agent Mr. Edward Murray of Letterkenny. "Hilloa, my man," shouted the first-named gentleman, "who is that behind you?" "It's Colonel Temple—" "Silence you villain," muttered the colonel. "I don't know," said the man. "We shall soon know," cried the other, riding up as the colonel slid down from the horse, on the river's bank. "What," cried he, "Colonel Templeton!" "What," repeated his companion, "Colonel Templeton! why, colonel, is it possible you—here at this hour and place? what! without a *posse comitatus*!—I suspected it was your servant I saw on the opposite bank; why, my dear colonel, I'm surprised you expose yourself in this way—it's monstrous!" We shall not protract the scene; suffice it that Colonel Templeton made the interview as short as possible, and the two other gentlemen enjoyed his chagrin exceedingly. When Colonel Templeton again returned to London, he found himself sitting on the back of an old horse behind a tattered Irishman, in the window of every print-shop in the metropolis.—*Ed.*

me at first a good deal. It struck me he might have assumed a name for the occasion ; but when the fellow was brought before me, all my doubts were dispelled in an instant. He was the same man who met me on the fair-evening: the same threadbare coat,—same sightless orb,—same impediment of utterance. Oh, yes, I could identify him in the South Sea Islands!"

"Perhaps so. But he must be an idiot to tell you his real name, coming, as he did, on such an errand."

"The only manner of accounting for this apparent want of caution seems to be that he looked upon me as a *dead man*, and therefore had little dread of detection. Besides, he was so remarkable a man, that he might have suspected I knew him when he made the appointment, and therefore gave his real name to throw me off my guard."

"Very likely—very likely. But you said you had him committed for the conspiracy?"

"No, not exactly for that; for I could hardly prove it, not having seen him at the place appointed. But we had him committed for having Ribbon-papers and bullet-moulds concealed in his house. It will answer the same purpose."

"Pah! Mr. Cantwell," exclaimed the colonel in a half angry tone; "it will not answer the same purpose. If you convict him of waylaying and attempt to murder a land agent, don't you see what a case I could make of it in the House, when the social state of Ireland comes up in debate,—and it certainly will next session,—as a set-off to emancipation petitions?"

"Very true, sir, I didn't think of that. And would you wish me to indict him for both offences? I fear—I really think we cannot succeed in both, but if you wish—"

"Oh, remember," interrupted the colonel hastily, raising his forefinger to make his words the more emphatic, "re-

member, Mr. Cantwell, I do not wish you, by any means, to proceed against him or any one else, (no, religion forbids us to be revengeful even when we punish,) except on *legal grounds* and respectable evidence. No, no, all I say, is, if possible, I should prefer having him indicted for both; that is, remember, *if possible and right.*"

The colonel rose to take his leave. "As for this Captain O'Brien," he added, "we shall see to his removal immediately."

"By-the-by, colonel, people talk of his marrying a certain young lady in town here."

"Ha! Miss Johnston, perhaps?"

"No, no, quite another person. Miss O'Donnell, the painter's daughter: you saw her I think—she's staying at General Johnston's."

"You surprise me—she's a Catholic, is she not?"

"And a very rigid one. She boasts of her faith most provokingly; and says it's absolutely presumptuous in us to practise Protestantism at all, in this land—that she wonders the skeletons of its martyred dead don't rise up from their graves and scourge us back to England again! ha! ha! ha!"

"But will her faith be no obstacle in the captain's way?"

"No, he's prepared to make himself quite agreeable."

"What! get married by the priest?"

"So I'm informed."

"Very exacting, is she not?"

"Why, colonel, if I'm not much mistaken, she would not marry George of England otherwise than according to the rites of the Catholic Church. She absolutely laughs at Protestantism, as a country bumpkin laughs at a clown in a comedy. She is the most provoking woman I ever met."

"Humph! well, we cannot tolerate such a marriage, Mr. Cantwell, certainly not. Marriage of Protestant and Catho-

lic by a priest is a serious misdemeanor, punishable by fine of £500, or imprisonment in the common jail for a period of five years. It's a most salutary enactment, and in these times very requisite for the maintenance of Protestant ascendancy. If the priest violate the law, he should suffer the penalty—and he shall, Mr. Cantwell. Yes, sir, it is our duty—our conscientious duty, as loyal subjects, to enforce the enactment.”

“Certainly, colonel, it must be seen to.”

“Very well, Mr. Cantwell, good-morning. I must see this Mrs. Dowser, and then make my usual visit to my tenants before dinner. Good-morning, sir.”

Cantwell had hardly taken his seat again before the desk, when Coulson, the bailiff, entered, and throwing himself on a chair with the air of a man whose services give him a right to be familiar with his employer, said, in a husky, angry tone—

“Curse that rascal, M'Gettigan, he denies every thing—you're completely at his mercy.”

“What!” exclaimed the agent, with a look of disappointment, “will he not return Connor's receipt?”

“He swears he never *got* a receipt from you.”

“Did he never meet me at the old castle?”

“No, never.”

“Never gave me a letter from Mary Connor?”

“Never. He says it's all a mistake—that he wasn't the man at all—that he was in Glasgow at the time.”

“Did you tell him the jailer had instructions to let him escape, if he returned the receipt? Did you say so?”

“Yes, and every other thing I could think of, as an inducement, but to no purpose. He only laughed at me, and said it was all a mistake.”

“And what's to be done?” demanded Cantwell, rising from

the desk and pacing the office in great perplexity. "What's to be done now? Connor's case must go on; the colonel is already in possession of the whole affair; I told him of Connor's keeping a Ribbon lodge in his house. We can't drop it—it must go on. If that receipt appear on the trial, the mystery of the fair-night will be exposed, and I dismissed. What's to be done, Coulson?"

"Can't say," replied the bailiff.

"Are you positive Jemmy Connor never got the receipt from M'Gettigan?"

"As positive, as that I see that sky above us."

"Then M'Gettigan has it still. Well, if the fear of transportation for these papers and bullet-moulds don't oblige him to return the receipt, I know of no other means to adopt. I have acted very imprudently in submitting Connor's ejectment process to the colonel before your return from the jail, but now the time for caution is past—we must proceed. Perhaps after all the receipt is lost. I wish to heaven it may be so. Leave me now, Coulson, I wish to be alone."

When the bailiff closed the door behind him, Cantwell folded his arms, and continued to pace the office as before.

"Perdition!" he muttered, clenching his teeth and stamping on the floor, "to think I could be overreached in this way. Heaven and earth! to think how that girl has fooled me—nay, treated me like the dog she called me—ha! and yet she may escape through my fingers. But no, by —— (and he swore a fearful oath)—no—even should her father still hold possession—should I even lose the colonel's agency, I shall repay her for her favors of the fair-night. Yes, that very *Sassenach dog* will leave the marks of his teeth upon her yet. I shall yet blast her reputation as effectually as I did that of Mary Curran;" and a ghastly smile came over his countenance as he anticipated the success of his hellish design

As we intend, at the close of this chapter, to bid adieu to Mr. Archibald Cantwell for a few days, we shall now relate a little incident that occurred, by way of episode to the preceding very important official secrets, and then leave him to manage, as best he may, his own private affairs.

It happened that Mr. Archibald Cantwell thought it necessary to consult with his bailiff again that night—or rather late in the evening, for it was not yet completely dark,—on some of his official duties; and for that purpose had taken a near cut to the bailiff's house, by the back entrance to the demesne. He had opened a wicket, and was turning round to close it again, when some one started from out the shadow of the gate pillar, and with the elasticity of a tiger, sprung upon him, fastening his fingers in his cravat, and dragging him with irresistible force down into the deep ditch.

"Ha, ha! I swore it—I swore it by the five crosses," cried his assailant. "I swore I'd kill ye. Ha, ha! deil's cure to ye—deil's cure to ye."

"Villain! villain! let me go," muttered Cantwell, half strangled under the grasp of his enemy.

"Ha! I swore it at Mary Curran's grave. You murdered Mary Curran, and made the tears fall from the ould man's eyes. Ha! you made an ould priest cry. Ha, ha! I swore I'd kill ye."

Cantwell struggled in vain to throw off his antagonist. Every instant his strength was failing, his voice becoming weaker and weaker, and in all likelihood never would have used it again, had not a horseman riding past been attracted by the high breathing and half suffocated sounds proceeding from the deep ditch.

"Hilloa!" said the rider, suddenly reining in his horse; "what noise is that?"

The assailant raised his head to listen, keeping his fingers still twisted in Cantwell's cravat.

"What's the meaning of this?" repeated the horseman, approaching nearer, and preparing to alight.

The assailant sprung instantly upon the road, muttering to himself, "Oh, by the powers, it's Father Domnick—it's Father Domnick!"—and clearing the wall on the opposite side at a single bound, became invisible among the bushes.

We need not inform the reader that Cantwell's assailant was "Dick the Omedaun," and his rescuer Father Domnick, just then returning from a station.

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CHAPTER XIV.

BEING THE SHORTEST CHAPTER IN THE BOOK.

COLONEL TEMPLETON found Mrs. Dowser in the reception-room alone, anxiously awaiting his coming, and bathed in tears.

"I am really very sorry, Mrs. Dowser," said the colonel, feelingly—"very sorry to find you in tears. Well, but religion should teach you to bear these little crosses and troubles of life with more patience and resignation;" and he quoted a passage from the Holy Scripture.

"Oh, sir," replied the lady, "I fear I shall never see him again."

"Don't be so dejected, Mrs. Dowser; you certainly shall see him again."

"But he may be starved by this time, sir." And the lady sobbed bitterly.

"Starved!" ejaculated the colonel.

"Yes, sir; I fear it very much. Just have the goodness to read that letter." And the lady placed the document in his hand.

The colonel sat down, and read as follows:—

"DEAR KATE, MY BELOVED WIFE,

"I'm a dead man, or as near it as possible. You might say that if you saw me; but you won't, till I'm a corpse, nor then either, perhaps. Not that I'm to say heart-sick; no, but

wasting away by the pure dint of starvation: not a morsel of food-kind ever entered my lips since I came here, but *lumpers* (potatoes) and *poteen*—not a morsel! Not even a drop of milk, but a kind of buttermilk that you used to give the pigs, and that only once a day, as a sort of dainty. I asked them for a grain of sugar to punch my liquor; but not a taste would they give. Yesterday, after much begging and praying, they sent four or five miles after a looking-glass, that I might see myself in it; and in troth, Kate, I'm not to say better yet of the shock I got by that same. Ten days ago, I was some odds of eighteen stone weight, and now you might blow a spittle through me. I'm certain I'm not as heavy as Tommy Reed the dancing-master. And that reminds me of another misery I endure—I mean in regard of the same dancing. Every night since I came, there's what they call the 'Roscess batther,' a sort of dance, or rather a welting of the floor as hard and quick as a tuck-mill could pound it. Well, I must join them too, av coorse. I know well it's kill me they're strivin' to do, but I daren't refuse; if I did, maybe it's to the crows they'd give me. When I beg of them for God's sake to let me rest awhile, it's laugh at me they do, make me drink another egg-shell of whiskey, (for there's no other measure to be had,) and then drag me up and to it again. I had to curse King William and all his generation, drink the Pope's health, and Repale of the Union, about a thousand times this week, and you know, Kate, I must be in a poor way when I'd do that; but I daren't refuse. There's a fellow here they call 'Shandy' something; and if there's a devil on earth, he's one. Remember, if I die before I see you again, I leave my death on him.

"Now, Kate dear, if you have any of the old regard remaining for the poor skeleton that's writing this, go to the Rector, or tne colonel if he's come yet, and tell them the de-

plorable state I'm in; tell them a loyal brother is dyin' by inches, or rather, wastin' away at the rate of a hundred a week, and can't, according to any reasonable calculation, last longer than eight or ten days more; tell them I have nothing under the canopy of heaven to live on but *lumpers and poteen*, and they'll surely let that scoundrel Devlin go. As long as he's in jail, I'll be the sufferer. Kate, dear, I used to be cross sometimes, when you'd happen to vex me; but I'm a changed man now. You'll never have reason to complain of me again. Have mercy on me now, in my wretched condition, and do all you can to get me out of this. They promise to let me go as soon as Devlin is liberated. Make haste—make haste, dear Kate, or my bones will be through my skin before any help can reach me.

“Your starved but loving husband,

“W. DOWSER.”

“P. S. As I don't know where I am, being carried here blindfolded, so I don't know where to date my letter from, or what day of the week it is, since they niver let me be sober an hour together since I came. I got leave to write this, as you see, on the back of a letter I had in my pocket; but they won't let me seal it till they read it, and that same can't be done till 'Shandy' comes in the evening. Don't forget me, Kate. Farewell.”

“Rather unpleasant, I must confess, Mrs. Dowser,” said the colonel, refolding the letter. “Have you any suspicion of where he may be?”

“Not the least, colonel,” replied Mrs. Dowser; “if I had, I would travel, if it were a hundred miles, night and day on my bare feet, to see him once more.”

“He was carried off on horseback—was he not?”

“Yes, sir; and King William was found at his own stable-

door next morning, covered with foam, and almost worried to death. He must have been taken to a great distance, for the poor brute was very tired."

"Humph! very likely. It was a bold thing of these Ribbonmen to break up the lodge as they did, and then carry off Mr. Dowser—on his own horse too—as a hostage for the safety of this Devlin."

"Oh, sir, if you would only liberate Devlin, my husband would return, and all would be right again," said Mrs. Dowser, imploringly.

"But do you not see, madam, what a victory these Ribbonmen would obtain if Devlin were liberated? and besides, it would encourage the rebels in the commission of crime. It's an awkward case, Mrs. Dowser."

"Oh, sir, but remember he's a loyal brother—a faithful member of our holy church," rejoined the lady, raising her hands in earnest supplication.

"Of his loyalty, my dear madam, you can judge best from this letter. His malediction of the 'great and good King William,' is but a poor passport to our sympathy."

"Oh, but think of the danger, sir; his life was in their hands—only for that—"

"He should have sacrificed it in the sacred cause," replied the colonel, with the solemn emphasis of a Covenanter. "However," he added, rising from the chair, "the police of the district are now in search of Mr. Dowser; should they not succeed in finding him, call upon me on Monday next. We may then make some arrangements for effecting his liberation." The colonel quitted the room; and Mrs. Dowser, after wiping away the traces of her tears, returned home in somewhat better spirits, and yet not a little surprised to find Colone. Templeton so apathetic in the cause of the martyred lion of Lodge 516.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CROSS AND BEADS. KATHLEEN KENNEDY.

COLONEL TEMPLETON, after his short interview with Mrs. Dowser, stepped into his gig, and rode out as usual, to pay a morning visit to his tenants, and commune with them on the saving truths of the Gospel.

In the box of the vehicle were deposited sundry copies of the Old and New Testaments, bearing the words "Kildare-street Society" stamped on their covers ; and by their side a number of controversial tracts, under different titles, viz. : "Antichrist Exposed," "Romanism Defeated," "The Man of Sin cloven down by Five Blows of the Holy Bible," "Popish Idolatry," "Daisies of Piety," "Primroses of Devotion," "Dahlias of Faith," &c., &c., all written in a simple, easy style, to suit the humblest capacities.

The good man, as he rode along, felt very happy. He was laboring on a great mission—journeying, like another Barnabas, (the difference being only perceptible in his estate and mode of travelling,) to convert the Gentiles to the faith. It was a happy, blissful reflection ; and then, if his thoughts turned back for a moment to the busy metropolis he had so lately quitted, why it was only to congratulate himself the more, in having exchanged the haunts of vice and infamy—the vortex of aristocratic corruption—for the quiet, retired

little vineyard of souls intrusted to his care. "The Bible," he whispered to himself, complacently, "might be regarded as the seed, and the pamphlets the little watering-pots of religion." And he drove on the faster for the thought.

In the fields, on either side of the road as he passed along, he saw his tenants busily employed at the harvest—some reaping, others housing or stacking their grain. Children of tender age were to be seen here and there, gleaning the few ears of corn that lay on the field after the reapers; and others still younger, seated in groups round small peat fires, roasting in the hot ashes their little feasts of new potatoes. These hardy children had no foolish trumpery of dress, like their proud little brethren of England, to cover the extremities of their persons—no; they had been taught from their cradles, like the free Indians of North America, to look upon freedom from such embarrassments as a *privilege of their race*. How very pleasant it was for Colonel Templeton to reflect, that all these children he saw in groups around him, might, in a certain sense, be considered his own property! Certainly. Was not the soil his own—and did he not propagate them on it? Did he not force them, as we might say, on that nutritious esculent, the potato? Could not the potato be regarded as a sort of manure for the growth of *human flesh*?

And then he had another cause for self-gratulation; for what was his object in raising them?—not the lust of riches,—not the sordid motives that influence the *black slave-owner*.—no, it was the glory of God and of England. They were destined to glorify their Creator, under his guidance, by walking in the pure light of a reformed gospel, and a *retrenched* and purified faith, and to glorify England by contributing a portion of their labor to the support of the most magnificent oligarchical government in the world, and a portion of their blood to fight the battles of an empire, the

proudest and most powerful the sun ever shone upon. Surely such reflections were enough to make any man's heart glad ; so the colonel raised his head higher, and trotted on at an accelerated pace.

When about three miles from the village of Donegal, he came in view of a small hut, or hovel, built on the roadside, on a barren moor, and of very wretched appearance. This hut was scarcely ten feet square, very low—so low that a boy of sixteen could not enter without stooping,—built of round rough rocks, and covered with green sods. An aperture cut in the roof served for a chimney, the door was made of willow twigs, platted close together in the style of a wicker basket, having its interstices filled with mud to keep out the cold, and the window was a round opening, from which a stone was taken, in the side wall, and through which the bottom of an old hat was visible. It was the habitation of Kathleen Kennedy, one of Mr. Ebenezer Goodsoul's converts. Whether that gentleman was correct in placing her as he did to his account with the Kildare-street Society, is yet to be seen, but certain it is, she was poor enough to be converted. The colonel alighted, fastened the reins of the bridle to a stunted tree on the roadside, and approached the house.

Against the gable of the hut, four or five children (the eldest of whom could not be more than seven years) were busily engaged building a little stack of half-saved turf, that lay scattered about the premises. The two eldest had apparently taken charge of the structure, for while they prepared and laid on the material, the younger ones were hurrying to and fro in the capacity of servers or attendants. It was no matter of surprise to Colonel Templeton, to observe how cheerfully they performed their work, notwithstanding the inconvenience they must have felt from the long pointed tatters of their dress, that now, saturated with the bog-water

through which they passed occasionally, flapped heavily against their legs and sides. No, it was the proof of a hardy race, and of a patient, enduring people. It was refreshing to think how inured to privations these children would be in after years, when their country called them away to fight its battles amid the snows of the Canadas, or under the broiling sun of the Indies. With what pride could England point to the future heroism and fortitude of these children, and with what pride would their own hearts be hereafter filled, when, returning perhaps from Canada, or Afghanistan, they received a smile from their sovereign, and three pence half-penny a day from their country, as an acknowledgment of their services! Happy children of the white slaves of the north!—fortunate starvelings of a beggared race!—innocent progeny of brutalized, dust-kissing, scorned, and branded helots!—ye little knew what a glorious influence you might yet exercise over the destinies of the British empire!

Within the threshold of the hut, and on the floor, sat an infant mumbling a potato. Opposite the child, and but a few yards beyond the hovel, its mother was busy washing in a stream that ran murmuring and rippling by the wayside. The child had now eaten as much of the potato as satisfied his present cravings of hunger, and began to throw it on the ground and catch it up again in the wantonness of a playful spirit, laughing merrily at the sport. Beside the door lay a little lean dog, watching the child intently, and licking his lips, as the precious morsel rolled over close to where he squatted. At length, the child's excitement increasing, it threw the potato on the ground with more violence than usual, causing it to roll over within the dog's paws. The little starved animal, no longer able to withstand the temptation, caught up the potato, and ran away round the house with its long tail between its legs, evincing by its cowardly

and precipitate flight the consciousness of having done a very dishonest, as well as disreputable act. The child, robbed of its plaything so suddenly, screamed, and cried bitterly to its mother, as if in appeal, against the daring injustice. The poor woman ran over immediately to pacify the infant, and taking it up in her arms, said, as she rocked it to and fro—

"Hush, *alanna*! hush, *asthore machree*!—shure I'll get another for ye, dear; hush now, an' I'll bate that nasty Piper."

"Well, honest woman," began Colonel Templeton, who had followed her to the door unobserved, and whose voice so near and sudden seemed to startle her not a little—"how long has this hut been standing here?"

Kathleen courtesied humbly and respectfully, as turning round, her eye rested on the richly-dressed gentleman before her; but she remained silent, being somewhat confused at the question.

"When was this cabin built?" he again demanded.

"It's up about three weeks after last Candlemas, sir." (Hush, hush *asthore*! she added, in an undertone—here Bridget—hush *alanna boght*—here, take the wean till I spake to the gentleman.) "Indeed, then, sir, it was the good neighbors, God reward them, gathered up here and pit it thegither for us, awhile afther Candlemas last."

"And where did you live before that time?"

"Down there in Minadreen, sir, av ye iver wur in it."

"And who was your landlord?"

"One Colonel Templeton, iv ye iver heerd tell av him; but I'll warrint did ye, barrin' ye'r a stranger in these parts."

The colonel nodded.

"An' indeed, sir, a snug dacent bit av lan' we had, till misfortin' overtuck us; but shure it's thankful we'd ought to be

whativer comes: maybe it's our deservin', maybe it's all for the best."

"And where is your husband—is he living?"

"He's livin' yet, 'am tould, Goodness be praised for his marcies; but 'am afeerd it 'ill not be long." Her voice trembled slightly as she spoke.

"Is he sick?"

"Sick enough, sir; they say the docthor's giv him up."

"Ha! then he's not at home?"

"Noa, noa *fareer*, sir, he's not. Poor fella! he's far away from us with the cowl'd strangers, that cares little about him, maybe."

"Where?"

"In jail, sir," replied Kathleen, raising to her eyes a corner of the tattered handkerchief that covered her shoulders. "Go into the house, Bridget—go in dear, an' bring the childher along with ye. Go in, an' don't be gapin' at the gentleman, without a totther to cover ye."

"And why is he in jail, my good woman, eh—Ribbonism, I suspect?"

"Noa, indeed then, sir, he niver meddled or made with it, since the priest spoke agin it—not sayin' but many's the time, sir, he was provoked hard enough to join them."

"Ha!—well?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell ye then, as ye axed me—it wus for rint an' tithe he was pit in. It wus June last wus a two-years, he went with a great getherin' iv the tenants, to give the Recthor a *duty*-day's cuttin' i' turf; for ye know, sir, the Recthor i' the parish is the Agent's father, Mr. Cantwell, an' iv coorse, the Recthor has only to call on the colonel's tenants when he wants them. Well, sir, as I wus sayin', Ned Kennedy wusn't jist at himself that day, bein' only risin' out iv a plorisy the week afore; but seen a bit excuse the bailie,

Mr. Coulson, 'id take. So aff he had to go with the rest i' the neighbors; an' as the day wus tarrible warm intirely, Ned, atween the work an' the wakeness, got very druthy, an' tuck a drink i' the bog-wather; for not a hap'orth else he had convanient, barrin' he'd go to the well that was half a mile or so from the place, an' he was ashamed to go there, as he tould me himself afther, for fear the bailie 'id say it was tired or schemin' he was. So, sir, to make a long story short, afther that drink, feen a day's good he iver done since—one day up an' anither day down, till the bit i' lan' wint to rack on us intirely for want i' labor, himself a cripple, I may say, an' me havin' plenty to do to take care i' the weans. So last year we wurn't able to pay the rent, an' av coorse, we had to lave the place."

"Did you make your difficulties known to the Agent?" inquired the colonel.

"Indeed, then, I did, sir; myself an' them four childher ye see there (the little one in the girsah's arms wusn't born then) went up to the Moor, an' them an' me on our bended knees at his hall-door, begged him for God's sake not take the roof from above my sick husban' an' my childher, but to give us sparence for another year, an' then we'd lave it 'ithout a word. Well, sir, it's hard to forget the answer I got." Kathleen turned her face from her inquisitor, to hide the emotion she endeavored in vain to suppress.

"Well," said the colonel, "and what reply did he make?"

"He tould me," replied Kathleen, in a low voice, broken and husky—"he tould me to go to h—ll with my papish brats from about his doore, or he'd hunt the dogs on me."

Both parties were silent for a moment: Kathleen endeavoring to conquer a weakness she wished not to show in the stranger's presence; the colonel twisting the lash of his whip

round his forefinger, and wondering, how sensitive the low Irish were! "Well, at all events," thought he, "my Agent is somewhat to blame. He might be sufficiently zealous in the holy cause, without this open ostentatious severity."

"But my good woman, you have not told me all this time why your husband is in jail."

"I'll tell you that, sir, too. It was afore we left the place. The Recthor an' Procthor an' I'll warrint a score or more iv pelice, cum up to the house one mornin' to lift the tithe. Ned, av coorse, up an' tould the Recthor he cudn't pay it, seein' he didn't do a hand's-turn for a twelmonth afore, an' hadn't a livin' cleet iv a baste kine about the house but the goat, that we kept out i' the rack av all we had, to give the drap i' nourishin' to the childher. The Recthor tould him plump an' plain it wudn't do—he'd have his tithe, wherever it cum from. 'Faith, an' if ye do,' siz Ned up to him again, 'ye'll get what ye niver give value for, seein' I niver entered yer church doore, nor one i' my breed, let alone me.' 'The church is there for ye, my fine fella,' siz the Recthor, 'av ye choose to go.' Faith, an' siz Ned to him back again, 'Ye ought to keep up the ould rule, *as ye drink, ye pay*; an' as I niver made a part i' the company or sat at the table, 'am shure an' sartin I've no right to pay a part i' the reckonin'.' So, sir, one word borrowed another, till the Recthor ordhered the pelice to go in an' saize whatever they'd get, as a pledge for the tithe. In they cum, sir, an' Ned seein' it was iv no use to think iv preventin' them, stud with his back to the wall, luckin' on at the rummagin' they made, and niver openin' his lips more nor the child there, till the Procthor opened the room door, an' cum down to where myself was *lying in* with that wean ye see in the girsah's arms, and begun to tear the blankets aff the bed I was streeched on. 'Don't do that, sir,' siz Ned, follyin' the Procthor to the room. 'Silence, ye

papish villain,' siz the Procthor, 'or I'll have ye gagged and handcuffed.' 'Oh, sir, for the love i' heaven,' siz Ned, 'don't strip the creathur, an' her lyin' in the state she's in.' 'Begone, ye scoundrel,' siz the Procthor, 'I'll have the tithe if she hadn't the straw to cover her; let her go into the stable among the rushes, an' have her brat av she likes.' So with that, sir, the Procthor begins to haul the blanket, and me houldin' agin him. 'Let go the blanket,' siz the Procthor. 'For God's sake,' siz I, 'let me have it for a minit or two, til I get somethin' else to cover me.' Well, sir, when Ned heerd me screechin' for marcy, he cudn't thole it any longer, so liftin' a spade-shaft that lay beside the bed, he struck the Procthor over the skull, and levelled him on the floore. Then the Recthor himself, hearin' the ruction in the room, run down, an' ye may be sure got in a mighty, wondherful passion, when he sees the Procthor bleedin'. So he ordhered the pelice to take Ned prisoner, an' aff they marched him that same minit to Donegal. Nixt mornin' Ned was brought handcuffed afore the bench i' jistice, and as the Recthor himself was the only magistrate in court, he sentenced him to Lifford jail, where he's lyin' since."

"I doubt very much, my good neighbor," observed the colonel, after Kathleen had finished her somewhat tedious story, "I doubt there's more feeling than truth in this tale."

Kathleen looked at the stranger, (for the colonel was a perfect stranger to her,) as if to learn from the expression of his countenance, whether he sympathized in her misfortunes; and seeing the incredulous smile upon his face correspond with the words he had just uttered, said, with much unaffected simplicity—

"A poor body's word's always doubted, sir; an' shure I can't blame ye for that, for our blissed Saviour himself wusn't

bleved. bekase he was poor. God help us to bear our trials as he did."

"But did the Proctor really and actually take the blanket from above you?"

"As God is my jidge," exclaimed Kathleen, clasping her hands together and raising her eyes in appeal to the bright heaven above her, "'am tellin' ye, sir, the honest truth."*

"Well—very well, my good woman, but do you not see that the law of the land entitled the Rector to his tithe. You may think the treatment you received very harsh, no doubt, but if the church be not supported by the strong arm of the law in asserting its rights and claims, why—then you perceive—then, ah—yes, things would go on very differently. As to your husband's conduct, it was very reprehensible—a grievous violation of the law."

"True enough, sir," replied Kathleen, "but maybe if *your* wife (I ax yer pardon for comparin' her to me) was in the same state, ye cudn't help it."

The colonel smiled at the idea the simple words conveyed.

"If the Procthor had went up to the kitchen as I wanted him, till I'd get my duds about me, poor Ned wudn't lift a hand to him, but he wudn't; he said the rushes was good enough for me. Well, sir, as I was sayin', after Ned was pit in jail, the Agent went through with the 'jectment he sarved on us afore; sowld all the bits i' pleneshin' we had, and driv iz out on the wide world, myself an' these helpless childher. But we oughtn't to complain, sir, God's good. Shure if we suffer now, maybe our sufferins 'ill be less when the long day comes, when there 'ill be no difference atween the rich and the poor. Only for thinkin' i' that, sir, our hearts 'id brake long ago. An shure, sir, God niver forgets

* We state the facts as given in evidence before the court.

us, maybe when we're not thinkin' av him at all; wusn't it him (glory be to his holy name!) pit the charity in our neighbors' hearts to build up this wee craw here for iz in our diffiquilty? But 'am tould, sir," she added, looking inquisitively at her companion, "'am tould the colonel himself's come; maybe he might do somethin' for me, if I axed him, av it was only in regard i' the childher."

"Have you ever seen Colonel Templeton?"

"Niver, sir; but I know he's very rich, an' wudn't miss a trifle to a poor body."

"Perhaps not, if the poor body were deserving."

"As to that, sir, I don't know; but iv poverty makes us desarvin' av charity, marcy knows we have enough av it here. If Providence disn't send us some help afore many days, we'll have to beg our bit an' our sup through the county lake the rest i' the poor creathurs that's goin'. But there's some hope afore us yet, sir; we musn't despair till the last. I wus tould, whin the colonel 'id come he'd bring me somethin' to relieve me in my distress. God grant it. Many's the prayer I prayed in the dead i' the night, when the childher 'id be sleepin' about me, for that hour to soon reach us."

"If you long to see Colonel Templeton, he is now before you."

"You, sir?" ejaculated Kathleen.

The colonel bowed, and smiled patronisingly.

"Oh, hierna!" exclaimed the poor woman, terrified at the thought of having spoken so long and so familiarly in such a presence. "I beg yer honor's pardon," she added, while her voice trembled with agitation—"I beg yer honor's pardon for bein' so bowld as to—"

"As to what?" inquired the colonel, observing her hesitation.

"As to spake to yer honor in regard i' the Agent an' the Proctor."

"But you have told nothing but the truth—have you?"

"Noa, indeed, yer honor, more nor if the book was in my han'."

"Who told you of my coming here to comfort you in your misfortunes?"

"The Bible Reader, sir."

"Which of them—Mr. Goodsoul?"

"Yes, yer honor."

"Ah! your name is Catharine Kennedy?"

"Yes, yer honor."

"All these children are yours—are they?"

"Yes, yer honor, an' two more that died when eight days ould."

"Mr. Goodsoul was right, my good woman; I *have* brought you a present—a very valuable present indeed." The colonel stepped over to the gig.

Kathleen raised her eyes to heaven, and crossed her hands upon her bosom. She could not speak; but the big tears rushed out, and trickled down her pale cheeks. They were the tears of unspeakable gratitude—a far sweeter and holier tribute than the lips of angels could offer. "Go in—go in, Bridget dear, *ahasky*," she muttered at length, as she wiped the drops from her eyes; "go in, an' bring the childher with ye—that's the colonel himself, *asthore*; and God be praised, he has somethin' with him to relieve us. Go in, an' I'll let ye see it all when he goes away."

The good man having taken a parcel of considerable size from the vehicle, carried it in his arms carefully, and stooping low, entered the hut.

Having placed his goodly person on something resembling a chair, he requested Kathleen to approach him.

With joy beaming in her careworn but still handsome face, (for Kathleen Kennedy was once the beauty of her native village,) her heart beating rapidly in anticipation of the bounty that God sent her in the hour of distress, and surrounded by her children, each holding a portion of her tattered garments, and gazing anxiously in the face of the well-dressed stranger, she stood there, gentle reader—the traces of recent tears still visible on her faded cheeks—she stood there, the living epitome of her country before the mercy-seat of England!

Kathleen's eyes were riveted on the parcel. She saw, in an instant, her children clothed with the garments it contained,—their hearts bounding happily as they contemplated their new holiday-dresses,—herself in a new gown and buskins, cheerily setting out on her long journey to visit poor Ned in Lifford jail. As the colonel slowly untied the bundle, there was a pause of painful suspense—pain not arising from doubt, but an absorbing anxiety—and, except the rustle of the paper that wrapped the parcel, no sound was to be heard, not even a breath, from the members of that ragged group.

Reader, the gentleman who occupied the chair had an income of twenty-four thousand pounds sterling per annum—the woman before him, one bushel of potatoes for herself and her little ones!

At length the valuable present was drawn forth, and placed in the woman's hand.

"There," said the colonel, looking up compassionately in Kathleen's face; "there—blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Kathleen in an instant recognised the gift, (it was a small duodecimo Bible—Goodsoul had once before presented it to her,) and as she did, the warm blood which the excitement of hope had called up for an instant to her pallid cheek, rushed

back rapidly on her heart, sickening and freezing as it went. It was a moment of bitter anguish. Full of the long-cherished hope that for days and weeks before had enabled her to battle with adversity,—now at last about to reap the reward of her patience and long-suffering,—now about to witness with her own eyes an immediate alleviation of the corporal wants of herself and her destitute children,—she was prepared to kneel before the instrument of Divine mercy, and shed tears of gratitude at his feet. But it was not to be. No. It was the price of the soul that should clothe the body.

Kathleen returned the book, but made no reply in words: it was the heart that spoke. She turned up her eyes in a mute appeal to the burning bosom of her Redeemer, from the cold charity of man.

The children still holding on by her dress, and perceiving her endeavors to repress her rising emotion, as she refused to accept the present, burst out into tears, and strove to drag her away from the stranger.

"This, my poor woman, is the Holy Bible," resumed the colonel. "It is sent you by the Almighty—refuse it not, for it is the bearer of glad tidings. It will cheer you in your solitude, and comfort you in your afflictions."

"It's av no use to me, yer honor—not the laste," she replied, whilst the words seemed half choked in the utterance. 'Whisht! *asthore*, don't cry—don't dear."

"No use—the Bible no use!"

"Shure, seen a word myself can read, yer honor."

"What, refuse the bread of life!—the—"

"'Am not refusin' it, yer honor. I know it's good; but I thought yer honor had somethin' to give me for the childer—if it was only a rag to cover their naked bodies, I'd be thankful. I was thinkin' yer honor might give myself the price av a pair i' shoes to carry me to Lifford to see

Ned afore he dies. Ochone, ochone, sir, I thought when I'd once see yer honor, I'd be soon on my journey to the father i' my helpless childher; but it seems it wusn't afore me. An' there's five spengle i' yarn I was keepin' to buy somethin' to norish him when I'd go there, if I had only a dacent rag to kerry me to the strange place—"

"But listen to me."

"An' the good, kindly neighbors—may the Almighty in heaven reward them for it!—was to keep the childher for me till I'd come back again. An' shure I was dhramin' last night atself, that I was sittin' aside Ned where he was brakin' stones in the jail, an' him askin' me about the creaturs at home, an' me tellin' him all."

"Woman," exclaimed the colonel, "will you not permit me to speak?"

"I beg yer honor's pardon."

"Well, listen to me attentively."

"I will, yer honor."

"Do you know what the Bible is?"

"Yes, yer honor; it's the Word i' God."

"True; and this holy book is put into your hands by the owner of this estate,—by your landlord,—the proprietor of the site on which this house is built, and built, too, without permission either of myself or my agent. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, yer honor."

"Well, you refuse to accept the Word of God from one, without whose permission this house would not remain standing twenty-four hours longer."

"I know that, yer honor; but shure you wudn't turn us out again on the wide world, sir! Oh, my God! my God! you wudn't do that."

"Listen, woman."

"'Am listenin', yer honor."

"This hut is an eyesore on the estate; it should not have been built in this public place—you understand me? Well, will you receive the Holy Bible?"

"Shure I can't read a blissed word, yer honor; I niver learned to read in that way at all, sir."

"In what way do you mean?"

"Why, out of a book, sir, seein' I niver got any schoolin'."

"And how else can you read, pray?"

"It's little I can read any way, yer honor—I am a poor ignorant creathur."

"Little! can you read at all, woman—eh?"

"Not a much, yer honor."

"And what is that much, may I ask you—eh, what is it?"

"Only the cross, yer honor," replied Kathleen, looking towards a miserable bed in the opposite corner, at the foot of which a brass crucifix was suspended.

"Read the cross," repeated Colonel Templeton; "why such an expression I surely never heard before."

"Yes, sir; the priest makes us larn to read it when we're young."

"When you're young?"

"Yes, sir; iz that niver got any schoolin'."

"Ah! And what do you mean by *reading* the cross?"

"Why, it's goin' over in our own minds all our blissed Lord done for us."

"All he did for you?"

"Yes, yer honor; we see it all there plain afore us," and Kathleen pointed to the image.

"On the crucifix?"

"Yes, sir: we can read a'most every thing there."

"Can you, indeed; how so, pray?"

"Why, yer honor, if we begin at the soles av his feet, an' go up to the crown av his head, we'll see all he suffered an' how well he loved us, all at onst, yer honor; far sooner nor we cud read it in a book. The weans there can read it now, all but the two young ones."

"And what benefit, my good woman, do you derive from *reading* the cross, as you term it?"

"Oh, bedad, yer honor, only for that, iz poor creathurs cudn't live it all; so we cudn't. Why, when we luck at him there, we see our blissed Saviour, stripped a'most naked lake ourselves; whin we luck at the crown i' thorns on the head, we see the Jews mockin' him, jist the same as—some people mock ourselves for our religion; whin we luck at his eyes, we see they wor niver dry, like our own; whin we luck at the wound in his side, why we think less av our own wounds an' bruises, we get 'ithin an' 'ithout, every day av our lives. An' then, yer honor, seein' we're jist like our blissed Lord, why it comforts us, it makes us someway thankful, that our lives is like his own. Oh, indeed, yer honor, only for that we wudn't do at all; maybe it's tempted to murdher, an' rob, an' steal, we'd be, ~~w~~en the hunger bites us. An' then, in regard i' tachin' the childher, it's far easier, if I hear one i' them cursin', or takin' *His* holy name in vain, to point up to the Saviour's lips, on the cross there, nor to be luckin' out for't in the Bible, even set in case I cud read."

"Unfortunate woman," said the colonel, solemnly; "you depend for salvation on dead works, and you want the faith by which alone you can deserve it."

"Maybe so, yer honor," replied Kathleen, not understanding the colonel's observation.

"I mean," repeated the colonel, 'you want faith—that is, you do not believe on Christ."

"Believe *on Christ*, yer honor?"

"Yes; you do not put your whole faith on him—you don't depend sufficiently on the merits of the great atonement. You want faith to *regenerate* you."

"Oh, *masha* indeed, yer honor, I'll warrint that's true enough; I strive to do all I can for my poor sowl, but shure when we do our best it's only jist the name iv it we do after all. Its doin' penance for our sins we'd be all our lifetime, if we only jist thought what sufferins we cost our blissed Saviour himself."

"You don't understand me, woman," interrupted the colonel.

"Don't I, yer honor?"

"No. Do you know what *spiritual regeneration* is?"

"Feen a know I do, yer honor."

"Poor woman—you are greatly to be pitied."

"True for you, sir, an' them five helpless childher at my feet, and my husband in jail dying—"

"Stop, woman, I did not allude to your corporal, but to your spiritual wants."

"No, sir."

"Well, do you understand what is meant by *justification by faith*?"

"Feen a know I do, yer honor."

"Nor what *gospel light* is?"

"Not a word, yer honor."

"And what *do* you know of religion—nothing?"

"Not a hap'orth, yer honor, barrin' my cross an' my beads."

"Woman—woman, this is downright idolatry. What benefit is that piece of brass to you?"

"Why, yer honor?"

"Why it can neither speak, hear, nor understand you."

"An' shure the Bible can't either, beggin' yer honor's pardon."

"It can teach you to save your soul."

"Bedad, I think the cross teaches me better ; it spakes to me far plainer, so it does. Maybe, as yer honor says, if one cud read the Bible it'd be best ; but sure iz poor ignorant creathurs that can't read, our cross an' our beads is all the comfort we have."

"Wretched woman!" exclaimed the colonel, shaking his head solemnly, and laying his hand upon the Bible, "if you could get some pious Christian to read this holy book for you the cross and the beads would soon be abandoned."

"Is it give them up intirely, sir?"

"Yes, forever."

"Oh, bedad," said Kathleen, smiling at the colonel's loose notions of her religious prepossessions ; "we cudn't do that at all, sir."

"You speak as a child does of its playthings—your religion is all in the fancy."

"An' what 'id we do night or mornin', when we hadn't the cross an' beads to say our *padareen partauch*—our prayers I mean, yer honor? Oh, fegs indeed yer honor, we cudn't part with them at all, at all."

Here occurred a very sudden interruption to the colloquy, that quite disturbed the good gentleman's equanimity.

Bridget, in the simplicity of her heart, suspected from the latter part of the conversation between her mother and the colonel, that the stranger came to take away the cross and beads, and in order to prevent what she believed to be an act of the most sacrilegious impiety, had stealthily removed them to a place of concealment. Whilst doing so, she communicated her suspicions to her younger brother. The child, disregarding the great man's authority, stole over quietly behind where he sat, and lifting a long pole, called in Irish parlance a *wattle*, let it fall with all its momentum, on the bare bald head of the unconscious colonel.

"Oh, heavens!" roared the good man, starting from his seat, "what's that?"

"Put him out, mammy, put him out!" cried the child; "he wants to take away the cross and beads. Oh, mammy dear, don't let him take them—don't, mammy."

Kathleen whipped the child, as a matter of course, and then turned to implore her landlord's forgiveness.

Colonel Templeton kept rubbing his head for a minute or two, muttering at the same time sundry very equivocal blessings on the violator of his sacred person, and then bending down, requested Kathleen to see if there was not a severe contusion.

"What are you doing, Kathleen Kennedy?" said a voice almost at her very ear.

Kathleen looked up. "Why, goodness be near us! Father Domnick dear, is that you?"

"Father Domnick," repeated the colonel, turning round quickly, and staring at the priest.

"I was riding by, colonel," said the priest, bowing low, and endeavoring to suppress a smile—"and happened to look in just as the blow fell."

"But a mere trifle, sir," observed the colonel.

"I stepped from the road to make you my respects, sir, and offer my assistance, if necessary. I assure you, colonel, it should be seen to—it must have been a severe blow."

"I thank you, sir; it's of no consequence."

"Kathleen," said the priest, "is there any extravasa—I mean any appearance of blood about the part, or any swelling—what?"

"Oh, bedad, yer reverence," replied Kathleen, "it's a'most as big as an egg a'ready."

"How unfortunate! I would recommend cold lotions, colonel, for the present; and when you reach home, a little burnt

brandy and Chili vinegar will be the best liniment you can apply: be careful, however, not to expose the contused part to the cold. Good-morning, colonel. 'Am happy to find the accident is, after all, but trifling. Good-morning."

As Father Domnick was turning his horse's head from the door, he stooped and whispered a word or two in Kathleen's ear.

"Very well, my honest woman," resumed Colonel Templeton, tying up the parcel; "I cannot tarry any longer. You have spurned the Gospel from your door—it's time the messenger should leave also. Remember, however, this hut must be thrown down immediately—perhaps to-morrow. It cannot remain standing here a disgrace to the whole estate."

"Oh, for marcy's sake, yer honor, don't drive me an' my childher out again on the cowl'd world."

"A wretch who rejects the word of God," retorted the colonel, "deserves no commiseration."

"Don't put me out, yer honor, till Ned's time is up in jail, an' then we'll lave it in a thousan' welkims."

"Peace, woman—you deserve no pity."

"Don't leave me in anger," entreated Kathleen, following her landlord to the road. "Maybe if I'd take the Bible, ye'd do somethin' for poor Ned?"

"If you accept the Holy Bible," replied the colonel, in a kinder tone, "and conform to the doctrine it teaches, I shall feel a pleasure, as well as consider it a duty, to relieve you from your present afflictions."

"But shure it 'ont be any harm, yer honor," innocently inquired Kathleen, "to say my prayers on the beads?"

"Beads! you must abandon all such superstitious habits, attend church regularly, and learn the higher, nobler doctrine of justification by faith. In one word, my honest woman, you must be a Protestant to obtain my patronage."

"Wudn't it do, yer honor, to go to church for two or threë Sundays, like the rest i' the converts?"

"Woman," exclaimed the colonel in an angry tone, "your language is offensive."

"I humbly ax yer honor's pardon; I didn't mane to vex you, sir."

"Well, will you conform to the Protestant faith?"

"I'll do any thing yer honor wants me, for the sake i' poor Ned an' the childher."

"Miserable, deluded being! it must not be for your husband's, nor your children's, but for your *soul's* sake."

"Yes, sir, sartintly; I'll do any thing to plase yer honor."

"Not to please *me*, woman, but your *Creator*. Human respect, nor worldly interest, can have part in your conversion."

"No, sir, I'll do whatever you tell me, yer honor."

"Here, then, is the sacred book. Have it read for your spiritual instruction as often as possible. You will find it a true friend amid all the troubles of life. Try to obtain the *indwelling of the Spirit*."

"Av coorse, yer honor—sartintly."

"When I see Mr. Goodsoul, I'll ask him to call occasionally; he will be happy to afford you all the spiritual aid he can."

"I'd rather have some ither one, yer honor."

"Some other—why so, pray?"

"Oh, I don't know, sir," replied Kathleen, blushing slightly.

"Speak out, woman—what objection can you have to Mr. Goodsoul?"

"Feen a much, yer honor; only I don't lake him some way. He was here aften afore, and be's always spakin', so he does, av me niver seein' my husban' again, an' ither *quare* things that makes me hate him."

"Hut-tut, poor woman, you don't understand him," said the colonel, smiling at Kathleen's simplicity; "he was offering you consolation in your distress, and you attributed it, perhaps, to another motive. Oh, no—Mr. Goodsoul is a very pious, God-fearing Levite."

Kathleen looked up at the colonel, but said nothing.

"And now, Catharine, I shall expect you to come to the Moor, for garments for yourself and your little children, to-morrow evening, and to appear next evening at the Methodist meeting. Mr. Sweetsoul preaches on the occasion." The colonel entered his gig.

"Thank yer honor," said Kathleen, making a humble courtesy; "and afther that, maybe yer honor 'id do somethin' for Ned."

"Oh, yes, I'll think of that," responded the landlord, cracking his whip. "Good-morning, Catharine, and don't forget your Bible."

Kathleen returned to her miserable cabin.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONTAINING SOME SECRETS THAT MAY PROVE VERY INTERESTING TO "RELIGIOUS TEA-PARTIES," DEN'S THEOLOGY LECTURERS, OLD MAIDENS, AND NURSERY-GIRLS.

COLONEL TEMPLETON had hardly passed out of view of Kathleen Kennedy's cabin, on his return to the Moor, (for owing to a nervous affection of the head, he felt somewhat indisposed to continue his ride any further that morning,) when he overtook an old man hobbling along the road, and apparently making his way to the village.

"Yer honor's humble sarvint," said the man, taking off his hat, and bowing profoundly to the colonel, as the latter reined in his horse to a slower pace.

"Going to town, eh? Put on your hat, honest man—put on your hat."

"Yes, yer honor, 'am strivin' to go that far."

"You're lame, I perceive—what's the matter?"

"Masha, indeed then, yer honor, it's the rheumatis I have these four years past; 'am a'most racked to death's doore with them. Mony a disase th' ould age brings, yer honor. But shure, af we think av what Job suffered, we'd oughtn't to complain."

"Humph! I see you read the Bible sometimes."

"Well, indeed then, sir, it's maybe little i' that same troubles me, so it is, strivin' night an' day to see to the childher the creathurs; for crippled as I am, it's but a poor livin'

they'd have 'ithout me. But av coorse, I read a chapter or so for them ivry night, an' maybe spen' an hour or so on the Sabbath."

"Ha! very well—very well, indeed; I'm delighted to hear it."

"Well, yer honor, I saw the time when it's little . cared for the Bible, thinkin' more maybe av murtherin' Orangemen an' scrimmagin' at fairs an' markets, than av savin' the sowl; but dear be thankit, them times is over, yer honor. Och, och, sir! when the ould age comes, it brings the deep thoughts alang with it."

"Very true, honest man; and what is your name, may I ask?"

"I'm one Crawmshaugh, yer honor."

"Crawpshy?"

"Yis, yer honor; my name's Neal, but the neighbors call me Nealashin a Crawmshaugh, that is, in English, wee Neal, seein' there's a big Neal a Crawmshaugh down there in Gurtnamonaugh."

"Are you a Roman Catholic?"

"Well, yer honor," replied the little man, leering up at his inquisitor, who was now regarding him with increased interest—"I can't say but I wus one onst in my days; but the priest says I'm none now—maybe he's not far asthray."

"Come into the gig, poor man," said the colonel, assuming the Samaritan in a moment, (the effects of charity are often astonishing.) "Come in; I shall carry you to town."

The old man remonstrated very much against the excess of the colonel's benevolence. It was out of all reason to take such a ragged creature as he was into such a carriage, and beside such a richly-dressed gentleman. But the good man would take no excuse.

"Come in," he repeated in a more authoritative tone. And

taking the old man by the hand, he helped him to a seat in the silk-velvet cushioned vehicle beside him.

"So the priest says you're no longer a Catholic?" resumed the colonel.

"Bedad, maybe yer honor's a Catholic yerself, if it wudn't be too bowld to ax ye? I'd lake to know, for fraid I'd say too much."

"What, do you not know Colonel Templeton?"

"You, sir!" exclaimed his companion in surprise, taking off his hat a second time.

"Yes, I am Colonel Templeton; but be not astonished, poor man, (observing the terror his companion seemed to feel,)—compose yourself—I am happy to have an opportunity of conversing with you. What reason had the priest to disclaim you?"

"Why, the instigashin av it wus, yer honor, bekase I ust to read the Bible for the wife an' the weans av a Sabbath evenin'."

"Did he tell you so?" demanded the colonel, turning an inquisitive look on his companion; "eh—did he say that was the reason?"

"As shure as my name's Crawmshaugh, yer honor; d'ye think I'd—"

"Well, well, but can you prove it? can you swear to the fact?"

"Be all the—"

"Stop, stop!" cried the colonel; "no swearing here—I don't mean that; but are you prepared to make a solemn declaration before—"

"Afore jidge an' jury," interrupted Crawmshaugh, with considerable animation.

"But how did the priest happen to know you read the Bible?"

"Faith, I tould him, yer honor."

"How—at confession?"

"Av coorse, yer honor, I had to tell that along with the rest."

"What rest do you mean?"

"Why, the rest i' my sins, yer honor."

"Gracious powers!" exclaimed the colonel, raising his eyes in supplication for pity on the ignorance of men; "and you believed it a sin to read the Holy Bible?"

"Och, och! that's but little av it, yer honor."

"I suppose so—no doubt. Well, but did the priest absolve you from that sin, as he calls it?"

"Oh, feen a bit a fear av him," responded the little man, shaking his head. "I hadn't the means to pay him."

"What a horrible traffic in immortal souls this religion must afford," said the colonel with much feeling. "Oh, how it makes the heart sicken."

"Well," he again resumed, "and what does he charge for absolution?"

"Oh, different prices, sir."

"Ah! indeed, I was quite ignorant of his 'tariff.' And how does he regulate the price?"

"Why, accordin' to the weight, yer honor."

"The weight!—does the price of absolution vary as the weight?"

"Sartintly, sir—some more an' some less. Thirty shillins is the highest, 'am toul."

"Humph! and what are these sins he charges so high for?"

"Why," answered Crawmshaugh, counting them slowly on his fingers: "there's murdher—that's one; there's house-burnin'—that's two; there's readin' the Bible—that's three—"

"What—you must be mistaken."

"Fegs, I'll warrint I am, yer honor—what way, sir?"

"Why, you place murder and reading the Bible in the same category. I mean, you said he charged as much for reading the Bible as he did for murder."

"An' shure so he diz, yer honor."

"Are you serious?"

"Serious!" repeated Crawmshaugh. "Oh, yer honor's only jokin' me; seen a hate else yer doin'. Yer honor knows more about the priests than I do myself, so ye do—yer only purtendin' jist to hear what I say, that ye may tell it all again whin ye get amang the quality lake yerself. Bad scan to the hap'orth else yer doin', yer honor." And the old man looked up inquisitively in the colonel's face.

"I assure you, my honest man," observed the colonel, seriously, "I'm very far from joking. On the contrary, I am horrified to think what you say may be true. I have heard a great many things said of the confessional; but up to this moment, I had no idea of its being so *awfully* corrupt."

"*Ochone! ochone*, yer honor! colonel, av ye only knew but the half iv it."

"And you say murder and reading the Bible are forgiven at the same price?"

"The very same, yer honor, barrin' it's the murder av a heretic."*

"Ha! is that cheaper?"

"Av coorse, yer honor. Oh, that's only a thrifle. It ust to be only half a crown a head; but now, since the hard times come, it's down to a shillin', 'am toul."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the colonel; "what a barbarous people!"

"Begorra, yer honor, it's changed times with the clargy at-self, so it is. A man now-a-days can murder a score or two av

* The priests were then charged with conniving at the murder of heretics.

heretics, an' niver feel his pocket the lighter—a sack av oats, or a two-year-ould heifer, 'ill clear the whole rackenin'. But bedad, sir, it wusn't so when I was a *breen ouge*, an' that same's a good feck i' years ago; many's the good pound the priests got from us then, when the ructions was plenty, and the money lake sklata-stones. There's Shemashin Kelly, that lived up in them ould walls yer honor sees there on the hill above—a son av ould *Stepghaun More Nanannog* they ust to call him for a byword. Well, Shemashin ust to make his bargain beforehan' with the priest for all he'd murdher in the twalmonth; and fegs, it wusn't his tenpennys or halfcrowns either he'd be afther givin', but his dacent *meldher* i' meal, an' his half a score i' lambs he'd have to drive afore him—but stop, stop, yer honor, an' let me down—let me down, sir, for any sake," entreated Crawmshaugh, suddenly interrupting himself in his tale of horrors. "I know them people comin' up, sir, and if they see me with you, they'd have me massacrated. Oh, stop, yer honor, an' let me down."

"What, are you afraid of them—who are they?"

"Oh, that's Miss O'Donnell, yer honor, that's dashing up to the stone wall, an' that's Captain O'Brien afther her. Look—her horse baulks. Let me go, yer honor; I might buy my coffin if she'd see me here."

"Be quiet, man—you *must* remain. Am I not powerful enough to protect you?"

"Look, sir—see, she heads him to the wall again. Oh, tare-an-ages, how she whips him—ha! she'll tache him the haybrew—look—now—ha! she's over, by all that's gran' she is; and there's the captain at her side. Murdher, see how she sits her horse—begorra, she's like a young queen. By the table i' war, isn't it a pity she's a papish? But there they go again across the fields, hoppin' over the ditches, an' laughin' jist as if it was on the level stran' they wur."

The speaker seemed to take an extraordinary interest in the chase. His whole manner underwent an instantaneous change: his voice becoming more firm and energetic, his limbs less feeble, and his eyes—so dull before—sparkling and animated. Indeed, so unconscious was he of the position he occupied, that when the young lady turned her horse again to the leap, he started to his feet, laid hold of the colonel's collar, and held it as firmly as if his fingers had been a vice. The colonel, unused to such familiarity, had endeavored to shake himself free of the rough ungentlemanly grip of his excited companion; but he might as well have wrestled and remonstrated with a pillar of Hercules. It was not, therefore, till after the riders had galloped out of sight, that the colonel could make himself heard.

"Crawpshy, I say, will you not let go my collar?"

"Your collar, sir!"

"Why, you stupid fool, do you not see you have got hold of my collar?"

Poor Crawmshaugh loosed his hold instantly, and seemed greatly terrified at the thought of being guilty, even unconsciously, of so sacrilegious an act. He offered a most humble apology, and assured the colonel it was out of his power to control himself when he saw a chase, being bred to it in his youth. "Indeed," he added, "it's my wakeness, yer honor, an' 'am afeerd it 'ill stick to me while th' ould bones hould thegither."

"Well, well," said the colonel, "I suppose I must be satisfied with your apology; but how is it you fear that young lady so much?"

"Why, yer honor, av she seen me ridin' in the carriage with you, she'd say I turned Protestan' out-an-out, and then it 'id be only who'd give me the first blow. Oh, begorra, it 'id be no child's play, yer honor."

"But I was under the impression all the time you *were* a Protestant. Did you not tell me so?"

"Sartintly, yer honor, an' I'll niver go back in my word; but I didn't tell you I wint to church."

"No; but *why not* go to church? Is it fear prevents you?"

"Av coorse, yer honor; what else 'id it be?"

"Suppose I both supported and protected you, would you go?"

"Oh, bedad, it's I that wud, yer honor, an' be glad i' the offer."

"Would you publicly declare, what you have already told me of confession, and its secrets?"

"Afore the world, yer honor, an' welcome."

"Before a congregation?"

"Afore a congregation."

"Will you come to the Methodist meeting on Thursday night, and make the same revelations you have just now made?"

"I will, yer honor, av ye promise to take myself an' the wife an' weans out i' this place, to where we'll have some pace an' quateness; for afther turnin' an' spakin' i' them things, my life wudn't be worth a scallion while I'd remain here. So on them conditions I will, av you agree to them."

"I agree willingly. But observe, if you deceive me, I shall have you sent further away than you might desire to go, perhaps."

"It's aisy findin' Neal Crawmshaugh, yer honor; there's not a sowl 'ithin the walls i' the parish but knows him. Well, av he didn't come when you send for him, why there's no harm done, an' nobody the wiser. Av he desaves ye, luck, an' ye'll fine a year's arrears due on the book; so jist treat him then as he desaves. Will that plase yer honor?"

"Very good; but how and when are you to come?"

"I must go to the meetin'-house in a covered carriage—I wudn't trust myself in any thing else—and stay in the carriage till the minit 'am awantin'. You know 'am not able to walk, yer honor; so jist send the sarvint an' coach to Gortnotragh in the evenin' as if yer honor's self was in it takin' an airin'. I'll be on the watch, an' step in 'ithout a creathur seein' me."

"You promise me faithfully to come?"

"As shure as 'am to meet jidgement I will, yer honor; 'am longin' as much to expose the matther as yer honor can be. So now let me down: we'll be meetin' people comin' out i' the village that might have my life afore you'd have my secrets. An' luck, yer honor, av iver ye mintion my name to brathin' mortal till the time comes, ye'll niver see my face again. Will ye promise me that, yer honor?"

"I promise you."

"Well, good-mornin', yer honor, till we meet again. 'Am ablidged to yer honor for demanin' yerself so much as to put me aside ye."

"Stop for a moment," (the colonel took his tablets;) "I must not mistake the name. Neala—I don't remember—"

"Neal—a—shin, yer honor."

"Well—"

"Crawm—shaugh, yer honor. There's another Neal, I tould you, in Gortnamonagh, but you'll write Gortnotragh."

"Gort—what?"

"Gort—no—tragh, yer honor."

"Very well, Crawpshy, that will do. Good-morning."

"Good-mornin' to yer honor, an' I wish ye safe home."

The old man's *rheumatis* departed with the colonel. He flung his *batta-more* over the ditch, raised his shoulders, turned the *right* side of his coat out, adjusted his cravat, stepped out as sprightly as a Parisian dancing-master, and in

a few minutes reached the village, where Shandy M'Guire had always a hearty welcome.

The good colonel arrived safely at the Moor, eat a sumptuous dinner, sipped half a bottle of port, and drank a tumbler of claret, then lay down to take a short *siesta*, endeavored to estimate, in a general way, the benefits which the Church of England was likely to derive from his labors of the day; then fell into a sound sleep, and dreamt of Kathleen Kennedy, Father Domnick, Chili vinegar, and burnt brandy.

CHAPTER XVII.

ELLEN O'DONNELL AND SHANDY M'GUIRE APPEAR AS TWO VERY DIFFERENT CHARACTERS IN THE DRAMA OF IRISH LIFE.

THE clock in the corner of Father Domnick's little entrance-hall had struck eleven. The housekeeper and her assistant had long before retired to rest. The night was calm and clear. The young moon, like a virgin bride, had thrown off her veil, and came forth with her hosts of brilliant attendants, dancing and sparkling around her. How beautiful is the clear, calm, starry night ! How lovely is the pale silvery moon—so placid yet so bright, so brilliant and yet so passionless ! We sometimes fancy, as we gaze upon it, that the eye of God may be like that serene, pure, stainless orb, looking down on his regenerated earth to see if all things be well regulated there ; and those falling stars, like angels whom he sends down laden with blessings and glad tidings for his children.

Darby Gallagher, Father Domnick's old clerk, was alone in the kitchen, kneeling before a crucifix. His beads were suspended from his left hand, whilst his right rested on the head of his staff. The lamp was extinguished, and the embers in the fireplace nearly burnt out, so that it was only by the moonbeams struggling with difficulty through the thick curtains of the window, the form of the old man could be distinguished from the surrounding darkness. He was praying

in silence, for no voice, not even a whisper, could be heard—he was praying from the heart, like Anna the mother of Samuel, but his lips moved not.

It is now many a long year since I first saw Darby Gallagher, the priest's clerk. Many a pleasant hour have I sat at my uncle's kitchen fire, listening to his stories of the old times. I can yet remember well the venerable and respectable face of the old man, as it made its appearance almost every Sunday evening about sunset at the humble residence of my uncle, Jemmy C——, of Killymard. Darby was even then advanced in years, yet still hale and healthy. His open, simple, good-natured countenance forever wore the expression of peace and contentment with himself and all mankind. He came and went, just as he pleased, without question or apology. When he entered, it was "God's blissin' on ye all here, young an' ould i' yees;" and when he left on the Monday following, he would first pause for an instant on the threshold, (his ivory-headed cane under his arm,) while he drew on his woollen mittens, and then stepping out, would invariably leave the good word behind him, "God be with ye, Peggy, and the rest i' yees, till I see ye again. Make the childher be larnin' the Christian doctrine till I come back, for they're big enough now to go to the priest, an' av they larn hard I'll pass them the next time he comes round on the station; ay, don't forget *that* Peggy." On these occasions I always accompanied Darby down the green lane to the high road, and never failed to obtain a blessing for myself specially, and a promise that he would surely call again on Sunday. How delighted I used to feel when the old man would return the night before the station to "put out the catechism!" I thought then the highest blessing I could obtain on earth was a ticket for my first confession; and long did I labor to earn it. Many a long night did I spend at my uncle's turf fire, with a rushlight burning

dimly before me in the wooden candlestick, peering into Reilly's abridgment of Catholic doctrine, and slimming over the hard words as they occasionally turned up with a most magnanimous disregard for all rules of orthoëpy. When I received my admission-ticket from old Darby, I remember well how carefully I concealed it in my bosom, and refused to let my playmates see it, even in my own hand, lest some evil should befall the precious gift; and when I returned from the tribunal of confession, how I ran to my aunt, and told her what Father Domnick directed me to do.

"Hush," she would say, "hush ashore, you must niver tell what the priest said to ye in confession."

"Well, but aunty, dear, ye know the fippenny I foun' last week?"

"Well, dear?"

"Shure he told me to give it to the poor; so you must get it for me to give to poor Shelah, the creathur; she'll be here at mass, an' I'll give it to her to buy the tabakky."

I often wonder how these old "memories" still live on, bright and cheering amid all the changes that are daily passing over the theatre of life. How pleasant are the thoughts called up by reminiscences like these! Like evening stars, pale, chaste, and cheerful, they beam out again over the eventide of life, and light up the darkness of years with a ray of hope, imparting to the melancholy picture of human sorrows a brightening and gladdening influence. How beautiful is the springtime of religion in the soul, when it begins to live and move within, softening down the little asperities of nature, and bringing out into life and sunshine the sympathies and tender sensibilities of the heart! Reader, have you ever remarked the change that takes place in the human countenance, when the soul engaged in prayer becomes for the first time conscious of the presence of its Creator, and of the relations that reason

teaches it must exist between its Creator and itself? There is such a moment. Remember how you observed the words of prayer, issuing from the lips of the youthful worshipper, to be emphasized and solemn, that before were monotonous and insipid; the eye become serious, steady, and supplicant, that before was light, restless, and unmeaning; how in a word the whole countenance glowed with life and emotion, that before was cold, reckless, and indifferent; and tell me, with such a picture of the power of innate faith before us—the picture of a soul offering itself to God bright and beautiful in its virginity—is it not strange that the infidelity of this age can find so many advocates? But I must not wander. No; I was speaking of old Darby—the very thought of him makes me feel better,—something like what I used to be. When I look back through the long vista of years, and behold far away the old man with his long white hair falling in thin locks over his shoulders, his venerable face radiant from interior peace and happiness, his left hand leaning on his ivory-headed staff, whilst his right is pressing the head of each boy and girl successively, as they stand round him in a circle to be questioned on the little catechism, I think I feel changed from what I usually am. These first impressions, like the bright happy faces that gladdened our young days, come back again, after a long absence, to renew once more the springtime of religion in the soul. But I must not digress. No; digressions are seldom read. I was only thinking over the old times, long ago, when we were wont to assemble round the little altar,—round the altar in the mountains, Irish reader, raised on the damp earthen floor, and under the dripping thatched roof of our fathers' cabins,—of the time when kneeling before it we forgot all but the victim that was offered thereon, when our hearts full to bursting sought comfort and hope only in the excess of *His* love, when the tears of repentance shed on that

humble floor unseen by any eye but that of the all-seeing God, fell silently as on the feet of your Redeemer, like drops of balm on the wounds of the crucified. Oh! give me back, give me back these young days again; give me back the thatched cabin and the damp floor; give me back the old priest with his patched vestments, and his old worn-out plated chalice; give me back the religion of the mountains, far dearer to me still than all the grandeur and magnificence of the cathedral, where worshippers kneel before the jewelled altar, without hearts or tears to offer the victim. Reader, have you ever blushed with shame when you were reminded of those bygone days? did you ever silence your old acquaintance, when, with his wonted familiarity, he ventured to speak of the humble priest, in his homely language instructing his little congregation under the humble roof where you were born and baptized in *the faith*? If you did, then pass over this chapter, for it has no interest for you.

Father Domnick was sitting in an armchair at a table placed in the centre of his study. This apartment was about fifteen feet square, and served both for study and dining-room. The wall behind where he sat was shelved from corner to corner, and the shelves filled with books from the floor to the ceiling. The ponderous appearance of the volumes on the lower shelves, and the parchment bindings of those on the upper, at once told their character, and the countries whence they came. Against the opposite wall, between the windows, and supported by a wooden pedestal, was a bust of Leo X. by Michael Angelo, and above the mantel an Infant Jesus by Rubens, said to have been painted by that eminent artist when at Madrid on the mission intrusted to him by the Infanta Isabella. The rest of the furniture of the room was of the commonest kind, the few chairs and tables it contained being made chiefly of pine or ash, and the floor without carpet, if

we except a coarse rug of four or five feet square, that lay spread under the table at which the priest was sitting. On the table lay open a folio volume of Pichler, and beside it a Roman Breviary covered with black cloth to preserve the binding. His arms were resting on the table, supporting his body in his usual reading posture. The candle had now burned down, and was flickering in the socket; the old man's spectacles had fallen off, and lay on the open book before him. Father Domnick was asleep.

When Darby had concluded his night-prayer, he arose, and taking a lamp in his hand, lighted it, and silently proceeded to the private door opening from the dwelling-house into the old church. It was his habit, for nearly half a century, to examine the interior of the building, with its windows and doors, every night before he retired to rest. As he stepped over the threshold, and looked up towards the altar, he was surprised to see a light in that direction. He paused for an instant to shade the lamp with the skirt of his coat, that he might see more distinctly what it was. On the altar, and immediately before the door of the tabernacle, a light was burning, and prostrate on the platform, a female wrapped in a night-cloak. Darby drew back in astonishment; he never remembered to have seen a stranger, *at such an hour*, within the sanctuary, and before the blessed sacrament. Retracing his steps, he hastened, with as little noise as possible, to Father Domnick's room, and waking him from his slumbers, acquainted him with what he had seen. The priest arose, and followed his old clerk to the door of the chapel.

"Hush," whispered the priest, pressing Darby's arm; "let us not disturb her."

"But who can she be," said Darby, "that comes to visit the blessed sacrament at this late hour?"

"Be silent," said the priest.

"Look, sir—isn't that some other body standin' ahint the pillar?—see—there, don't you see the shadow on the floor beyont it?"

The speakers were concealed by a curtain drawn around the vestibule of the private entrance.

"Hush," said the priest again; "she's rising."

The female slowly raised herself to an erect attitude, her hands still joined in humble supplication. The cloak, which till that moment wrapped the whole person, now fell off, and rolled back unheeded on the steps of the sanctuary; the little silver lamp on the altar shed its rays full on her face, and revealed to the astonished beholders the beautiful features of Ellen O'Donnell.

Her eyes fixed steadily on the door of the tabernacle, within which the body of her Redeemer lay, were beaming with intense love—a love so profound, mysterious, and absorbing, that Titian would have taken her at the moment for a model of Mary Magdalen at the sepulchre of the Saviour. Her cheeks, usually so pale, were now suffused with a blush, which, heightened by the rays from the little silver lamp, gave a glow of seraphic radiance to her countenance: it was the blush, not of conscious guilt before infinite sanctity, but of maiden modesty before the footstool of her Sovereign. And, gentle reader, you will ask, "Is this the girl whom you saw but a short time ago bounding wildly as an Arab maid over the rugged wall and the dangerous precipice? Is this the proud beauty who, with the dignity of a Roman matron, contemptuously spurned the sympathy the Saxon Cantwell affected to feel for her religion and her country?" Yes, reader—the same. Meek, humble, suppliant as a child before the altar, she was yet too honest to parade a mawkish sanctimony before the eyes of men. She worshipped God, not with the funereal dress, the stealthy step, the demure face, the puritanic

phraseology, or the *saintly* bearing of the hypocrite ; but with her whole heart, in sincerity and truth. She felt too great a reverence—made too lordly an estimate of the sublime religion she professed—to stoop to the tricks and jugglery of the sects to advance its interests ; or (as we have already seen) when the rights and claims of her unhappy country came up for discussion, she did not think it more consonant with true piety and humble trustfulness in Providence, to whimper, and whine, and wait for the moment of mercy at the tyrant's feet, than boldly to advance to the throne, and demand a settlement of the account. In a word, reader, as a Catholic, she was gay, cheerful, and happy ; as an Irishwoman, impulsive and enthusiastic ; as both together, inheriting as she did the oldest faith in Christendom, and the oldest royal blood in the universe, she was what you see her—a proud worshipper at a humble altar. Oh, that the present hour would give us *men* filled with hearts and souls like hers,—that we might see the young men of this land rise from the feet of the Saviour inflamed with zeal and devotion to their old faith and their old country, to do battle, not with the fire or the sword, but with the manly daring of proud indignant hearts united in the bonds of Spartan brotherhood ! Oh, that we might see the young men of Ireland give a new voice and tone and energy to the sinking spirit of the land,—that they were bold enough to think, and speak, and *act* like free-born men,—that we could see them collar the “gluttonous despot,” and hold her down by the neck till she snuffed and sickened over the blood she spilt on their soil, and that now steams up in the face of heaven like the incense of ten thousand hecatombs ! But no, and alas ! patience, patience, is still the cry—patience is still the only sound that issues from the tribune and the pulpit. The selfish demagogue and the pious ecclesiastic have so long wailed their “patience chant” over desolate shrines and

beggared worshippers, that even now, when the worshippers are rotting, and the shrines are plague-pits, they cannot stop the tune, but cry on, till men are forced to put their fingers in their ears to keep out the sickening drone. And these are the patriots, the benefactors, the saviours of the nation! They are the evangelizers of heaven-born peace. They come with the voices of angels to soothe down the indignant heart,—to teach men to die of famine for the love of God and the interests of their country,—to hush them into silence and resignation to their fate, when they appeal to them in the name of a merciful God, for succor and counsel in their hour of distress. They teach them to die with the gracefulness of a Christian,—“to place themselves before the mirror, and make the stream of agony to flow decorously down their foreheads,—to writhe with grace and groan with melody.” And this is patriotism! Out upon it! No honest man should speak it; it sounds like *traitor* to the heart, when the tongue gives it utterance. In after years, when history “damns a man to everlasting fame,” it shall not call him sycophant, hypocrite, slave, and traitor; but summing up all in one word, shall write him down *Patriot*!

“Listen,” said the priest; “she’s praying—listen.”

“And now, oh my God,” said Ellen, after a long silence, and in a low whispering voice, yet plain and distinct in the solemn stillness of the calm night, in the lonely, desolate old church—“now,” she said, crossing her hands upon her breast, “I have opened before you the inmost recesses of my heart. I have stolen out in this dead hour of night, that no eye might see me but thine, to unbosom before you all my thoughts, sentiments, and affections. I have even presumed to come within the sanctuary, that I might be nearer to catch the breath of thy love and the odor of thy sanctity. *He* has asked me to give him this hand and heart—ay, even by thy

love has he invoked me. And I love him, oh my God! I love him with an affection only inferior to my love of thee. He has promised to embrace our holy religion, and guard the interests of this wretched land. He is noble and generous, like the ancient race from which he descends; and requires but thy light and grace to bring him back to thy banner, to battle for the ancient faith, and the rights of thy suffering but still faithful people. Lord, thou knowest best his heart; speak then to mine, and tell me, will he perform his promise? Tell me, Lord, is he prepared to sacrifice his life for my religion and my country? If not, I shall never see him more—never—should these heart-strings break in the parting. Rather would I feel this heart within me wither day by day, in the darkest dungeon of this old ruin beside me, through the longest span of human life, than bestow it on the enemy of my creed or my race. Be thou in this, as in all else, my director and my guide; leave me not to be governed by the impulse of a weak and wayward spirit. Thou knowest I am but an orphan here—a stranger on my own native soil—the last green twig in the garden; all the rest are cut down and withered. If it be thy will it should flourish, oh! let it bring forth the flowers and fruit that so long graced the parent stock; or let it fall barren and sapless, like the broken reed. Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth; speak to my heart, and tell me, will he fulfil his promise?"

"In the face of death," said a voice, deep, mellow, and distinct, from a remote corner of the church, and the next instant Captain O'Brien appeared walking up with a firm and steady step towards the altar, his arms crossed on his breast, and his sword clanking on the stone pavement as he went.

Ellen uttered a scream of surprise not unmingled with fear; but turning to look in the direction whence the voice proceeded, she recognised O'Brien.

"Captain O'Brien," she said, rising and stepping without the railing of the sanctuary, "I did not expect this from you, it is ungenerous, and—"

"Peace, Ellen," said another voice, issuing from the little vestibule.

"Ellen," she repeated; "who with such familiarity calls me Ellen?"

"One who claims a right to do so," and Father Domnick, accompanied by his old clerk, approached the altar.

At that moment the front door of the church was burst open, and an officer of police, with a party of eight or ten men, rushed in. Father Domnick took Ellen by the hand and led her hastily to the private door; hardly had she passed in and secured it by the bolt as he directed her, when the officer was at his side, and demanded admission in the king's name.

"None shall I give you," replied the priest; "this is God's house, and I recognise here no authority but His."

"The house of the devil," said the man; "open, or I shall order my men to break it."

"Back, back, cowardly villain!" cried O'Brien, collaring the officer, who had then raised his sword to drive the priest from the entrance, and flinging him with terrible force against a pillar behind him; "back, coward, and insult not an old man."

O'Brien then turned his back to the little door, leaning upon his naked sword, and apparently as much at ease as if he had been giving orders to his own troop on parade. The police stood round in a circle, with bayonets on their carabines, ready to execute the orders of their superior, and keeping their eyes steadily fixed on the two prisoners.

When the officer recovered from the effects of the stunning fall against the pillar, he ordered his men to handcuff the priest and O'Brien, at all hazards, and then force the door to find the lady.

"For God's sake!" cried the priest, "spill no blood here to consecrate the temple; we have violated no law."

"It's false," interrupted the officer; "you have married that mongrel Protestant beside you, to the Papist girl who escaped."

"I take God to witness," said the old man, "I am guiltless of the charge."

"Hear me," said O'Brien; "I love not the spilling of blood under any pretence, not even that of an honorable man and in honorable fight, much less surely that of a spy, an assassin, and a coward, and least of all in the temple of the God of peace and charity. Nevertheless, I shall not leave this entrance unguarded, while I have strength to stand and use this blade. The lady within I shall protect with my life. We have violated no law: even if we did, you know the parties, and can easily find them on the morrow."

While O'Brien spoke, a thundering knock was heard at the front door of the priest's house, and the officer dispatched one of his men to inquire the cause. The messenger did not return.

In the mean time the police officer directed the rest of his men to close with O'Brien, and they accordingly presented their bayonets to his breast, and would probably have ended in taking his life, but the bolt was suddenly drawn back, and the door flew open. Then an arm was stretched out from the doorway, and Father Domnick was pulled into the dark entrance.

"Fall back, captain," said a well-known voice within.

"Shandy M'—," ejaculated the priest.

"Hush, Father Domnick, not a word more; get in here and speak to the young lady."

Captain O'Brien retreated till he reached the door of the priest's study, when it opened again, and he found himself locked in, and in the presence of Ellen and the priest.

"Lights, lights, men!" vociferated the officer; "strike a light, some of you; we can see nothing here."

"Hilloa," cried another of the party, "bring in that lamp on the altar; one of you at the door there behind—d'ye hear?"

Some one turned to execute the order, but the door was locked and bolted. "Break it open, instantly," shouted the officer; "don't leave a board of it unbroken." "Aisy, aisy avourneen," said a voice in reply; "don't be in sich a passion for a thrifle." Ere the officer could turn round, the speaker had gagged him and pinioned his arms behind his back, "there, now, avourneen," he continued, whispering the words in his ear, "don't be spoilin' yer purty voice spakin' so loud; this handkerchief 'll keep the could air from giving ye a hoarseness in the throat; too much i' that same spakin's good for naither sowl nor body."

Whilst the officer was being quieted in the manner described, the men who had turned to break the door found the bayonets were removed from their carabines, and placed so disagreeably close to their breasts, that a forward motion of their bodies would bring them nearer death's door than the church's. So they turned round in the opposite direction, acquainting their officer of the state of the case, but were much surprised to find how calmly and silently he received the intelligence. We must look after Shandy.

The reader will remember that our hero, after parting with Colonel Templeton, made his way to the village, where he resolved to spend the night. His object was to consult his friends and acquaintances as to the best and speediest means of liberating Frank Devlin. There was little time to be lost, for on that very morning he ascertained from a sure source, that Coulson, the bailiff, had discovered the whereabouts of Dowser, and probably ere another day had passed, would rescue him, and perhaps capture the party who had him

in keeping; then Devlin would certainly be committed to Lifford jail, and be kept there till the following September assizes; for, as the reader is already aware, it was only through the dread of the murder of Dowser, by the friends of young Devlin, that he had not been sent to Lifford immediately after his arrest.

Shandy, with some half score of his trusty brethren, were seated round a fire, smoking their pipes, and devising their plans; some advising an assault on the prison, others more cautious recommending easier and surer schemes to overreach the keeper, who happened for the time to be the sergeant of police. Shandy spoke little and thought less of what his companions were submitting for consideration to his superior *genius* and experience. Indeed he never dreamt of taking any advice but his own, and when he called his council around him, it was not to hear their opinions, but to make some necessary inquiries about the strength and accessibility of the prison, the character and disposition of the keeper and his men, and then deliver his ukase without ever imagining the possibility of dissent. But on this occasion, and after all his inquiries, Shandy found his talent for intrigue put to a very severe trial; so much so, that he was about to make the most humiliating avowal of his life, namely, that the matter was too difficult for even him to accomplish, when Darby Gallagher, the priest's clerk, was heard at the door shouting for admittance.

"Run, run, Neddy Harly," cried the old man, almost breathless from haste, and the weight of years, as the door opened; "run to the sogers' barrack, an' tell them the captain, an' the priest, an' Miss O'Donnell, an' every one of us 'ill be kilt by the pelice av they don't hurry down; run for yer life or they'll be murdered."

"Aisy, Darby, an' don't be in sich a pucker," said Shandy

starting to his feet and taking the clerk by the arm ; " let us hear all about it man, an' then we'll be a better jidge of what's to be done. Stop, Neddy, till we hear the story."

Darby, with many expressions of anger and impatience at the strange indifference Shandy M'Guire manifested to the danger in which Father Domnick was placed, nevertheless gave a very correct, though brief statement of the case.

" Very well, Darby, I see now how the matter stands," replied Shandy ; " ye needn't mind the sodgers, Neddy," he added, " we'll sarve this turn ourselves. Come, boys, to the chapel with ye," and our hero, putting his pipe in his waistcoat pocket, hurried on before them and arrived at the place just as Captain O'Brien had taken his position before the private door, to bar the pursuit of Ellen O'Donnell.

When the sergeant ran out to ascertain the cause of the knocking at Father Domnick's hall-door, Shandy was still thundering away at a furious rate, his companions standing about him and impatient for admittance.

" Hilloa," vociferated the sergeant, " here's a mob at the door ;" and turning back, he attempted to regain the church, in order to obtain a reinforcement from within, but Shandy's quick eye caught the tinsel stripes on his arm, just then glittering in the clear moonlight, and rapid as thought a new plan was arranged in his mind.

" Ketch him, boys—ketch him," he cried ; " hould him fast for yer lives." In another minute the sergeant was a prisoner.

" Here, now, two av ye," he continued, in an under-tone—" pit a *spenchel** on his tongue, an' anither on his arms, jist to keep them from waggin' about in that oncivil fashion. We must tache him the *haybrew*."

The sergeant struggled hard, but the orders, notwithstanding.

* A fetter to prevent cows or horses from leaping fences.

ing, were executed in an incredibly short time. A handkerchief was then tied over his eyes.

When the prisoner was secured, Shandy looked round the group that encircled the prostrate sergeant (and by which not a syllable was uttered during the struggle) as if in search of a choice spirit among them, to aid him in the accomplishment of his design.

"Come here, Pether Hanagan," said he, at length, addressing a stalwart young fellow, who was pinning up his shirt-collar, after having stripped it of the cravat to blindfold the prisoner. "Come here," said he, speaking in an under-tone; "yer a stranger, and yer face is not so well known as *this one i' mine*—jist try now af the sergeant has iver a key to spare in his pockets."

Hanagan took a large key from the breast-pocket of the sergeant's well-buttoned jacket, and handed it to Shandy.

Shandy examined the key for an instant, turning it up and down, that he might catch the reflection of the moon upon it.

"That's it," he said at length; "I know it av ould—it's not the-day nor yisterday we becqme acquent. Here Pether, there's not a sowl in the barracks, or this piece av iron wudn't be had so aisy; take it, an' run as fast as av yer neck was on the race. Opën the front doore i' the prison, turn into the sergeant's room on the left, an' ye'll get the key av Frank's cell on the nail ahint the doore; then folli on the hall through an' through, ti' ye come to the end av it. Rap there, an' if Frank's livin', he'll hear an' answer ye. Open, and tell him, av he's not afeerd i' takin' the rheumatis this cowl'd night, that we'd lake to him a thrifle. Run, now, for yer life."

"An' will I let out Hudy M'Gettigan too?" demanded Hanagan.

"Away, man," reiterated Shandy, pushing the messenger

before him, "and do only what yer bid. Hudy's safe enough—never mind him—away, and make haste back again." He then turned to give further directions to his companions.

The time occupied in securing the sergeant could not have exceeded two minutes, though it requires double the number to relate the circumstance; for Darby had merely time to raise the kitchen window, creep in, and open the door from the inside, when Shandy, having dismissed Hanagan, and placed a sentinel over the sergeant, entered the priest's house, and began to act his part as we have already described. His design was to detain the police, at every risk to himself and his party, until the messenger returned with Devlin; and his quick perception at once showed him how easy that was to manage, if he could but draw them into the dark passage. The retreat of Captain O'Brien, as we have seen, answered that purpose admirably.

The imprisonment of the police had lasted scarcely ten minutes, (during which there was little to be heard but curses and imprecations of all possible shades of intensity, on papists and Ribbonmen, priests and priestcraft, with a few screams intermingled from time to time, as the bayonets *scraped* too intimate an acquaintance with the sides of their owners,) when a knock loud and rapid was heard on the outside, accompanied by a cheer. Then the doors flew open, and the rescuing party, who had taken care to occupy the two extremities of the hall, rushed out simultaneously in both directions, the bayonets still gleaming in their hands. When they reached the open street, they sent back a cheer so loud, long, and triumphant, that the old church rang out again its thanks and congratulations, and the watch-dogs of the village, roused from their lairs by the sudden and unusual noise, joined in with a continuous howl, as the party ran on, and the flagged pavement rattled under their feet.

This chapter is already too long ; we shall therefore detain the reader only to inform him that, whilst the police party in the dark passage were heaping sundry heavy curses on the priest, the captain, and the lady in the little parlor, the latter personages were pleasantly engaged in accounting to each other for the strange coincidence of their meeting at the same time in the old church ; and, if the truth must be told, in making arrangements for soon meeting there again ; and furthermore, to assure the reader that the police-officer, after being released from his chains and captivity, had cooled down wonderfully from the high Orange-heat he had manifested but half an hour before, and finally came to the wise, sober conclusion, that all things considered, it were better to let things remain as they were, and when the morrow came, to report the case fully and leisurely to the magistrate. He accordingly proceeded home, after liberating the sergeant, and like a prudent man retired to rest, fully persuaded that his design was frustrated not by the ingenuity of man, but by the mysterious agency of pries craft and popery

CHAPTER XVIII.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

As soon as the police had quitted Father Domnick's, O'Brien conducted Ellen to a little postern-gate opening into General Johnston's garden, through which she had found her way that night to the old church. Having taken his leave, he returned to consult his old friend on certain points which interested him very much.

Whatever may have been the subject of conversation, it certainly caused a strong evidence of excitement to appear in the countenance of the priest; for instead of the quiet smile that usually overspread his face when conversing with his friends, there was now a stern expression to be seen, darkening more and more every instant, like the breezes' rising breath rippling the surface of the still water. His head was supported by the left arm leaning on the table, whilst the forefinger of the right hand kept twirling his silver snuffbox round and round, quicker and quicker, as O'Brien's speech and bearing grew more animated, till the old man at length broke forth in a tone so deep, so severe, and yet so plaintive, that O'Brien was sensibly affected.

"Slavery—slavery! thou art hard to bear," he said, speaking rather to himself than his companion; "hard to him at least whose blood has been transmitted him through the veins of a hundred kings. Yet I could bear it—ay, indeed, I could bear it without a murmur, in the dungeon or the exile,

if it were but granted me, before my dying hour, to hear that this old land was free. But alas! it shall not be so; for my time is but short—far too short for the accomplishment of such a glorious event. You, Feargus,”—and the speaker raised his eyes till they encountered those of his companion fixed upon him, and beaming with the intensity of passionate thought,—“you may live to see it—perhaps to take a lead in the great work. You are now intoxicated with the glory of your profession. Impelled and hurried on by the enthusiasm of your race, you fly to the battle-field without reflecting in whose cause or for whose aggrandizement you fight; but a day will come yet, when your eyes shall see and your heart shall feel the tyranny, and the shame, and the indignities which this land has been made to endure.”

“It *has* come,” cried the young soldier, rising suddenly from the chair and pacing the apartment, with his arms folded on his breast, his long hair falling in rich, dark locks over his high, broad temples, and his princely countenance speaking forth the passion that agitated his soul. “It has come, sir; never more shall I wear the livery of England. True, sir, you have said it, the glory of her achievements abroad has hitherto blinded me to her relentless tyranny at home. Taught, as I have been from my childhood, to despise my native land because it was Catholic, and to ambition the high military honors of my ancestors, some of whom derived their greatest honors from the severities they practised upon men of your very order, no wonder that in the bustle of the camp and the court, I should be regardless of the miseries of this unhappy country. But now and at last I am roused from the deceitful dream. Now I am alive to the stern reality. I, whose noble lineage was respected abroad, am at home reduced below the rank of the minions of Cromwell or William. Ay, standing on my own soil, where my foot should tread

firmer, and my arm feel stronger, and my blood mount higher from the very thought that it was my own—ay, here, sir, I am made to regard myself as an obscure stranger, breathing the free air of my own native mountains less by right than by sufferance. God of heaven!" he continued, quickening his pace, and speaking with increased animation, "you never gave me this proud blood, that boils within me, to stagnate at the feet of a foreign despot. You never willed that I should bow down and kiss the hand that now scourges the children of this land, who call me 'brother.' Shall alien upstarts smile contemptuously at my Irish birth, and that, too, here—here, at my very door, almost on the spot where I was born? Shall the little lordlings of an hour,—the purchased tools of a suicidal minister, whom he used as he would pawns in a chess-game,—the vendors of our country's rights,—shall they be permitted to treat us here like whipped spaniels, on the very land that bore us, and yet no remonstrance from our lips? Oh, that we could unite once more,—that Catholic and Protestant would join hands like brothers, in truth and honest fealty,—that, forgetting all sectarian animosity, we could walk up to the throne, and there, unawed by fear and untrammelled by favors, confront the despot, and boldly demand the restitution of our long-lost rights!"

The priest raised his head, and gazed in astonishment at the speaker.

"You think it strange, Father," he continued, replying to the question conveyed so clearly in the old man's look. "You think it strange I should speak thus; but you mistake me. It is not from the impulse of the moment I speak. No, no—for some time these have been my thoughts; it is now for the first time I have given them utterance. I have long struggled to keep back the indignant thoughts that burned to find freedom in speech, and which every new injury and insult accu-

mulated. I have long tried to keep my natural feelings in abeyance, and with difficulty I succeeded; but the outrage of last night has put an end to the struggle. I dream no more of the advent of better times. I leave it no longer to Providence to work miracles in softening the hearts of our rulers. No—God wills that our own free speech and our own native independent spirit shall win our freedom. Surrounded as I have been from my boyhood, by friends and relatives as dear to me as life, I felt it hard to break from them, and all the old associations with which memory had bound them up. It was hard to bring myself to regard them as foes to my political creed, and enemies to my country's weal. It was hard to do it—but it's *done*. 'Country before friends and God before all,' is an old and a true saying, and shall henceforth be my motto. My spirit long fretted and chafed under the daily provocations which I, in common with my countrymen, have borne; but that endurance has ended: tyranny, and outrage, and insult, heaped upon one another, have at length crushed it out of my heart, and now a nobler, sterner feeling has come to occupy its place. Ay, even the black slaves of the south will not always suffer with patience the whip and the triangle; there is a measure of severity which even they cannot bear, but will turn with a fearful vengeance on the slave-master. Slaves of a proscribed and beggared race, we have still some remnant of our former fires; the lights are extinguished, but the embers still remain—yes, enough, old man, to rekindle in the hearts of millions an unquenchable flame."

The priest started.

"Feargus," he ejaculated, "this is treason! What, imbrue your hands—"

"No, no," interrupted his companion quickly; "you mistake again. There are other means to win our freedom besides the fire and the sword."

"And these are—"

"Native pride and native eloquence—they can win it. Pride to fling back in the face of the government the bribes they offer us under the names of places and pensions; and eloquence, such as this land may well boast of, to expose and denounce to the world the profligacy, the deception, and the reckless injustice of our rulers. Give me but these—give me but pride enough to make us scorn a servile dependence on England, and eloquence to arouse and concentrate the intelligence, the talent, and, above all, the honest, young, unbroke, and unpurchaseable spirits of the land, and England would not dare, sir, to refuse our rights and liberties."

"*Dare!*" said the priest—"has she not dared every thing? What! look round from the shore to the centre of this island, and tell me is there a single village that does not speak its little story of her *daring*? Dare, young man! has she not dared to rob us of all that was worth living for? Has she not razed our churches, burned our convents and monasteries, banished or murdered the priests of God upon the altar,—not in a moment of phrensy, or in the tumult of war, but with the cool, steady purpose of the midnight assassin? Ha, Feargus, you cannot yet comprehend the measure of England's hate to this country. A mind young and generous like yours cannot conceive how, for so many centuries, she has never ceased for one moment to persecute us, till at length she reduced us to beggary and starvation, and then threw herself upon us—or, rather, her religion, her laws, and her military—like a deadly incubus, to crush out or smother the last spark of national spirit that remained. But why—why did she not destroy all? why did she leave us these sad mementoes?" continued the priest, in a voice low and full of feeling, and pointing to the venerable relic—the old castle of the O'Donnell's—that stood, skeleton-like, within a few paces of the window

where he sat. "Had she destroyed every vestige of our glory and our greatness, by razing to the very foundations our old castles and our venerable, time-honored monasteries, so that not a stone should be left upon another, we might in time be made to forget what we once were. But, alas! the old walls bring back again old memories, and as the eye rests on the ivied ruin, the heart yearns for the days that are gone. Oh, there is a melancholy pleasure in living near that old ruin—it does me good to look upon it—and yet at times I almost wish it was not there; for, do you know, Feargus, the children in the streets sometimes mock my gray hairs, and grown men insult me as I pass them by, because I try to watch over the little fold which the Lord has intrusted to my keeping; and then as I think of old times, when the people of all this land were God's own children, and the princes and chiefs were the protectors of religion and of its servants, my eye unconsciously seeks the old castle, and then I feel the pride—the old family pride rising within me as it used to do when I was young, and in a manner not at all becoming the spirit of my sacred calling. Yes, indeed, I often wish I was not descended from the race of the *Baldearags*, for they were a proud race. Had I been of meaner origin, I'm sure I would have been a better priest: or had I remained in Spain, where I fled to hide myself in the monastery of my order, far from the sight of the persecutions and miseries of this unfortunate country, I might perhaps have been comparatively happy; but I could not rest there—I longed to see the old place again, to wander about amid the scenes of my boyhood, and, if God willed it, to dispense the mysteries of our holy religion among the poor people whose ancestors were once the retainers of our house. Every evening, when my sacred duties do not call me elsewhere, I steal into these old walls, to read my breviary and tell my beads on the steps of the little altar, which is yet

to be seen in the eastern wing of the castle. It was but yesterday I found Ellen there, deciphering the inscription on the mantelpiece in the great hall. She was alone, and so absorbed in her task that she did not observe me till I was at her side."

"Strange," said his companion, resuming his seat; "strange you have not yet revealed yourself to her. Methinks if I were the relation of Ellen O'Donnell, I would not leave her so long to the care of the stranger."

"She believes me dead," replied the priest; "and it's better so, yet for a little time: perhaps it may *never* be prudent to disclose the secret."

"Has she made any inquiries of you about her uncle?"

"Yes, but only once. She told me then she believed him dead; for there had been no intelligence of him for the last seven years. Poor thing! when I saw her yesterday in the castle, so lonely and so sad, I pitied her, and it was with difficulty I refrained from embracing and consoling her with the thought that her old uncle was near to watch and guard her—"

Here the conversation was suddenly interrupted. The noise of horses' feet were heard rattling up to the hall-door, and instantly a voice demanded to know if Father Domnick was at home.

"What's the matter?" inquired the priest, following O'Brien from the room.

"It's a man that's murdered, yer reverence," replied the rider, leaping from the horse's back, and taking off his hat reverently to the old clergyman.

"Murdered!—where?"

"At Nancy Kelly's i' the gap, please yer reverence. He's all but gone; ye'll hardly ketch him livin'."

"Who is he?" asked the priest.

"Feen a one i' myself knows, yer reverence; he's a stranger in these parts."

"Have you not heard his name?"

"Why, then, now that I remember—I heard them callin' him Doogan."

"Doogan, the drover?"

"Fegs, I'll warrint he's that same, seein' he's lake one ony way, with his leather gaiters, an' his big coat, an' his glazed hat."

"He's not a Catholic—he don't want me, does he?" inquired the priest.

"Well, as to that, yer reverence, why 'am not jist parfet; but ould Nancy sent me afther ye full skutch, an' more betoken she tould me to bring the docthor too, for he's cut up in smitherens. Troth, yer reverence, Father Domnick, it pit myself all in the doldrums when I seen him; for he's a poor sight to luck at, so he is."

The priest paused a moment to reflect; he remembered having received papers from the stranger woman whom he prepared for death at the Cairn some twelve months before, and at whose call the Rev. Baxter Cantwell refused to attend. Then turning to O'Brien, he observed—

"This looks serious, Captain O'Brien—I believe I must go. Will you accompany me? Perhaps he may yet be able to make a deposition. You are still a magistrate to take it—is it not so?"

"I still hold the commission—to-morrow's mail may bring me supersedeas. But let us act while we may. I shall accompany you as soon as I can find a horse and an orderly at the barracks."

Captain O'Brien abruptly quitted the house, and hurried to his quarters.

Father Domnick dispatched the messenger for Dr. Snod-

grass, and then mounting his horse, assisted by his venerable and faithful servant, Darby Gallagher, rode on as fast as old age and recent fatigue would permit him.

In a few minutes O'Brien, attended by an orderly, came up with the priest, and the three, after an hour's ride, arrived at Nancy Kelly's together.

They found Doogan the butcher stretched on a bed in a corner of the little cabin, bleeding somewhat profusely from the right arm and side. Nancy was busily employed washing the wounds, and stanching the blood with cobwebs and cotton-wool, while 'Dick the Omedaun' knelt at the bedside, holding a basin of water. The wounded man lay on his back, breathing heavily, and still quite insensible. Father Domnick approached the bed, and found, on examination, that some sharp instrument, probably a dagger or bayonet, had passed through the fleshy part of the arm above the elbow, and under the shoulder of the same side a gash some six inches long, as deep as the ribs would permit, and inflicted apparently by the same or a similar sharp weapon. Neither of these wounds, however, were by any means mortal, though they must have presented, to the inexperienced eyes of the simple rustics round the bed, an alarming appearance.

"Where was this man found?" inquired Captain O'Brien of a tall, stalwart, red-whiskered, middle-aged man, dressed in a blue freize overcoat and corduroy knee-breeches. "Where did you find him?"

"Not five tether lengths, yer honor; jist down below the house here in the holla," replied the man.

"Did you find him insensible, as he is now?"

"In the very way you see him, sir, an' his horse grazin' aside him on the brew i' the ditch."

"Could he have lain long on the road before you reached him?"

"Why, then, in regard to that, 'am not jist a jidge i' time, plase yer honor; but ony way, he cudn't be more nor the matther i' five minits, more or less; for whin Peter Hanagan an' myself tapped the hill in this side 'x Shane Dumion's, we heerd him shoutin' murdher below, and we run like mad—as fast as lamplighters."

"Did you hear him mention any name?"

"Feen a one, yer honor."

"Did you see any one running from the direction of the place where he fell?"

"Not a creathur, sir."

"You might; for it was moonlight."

"True enough, we might, as yer honor says, only for the turf-stacks atween iz an' them."

"Did you find any arms or weapons about the place where the wounded man lay?"

"Not a hap'orth barrin' this." And the man took from the table behind him a piece of polished steel about four inches long and tri-edged like a bayonet, with blood upon it. He handed it to O'Brien.

O'Brien examined it for an instant, and then said—

"This is the point of a cane-sword, or rapier. I shall keep it. Trifling as it appears, it may lead to the detection of the party."

"Begorra," broke in Dick—"if that isn't lake the thing Mr. Coulson scared me with, so it is."

"Who is Coulson?" demanded O'Brien.

"He's a mighty bad man—as bad as his master a'most," muttered Dick; "only he didn't brak poor Mary's heart."

"Whisht with yer nonsense," said his mother in a severe tone, "an' hould the basin. Niver mind him, yer honor, captain," she continued, addressing the officer; "shure he's a poor witless creathur, and disn't know what he be's sayin'."

O'Brien again turned to the tall, red-whiskered man, and asked if Doogan had spoken since he was found on the road. He was answered in the negative.

"What's your name?" he again demanded.

"Why, 'am called Jemmy Galinaugh, yer honor, for want av a betther."

"Where were you going, when you found this man?"

"Not far, sir—only up the hill here a piece." And the man smiled as he answered.

"Ha! you are the famous Galinaugh of Lough Devnish?"

"So they say, yer honor."

"Well, I shall ask no more questions now—I hear the doctor coming; but observe, you and your companion here will hold yourselves in readiness to appear as witnesses in this case when called on."

The door opened, and our quondam friend, Dr. Snodgrass, entered, bowing most obsequiously to the priest and the officer, assuring them of the fact that he did not lose a moment at his toilet, so anxious was he in this instance (as indeed he was in all cases) to assist to the utmost extent of his poor abilities in the preservation of human life. "He was sure he must look frightful in his present ill-regulated dress, and dishevelled hair; but," he added smilingly, "that matters of such minor consideration ought never be thought of, when the life of a fellow-creature was in danger."

Having spent a minute or two in arranging his fair locks according to habit, and turning up the cuffs of his jockey-coat, he approached the patient, and commenced the examination. Having satisfied himself as to the nature of the wounds, he set about preparing bandages, salves, lint, adhesive plasters, &c., with wonderful assiduity, giving the officer and the priest, at the same time, a lengthy and very luminous *exposé* of the case before him, not omitting a single professional term

that could possibly be introduced for the illustration of the subject.

"Do you think the man will live?" inquired the priest, interrupting the doctor at the most interesting point of his exposition.

"Pardon me, reverend sir, I was just about to explain."

"I thank you, doctor; but I cannot understand your explanation."

"Ha, ha—well, well—the terms we use are somewhat difficult to those who have not studied our profession. Yes, sir; very well—to your question 'Will he live?' I have only to reply, that it does not depend at all upon the depth or severity of the lesions under the shoulder and on the arm, but on the nature of the blow or contusion he received on the left temple—a thing which I rather think has escaped your observation."

"I wish to know, sir," persisted the priest, "whether, after the examination you have made, you can offer an opinion?"

"Well, sir," responded Snodgrass, putting a spoonful of liquid medicine to the lips of the patient, "as to an opinion, I may be permitted to observe, that if we follow the Scotch schools, of which I might venture to say I know something, having studied both in Edinburgh and Glasgow—here the patient opened his eyes, and looked about him—I might venture to say he will recover."

"And how long may it be, sir, before he can make his deposition?" inquired O'Brien.

"That depends, captain, in a very great measure on the length of time it may require to make it."

"Pardon me, doctor," said the priest, passing him rather abruptly, and taking a seat beside the bed. "I wish to speak a few words to him."

Father Domnick bent down his head close to the sick

man's, and whispered something in his ear. The effect was instantaneous. The patient turned quickly on his side, and looking steadily in the old man's face, said—

"Ha! I thoct she burned the bit papers?"

"No," replied the priest; "she gave them to me in charge."

"Ye hae na read them—hae ye?"

"Yes; by her request."

"Weel, weel, I dinna care now. Sin' a' my hopes are gane alee, I'll e'en mak' a clean breast o't."

"If you wish," said the priest, "I shall place these papers in your own hands, and promise you their contents shall ever be regarded by me as an inviolable secret."

"Na, na," replied Doogan, "dinna gi' them up. If I live, the folks at the Castle may gie me a guid penny for them; an' if I die, why the sooner the warld kens o' their doins, the better. Dinna lose them. Haud them weel."

"Here," said Father Domnick, pointing to O'Brien, "is a magistrate ready to take your deposition, if you think you are sufficiently recovered to make it. He came to visit you for that purpose." O'Brien approached the bed, and took Doogan by the hand.

"Captain O'Brien!" ejaculated the wounded man, with some surprise; "why, sir, I didna expec' to meet you here. But sure yer no a justice now mun—ye hae lost your commission."

"How did you ascertain that?"

"Frae that deevil's bird, Archy Cantwell—'twas himsel' that *did* it."

"He has misinformed you, Doogan; the supersedeas has not yet come to hand. I am a magistrate still, and prepared o take your deposition. Are you willing to make it?"

"Ay, ay, mun; I ne'er did a deed wi' mair plesure. I'in

na muckle beholden to the Castle, an' as for Archy-Cantwell I trow these scars I hae met wi' canna plead muckle in his behoof. He's a hell-born deevil, an' his father, wi' a' his prayers an' preachin', is na sae much ahint him. Hugh, hugh! ay, I'll tell the tale, should they thraw my wizen for't."

"You speak as if you suspected Mr. Cantwell of being concerned in the waylaying."

"Suspec'! hugh, mun, it's mair nor a' that. I kenn'd the face and tongue o' Coulson the bailie, the minit I saw him, before he felled me frae the powney; an' I'm no sae dowey as not to know he was sent after me by his master."

"Then you believe Coulson to have been one of the persons who waylaid you?"

"I'll swear it on a' the beuks that ever wir shut or opened."

Captain O'Brien paused for an instant to reflect, and then beckoning to his orderly, left the house. In a moment after, horses' feet were heard in full gallop from the door, and O'Brien returned to take Doogan's deposition. The latter was now so far recovered from the stunning effects of the blow, or fall on the temple, as to be able to speak without much pain or effort. As for the wounds, they were severe, but by no means dangerous.

Doogan requested the house to be cleared of all but the priest, the magistrate, Nancy Kelly, and Jemmy Galinaugh. Dr. Snodgrass, having declared the patient out of danger, intimated his intention of returning home; but Captain O'Brien, for certain reasons of his own, thought it advisable to detain him for some time, and having politely expressed himself to that effect, directed one of the neighbors to watch, and if he attempted escape, to prevent him. A table was then placed beside the wounded man's bed; and the magistrate, having -

procured writing materials, sat down before it, and wrote, as the deponent dictated, the following sworn deposition. In order to prevent the reader's mistaking so important a document, we shall dispense with the Scotch dialect, and give it in plain readable English.

THE DEPOSITION.

"I am commonly called Daniel Doogan. My real name, however, is Daniel M'Kenzie. I am a butcher by trade, but have followed 'droving' for the last two years—that business according best with the nature of my other avocations. I am a native of Greenock, Scotland. I was for some time a constable of police in Bandon, county Cork, where I was dismissed eighteen months ago for reasons best known to the government. I left my wife and three children in Dublin under the care of an officer of the executive, after I had received an appointment in the secret service of the government. My wife knew nothing of the nature of my employment, nor of the name I had assumed. I was obliged to make oath on the Evangelists never to reveal my real name, except to those whose addresses were given me by a person whom I did not know, and whom I have never seen since I met him by appointment in a dark room at the headquarters of the constabulary, and from him there received my instructions. Since then I have been employed in the counties Derry and Donegal. I receive my pay quarterly, and in such a manner as to prevent any possibility of my detecting the place or the person whence it comes. My principal duty is to trace out Ribbon papers, and other such proofs of Ribbon conspiracies. In order the more easily to effect my purposes, I have had myself sworn in a member of a Ribbon lodge, and by that means have free access to all the Ribbon meetings in the province of Ulster, but especially to those of the counties

Derry and Donegal. When it happened, as it did very often, that a person or persons were suspected of Ribbonism, without sufficient legal evidence of the fact, I was at liberty to counterfeit or procure Ribbon papers, such as certificates of admission or of rank ; and having placed them in possession of the suspected individuals, give information to the police. When the immediate arrest of the party was required, as for example, in fairs or markets, and when Ribbon papers *should* be found on the person, then the man was marked out from the crowd, and the Ribbon paper deposited in his pocket, boot, &c., &c.; but where the information was against a lodge-meeting, it became often necessary to be more cautious and circumspect. In such cases I generally managed to ascertain the precise hour of the meeting two or three days before it took place, and then passing on to the nearest police barrack, deposite the information in the *post-office*. These post-offices were of a very unusual kind, being nothing more than hiding-places in stone walls, old decayed houses, and butments of bridges, known only to myself and the police sergeant of the district. They were always close by the barracks, and examined at night to escape observation. One of these post-offices is in Barnes' Gap, not far from the Stranorlar police station. If you wish to see the place and the papers there concealed, take Duncan, and he will carry you to the spot. In order to obtain my quarter's salary, it is necessary I should have a certificate of 'trustworthiness and assiduity in discharge of my duties,' signed by one of the leading members of an Orange lodge. Mr. Archibald Cantwell, the Agent of Colonel Templeton, is the gentleman who has hitherto signed them for me when in this section of the country. I have known him intimately for the last two years. I saw him to-night, about 8 o'clock, at the house of Wm. Coulson, his bailiff. He was much ex-

cited, his garments soiled and torn ; he said he had just then been attacked by some one at the back entrance to the demesne, and would have been strangled but for the timely intervention of the priest. After he had sat for some time, and his excitement somewhat abated, I applied to him for his customary signature. He refused, assigning as a reason that I was undeserving of confidence, having lodged a written information with the revenue police officer in Donegal, of two casks of unpermitted liquor to be found in his father's cellar. This I at once denied. I never did make such information ; nor indeed could I, for till that moment I was entirely ignorant of the Rev. Mr. Cantwell having smuggled liquor in his possession. He persisted, nevertheless, and declared he had learned the fact from a revenue police sergeant, who saw me hand the letter to the guard, and who afterwards read it himself. He then ordered me from his presence, and declared, that in requital of my treachery, he would never consent to give me Jemmy Connor's farm in Tubbernasiggart, of which he had already promised to put me in possession, as soon as the old man could be ejected. I remonstrated strongly against this breach of faith, and at length declared, if he did not redeem his pledge, I would make a public avowal of all the secret services in which he had employed me. He only laughed at the threat, and said he would take care that no revelation of the kind should take place, looking round, at the same time, very significantly at Coulson and two others who were present during the conversation. This unexpected and sudden downfall of my long-cherished hope enraged me beyond measure, and throwing off all reserve, I charged him openly with having directed me to put a Ribbon paper on the person of Frank Devlin, and afterwards to proceed to the barracks and order the sergeant to arrest and search him ; that by his special orders I deposited Ribbon papers and bul-

let-moulds in the house of Hugh M'Gettigan, and that he confessed to me Jemmy Connor was due no arrears of rent; but that having discovered the old man had lost a receipt for money paid some six years ago, he was resolved to force the daughter to submit to his wishes through fear of the father's ejection from his property. This last disclosure made him furious, and snatching a holster-pistol from the wall beside him, he snapped it in my face. It did not explode. He then caught it by the barrel, and attempted to strike me with the butt upon the head; I evaded the blow, and stepped back towards the open door, when Coulson and the two others followed me, doubtless with the intention of taking my life, but, fortunately for me, the key was in the door, and drawing it suddenly after me, I locked it on the outside. I then ran at my utmost speed till I reached the town, fully convinced that if the party had overtaken me, I would have been murdered, to prevent the possibility of such mysterious revelations as I could make. Having remained for a little more than an hour at the tavern, during which I took some refreshment and baited my horse, I set out on my way to Stranorlar; when about a quarter of a mile from this house, I was attacked by three men, having their faces blacked; one of them I swear to be Coulson; I knew his face and voice notwithstanding the disguise. He struck me on the head with some heavy weapon, like the butt of a carabine, and I fell instantly from my horse. I know nothing of what happened after, till I found myself here a few minutes ago. When I opened my eyes and looked around, I became in an instant aware of what had befallen me." Here the deponent ended.

O'Brien read over the deposition slowly and distinctly; after which Doogan signed it, as did also the witnesses.

"Now," said the magistrate, after Nancy had admin-

istered some cordial to the sick man, "I shall ask you a few questions, which you may answer, or not, as you please. Do you know aught of a ring that has been frequently seen on Mr. Archibald Cantwell's finger, during the past month?"

"I do; it belongs to a young lass they ca' Miss O'Donnell; she bides at the General's; she was robbed o't, if I dinna mak a mistake, somewhere aboot the 26th o' July last."

"How?"

"Weel, captain, that maun be a secret i' my ain just now. I spier there's na use in bein' unco' glegg about it."

"As you please. You are not required to make any avowal that will criminate yourself."

"But how came Mr. Cantwell by that ring?"

"I gied it him."

"Did he know to whom it belonged?"

"Na, na—I didna tell him that. I gied it under pretence o' findin' it ten or twal years sin, syne on the road to Ballycastle, where I gaed to buy a powney."

"Were you aware of the value of the ring, when you presented it to him?"

"Ou, ay; I thocht the bit bawble was o' some value, but didna care a bodle about it for my ain use, and as ye may easy ken, I wudna think it ower safe to sell it."

"Did Mr. Cantwell know the device upon it?"

"Noa, he couldna mak' it oot. But I was aince mysel' in the auld castle, glowrin' about me, and spied an unco' strange wonner thing cut in the mantelpiece i' the big ha', whilk they call the *Baldearag*. I think noo it's the same as on the ring."

"Where did you see the ring last?"

"On his finger this night at Wulley Coulson's."

O'Brien folded up the deposition, and rising from his chair, requested the witnesses to preserve the strictest silence on the subject of that night's disclosures. He informed them of his intention of removing Doogan, in the course of the next day, to some place where he might be less exposed to annoyance from his enemies than in Nancy Kelly's.

The door was then opened, and the orderly was the first to re-enter.

"Have they come?" asked O'Brien, buckling on his sword, and preparing to leave.

"They have, sir; a sergeant's guard is at the door awaiting your orders."

"Shall I send one of my men with you, Father Domnick?" said the officer. "It's late now—you may require protection these troublous times."

"I thank you," replied the priest; "I shall be perfectly safe. I am accustomed to travel on these roads by night. But I had promised myself the pleasure of your company home. What means the sergeant's guard? More duty to-night—eh?"

"Mr. Coulson is entitled to the honor of a visit, to-night," replied O'Brien, smiling. "A gentleman like him, who has ventured so far to screen the reputation of his employer from calumny, deserves not to be treated with indifference or neglect. Good-night, Father Domnick—we shall meet to-morrow. And you, doctor, may now return to your couch at your own leisure, happy in the reflection that, in sacrificing the comfort of a night's sleep, and the delights of the toilette, you have assisted materially in preserving human life, and as a consequence, bringing to light certain 'hidden things of darkness,' of which the busy world was hitherto completely ignorant. I would have long since permitted you to depart, had I not been aware of the

interchange of friendly offices which the rules of your society make incumbent on its members, and which might have led you—after hearing the declaration of your patient—to Mr. Wm. Coulson's, in order to give him brotherly, timely, and precautionary counsel in this little affair. It was, therefore, that I might have precedence of you to-night, in my interview with Mr. Coulson, that I have taken the liberty of detaining you till I was ready to leave. Good-night, doctor."

O'Brien sprung to his saddle, and turning short down a narrow lane, followed by his men was soon invisible under the deep shadow of Barnesmore.

CHAPTER XIX.

A NIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS. DUMPY DOWSER'S LAST DANCE.

BETWEEN five and six o'clock on the following night, in Nealashin-a-Crawmshy's comfortable little kitchen, in the townland of Gortnotragh, far up in the mountains, and on a *bossag*, or straw stool, with an eggshell of poteen-whiskey resting on his knee, sat our old lion-hearted friend, Dumpy Dowser. At the moment the writer is supposed to have lifted the latch of Crawmshy's door, and walked in to the company, Dowser was resting a wearied body, evidently after the performance of some violent exercise, for his breath came thick and short, his eyes were more open and bulbous than usual, and over his bald temples down upon his cheeks rolled several little streams of perspiration, which he kept wiping off incessantly with the skirt of his coat. The stool on which he sat was very low—so much so, indeed, that his knees were gathered up close to his chin, and gave him somewhat the shape of a huge frog, perched on a flag on a rainy day, puffing and blowing as the genial drops fell around and produced in his nerves a pleasurable excitement. But the similarity extended only to appearance, for Dowser was not happy ; no, on the contrary, he was very unhappy, and very much dissatisfied with his position ; yet he did not complain, for he thought it would be imprudent to complain under existing circumstances, and that thought kept the lion as quiet and tractable as a lamb. He had been made to dance almost

every night since he was carried off to Gortnotragh, to sing Ribbon songs, bless the Pope, and curse King William a thousand times, yet no remonstrance was ever heard, except in his sleep, or in the dead of night when all was still. Then, if we can credit Shandy's testimony, he had been often heard to retract all he had previously said or sung, and, in tones low and stealthy, of course, but wonderfully lacrymose and pitiful, to supplicate "the glorious, pious, and immortal shade" for mercy and forgiveness. He feared Shandy as he did no other living man; he knew not why, he said to his host, one evening, whilst enjoying the comforts of life in a quiet social way, but yet he did, nor was he ashamed to avow it, since his courage and manhood were well known to almost every herdboy for twenty miles round.

Close by Dowser sat Nealashin himself, considerably more elevated than his neighbor. There was a tin teapot, of rather large capacity, beside him on the *hab*, which he had just laid down, his crutch lay on the floor stretched between Dowser and himself, his right arm was resting on the settle behind him, while his left was engaged in adjusting his pipe to its usual position. Nealashin was upwards of sixty years of age, round-visaged, with a funny, quizzical eye, and red hair, straight, short, and scattering.

Opposite to both, with a fiddle under his arm, engaged in knotting a string that had broken but a moment before, and raised on a kind of platform, or "dais," sat Shandy M'Guire.

Ten or twelve others, of both sexes, were seated here and there, in groups of three and four, laughing merrily together, and directing their looks continually at Dumpy Dowser on the bossag.

"Come, now, Mr. Dowser," began Crawmshy, taking the pipe from his mouth and leaning over familiarly towards his neighbor, "Come, take that drap, an' don't be keepin' it there

on yer knee, like a parish wonder ; drain it aff, man, it 'ill pit life in ye for anither dance."

"I'd rather not rise any more," observed Dowser, "if the company's agreeable."

"Hout, 'onsense, Mr. Dowser, is it give up a'ready ye'd do, an' you only twicet on the flure ; besides, man, there's nothin' betther for the health nor a good dance."

Dowser looked at him for a second, and then wiped his face, but said nothing.

"Bad scan to the word i' lie 'am tellin'," continued Crawmshy, "and more betoken there's my uncle, Long Hemush they ust to call him,—may the heavens be his bed, for he was the *laughy* kind uncle to me—well, I heerd him say—an' it's himself was the knowledgable man, Mr. Dowser,—I heerd him say, as aften's there's fingers an' toes on me, that a good glass i' whiskey an' a '*heel an toe batthar*' was a surer cure for a windy stomach than all the dhrugs in the docther's shap. Do, now, take that thimelful it 'll warm ye."

"Warm me," repeated Dowser ; "humph !" and again he wiped his forehead.

"Maybe ye'd lake it punched with some 'goats' milk,'" persisted his tormentor, stretching for the tin teapot ; "do, now, the quality sich as you lakes it mighty well 'am tould."

"Bad luck to yer goat's milk," returned Dowser, "if 'am not kilt with it."

"Dear be about iz, Mr. Dowser ; sure it wudn't be cursin' the poor innacint bastes ye'd be ; the crathurs that gives the drap milk to the childher—eh ?"

"The bastes !" repeated Dowser ; "faith, if that be the sort of milk the goats up here give, ye might bring a pair of them to Donegal any day, and set up shop with them without spigot or faucet."

"Why, what in the wurl d'ye mane ?"

"Mean! oh the curse i' the crows light on it for goats' milk; may I never see home livin', but it 'd poison a Turk, so it would; it's nothing but pure whiskey with a color to it."

"Well, in troth," said Crawmshy, half soliloquizing, "that's just what my uncle Hemush ust to say—and it was himself had the quare old sayin's,—'it's hard to plaze the quality in regard i' drink.' See, Mr. Dowser, them same quality that you belong to, ust to scowld the very sowl out i' my body a'most, for only takin' a drap iv a fair mornin', just to loosen my tongue afore I'd begin my markets, an', by the hole i' my coat, they'd be kerried themselfs to bed, afther a night's booze, as drunk as pipers."

"Oh, well, av course," replied Dowser; "but then ye see it's when their business is all over, and after dinner; that's the fashion."

"Faith it's a quare fashion. Now luck, Mr. Dowser, may I niver do harm if I lake drinkin' much myself, for it's not good for sowl or body, an' feen a one iver saw me the worse i' liquor yet, nor niver will, plaze God; but sorra take me, but I'd rather drink a glass or two any day with a friend, at a fair, or market, an' go home dacent to my childher, than live lake a gentleman and be helped to bed by the sarvints."

"Certainly," responded Dowser; "but you see you're poor and can't afford it,—it doesn't fit ye at all."

"Begorra, an' it's jist bekase we're poor that we take a dhoze when it's goin'. If we had plenty to eat and wear, an' small rents to pay, it's little we'd care for drinkin'; but when a body sees his childher naked, 'ithout a tatter on them in the could winter, an' his bit earnin's that he laid by, maybe to buy duds for them, goin' into his landlord's pocket, that he knows 'ill be drunk on it afore a week, what can he do but take a drap, when he gets it, to keep the sick heart from brakin'? 'Am tould for sartin, that in counthries where the

people's well aff, they don't drink any a'most. I wish they'd try an' make iz comfortable first, an' then make iz sober afther. Afore the parliment was pilthered away from iz, we were sober and dacent enough, but now, whin we're beggars, av we take a glass at all, we're drunkards."

"It's bad to drink too much," observed Dowser, after emptying the eggshell.

"Mr. Dowser," broke in Shandy, having adjusted the string of his fiddle, and thrown one leg across the other, "I ax the favor av yer helpin' me to drink a drap i' that goats' milk, to our betther acquaintance."

"I'd rather wait a little," replied Dowser; "I'm only afther finishin'—an' am not jist as well as I'd wish."

But Shandy had his views on Dowser. He was determined to make him sleep sound that night, if he should never sleep again; and he knew that goats' milk and a smart dance was the best and surest soporific he could administer to his victim. He therefore fixed his eye steadily, and only for an instant, on Dowser, and then said, in a significant tone—

"I didn't think—I couldn't think, Mr. Dowser, ye'd put that slight on me afore the company."

"Me! oh, I beg pardon," he replied, quailing under the stern look of the man he so much dreaded; "I beg pardon, sir, I didn't mean to—"

"Pish, nonsense, drink it to the bottom," he interrupted, "or say at once we are niver to be friends;" and Shandy handed the goose eggshell, brimming full, (for he hardly tasted it,) to Dowser, on the bossag. The latter took the proffered vessel, and, raising it reluctantly to his lips, drained the last drop. He sat down.

"Mr. Dowser," resumed Shandy, in his usually bantering style, "is it sittin' down ye are, an' that young lady beyout there luckin' at ye?—for shame, man!"

"Humph!" ejaculated Dowser, smothering the sound with his coat-tail.

"Don't ye see she's luckin' at ye to ax her out?"

"At me!"

"Av coorse. Will I give ye 'The humors i' Glen,' or maybe the lady has a favorite of her own?"

"Ye'll excuse me, ma'am," said Dowser, rising and bowing to a young girl at the opposite side of the room, who was much better dressed and rather more intelligent looking than the other females of the company. "Ye'll excuse me, if ye please, for there's mools on my feet that I can hardly thole, on account of my shoes bein' so tight and hard since I came up here, for want of regular softenin'—"

"Off with the shoes!" shouted Shandy, "in honor av the lady, an' to it in the stockings."

"Off with the shoes!" repeated Crawmshy.

"Off with them—off with them!" echoed all the voices in the room.

Dowser saw it was in vain to resist the unanimous call, or perhaps the last shell of goats' milk he drank was beginning to produce its usual effect in rendering him more agreeable; for he stooped, or rather attempted to stoop and untie his shoestrings. He couldn't do it—he might as well have attempted to reach his antipodes; but there were other willing hands at his service, that soon relieved him of the encumbrance.

He rose up and waddled over, flushed and excited, to where Miss Alice Hegarty sat, and then politely addressing the lady, requested the honor of her hand for the dance.

Alice smiled, and consented.

"What's yer pleasure, genteels?" courteously asked the fiddler, tuning his instrument. "Mr. Dowser, consult your partner."

Alice whispered something, blushing the while.

"The what, ma'am?" inquired Dowser, bending down nearer to catch the words—"the zephyr that makes—eh?"

Alice repeated.

"Well, upon my conscience," returned Dowser, looking round the room, "if that's not the first time I heerd it. Is it a reel, or a jig, or a baltiorum—or what is it?"

"The tune!" demanded Shandy again.

"The zephyr that makes—Ceres to tremble," responded Dowser, with some hesitation in trying to recollect it.

Shandy laid the fiddle on his knee, and paused for a moment to think.

"Well," said he at length, "I can play any thing Irish, Scotch, or musical; but may I niver draw bow again, if that doesn't flagg me clean. 'The zephyr that'—Jim Morgan, yer the best schoolmaster in the three parishes; can ye explain the lady's manin'?"

Jim stood up, and *hemmed* proudly in his consciousness of superior knowledge. He wore a goose-quill always and forever behind his right ear; in fair or market, at wake or wedding, in school or out of it, the pen was there. He used it as a sort of substitute for an A. M. or an L. L. D. His head was covered with an immense tow-wig, curled on each side with as much neatness and precision as the material would permit of, and descending behind in two long queues to the small of his back. His coat was black, but very seedy, cut quaker-fashion, with a standing collar; his nether garments were velvet-brown once, but now covered with innumerable black stripes, caused probably by his continually wiping the pens of his pupils before he set them their copies. Jim was now verging to old age; yet his face, round and fat, showed but few traces of the ravages of years, and bore that look of conscious power and self-impor-

tance, which long habit of command gives equally to the master at the desk or the general in the field. Jim rose up, and took off his spectacles.

"I humbly opinionate, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "that I can explicate, unfold, or demonstrate the diffiquilty. I am Miss Hegarty's preceptor. She received, under my tutelary auspices, the elements of locution, elocution, circumlocution, classical retainments, and pelite leterathur. It was from my labial intonations, or, to descend to your level in speaking, it was from my lips she was indoctrinated in the oral expression Mr. Dowser has endivored to utter or enunciate. I am myself, personally and individially, the originating author of that learned phrase or locution—'The zephyrs which cause Ceres to tremble.' These words is positively, comparatively, and superlatively classical, and signify or import, in common langige, such as no lady should demane herself to pronounce, signify, 'The wind that shakes the barley.' And—"

"That 'ill do," cried Shandy, interrupting Jim's explanation; "botherashin to yer zephyrs—sure I knew the auld tune afore I could spake. Come, Mr. Dowser, lift yer feet, and they'll fall themselves." And Shandy rattled away at a rate that might well have struck fear to the heart of a man more active than Dumpy Dowser.

We shall not attempt a description of our old friend, as he shook his light fantastic toe, nor of his fair partner, as she leaped and sprung round and about him like a moth round a tallow candle. It suffices to say, that Dowser danced that night as mortal man never danced before. His countenance, excited though it was, showed nothing of the silly smile of the clown, or the opera-dancer; but whilst his cheeks shook, with a downward tendency, his aspect remained solemn and serious as it became a man of his years and standing. He neither jumped nor whirled round on his heel, as was the

fashion of those days; but he beat the floor till the very roof-tree trembled, and the glass rattled in the windows. His head was thrown back, in order to give his person a more imposing and respectable port; his arms dangled at his sides like dead members attached to a living, moving body; his hosed feet, far removed from his sight, performed their labors in retirement below. His breath came from him short, thick, and gusty, like a surcharged boiler letting off its superfluous steam. He no longer heeded the perspiration—he permitted it to run over his face and down upon his garments in utter abandonment. Twice he whispered to Alice he could hold out no longer; but there was no mercy: on went the dance, and up rose the applause of the company. Dowser, however, began at length to move rather unsteadily, owing as much, perhaps, to the goats' milk as to the violent and exhausting exercise. He made one or two attempts to catch Alice's hands and hold her still, in order to terminate the dance, rather than have it said forever after that he was obliged to abandon his partner on the floor; but he failed, stumbled, and fell back against the wall, and thence slid down upon his side—there he lay. In a moment he was asleep.

Shandy laid the fiddle aside the instant Dowser's body reached the floor, and taking a pipe from his pocket, drew his chair closer to the fire, and requested Jim Morgan to walk out, and see if he'd hear the colonel's carriage coming.

Jim soon returned, and answered in the negative.

"Well, well," observed Shandy, clearing the ashes from his pipe with the blade of a tobacco-knife—"the road's bad up the mountain; but come it will, Neal a Crawmshy, as sure as that crashin's on the floore, an' it's a proud day it ought to be to ye an' the tenth generation afther ye, to see a coach-an'-four stappin' at yer doore."

"Bad manners to me, Shandy," replied Neal, "if it wusn't

dacent iv him to sen' the coach afther sich a poor lane disciple as me, an' all jist to hear me tell the minister's people av the priest's doins in the confessional. Well, he must be a tinder-hearted gentleman to the poor beggars that they kerry from doore to doore on the hanbarrows, when he's so minful i' me, that has a crutch to help me."

"Ye'll make a dacent speech, Neal—eh?"

"Av coorse, if it was only in regard i' the bit lan' he's to give me."

"As to house-burnin', murdher, an' reading the Bible, ye'll not go higher nor thirty shillins a piece?"

"Oh, that's settled a'ready, shure."

"Well, for murdherin' heretics?"

"Why, eighteen pence a head for common ones, and two-and-sixpence for ministers, is about reasonable, 'am thinkin'."

"An' for Bible Readers?"

"Ugh! as for them, why, deil a one i' myself knows; 'am thinkin' they ought to be let go as cheap as venial sins."

"Humph!" said Shandy, blowing the smoke from about his face. "Well, I think ye'll do for this time. Jim Morgan," he added, "give iz a verse of a song till the coach comes."

"Me!"

"Ay, you; who else 'id I ask, but the man that can make songs and sing them to boot? Give us a lilt av some-thin'."

"Ladies and gentlemen, I assure ye my lungs have become inflammatory from exposition to cold; therefore my vocal powers are entirely deranged: besides, there's a large conglomeration of tumors in my throat or thorax, which—"

"The song, the song—the mather's song!" was now heard from all sides, interrupting his apology.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I see you are all unanimous ; so I must retrograde, and consent to your wishes. Will I sing you one of Carlin's, or one of my own lyrical and classical compositions?"

"Your own—your own ; and let it be somethin' sweet," replied Shandy.

"Then I'll give you a little trifle I composed many years ago, before I was united in the connubial bands at the hymeneal altar with the late beloved and venerated Mrs. Morgan, then commonly called Judy, or Miss Judy Rudhrigan. I named it

THE COTTAGE MAID.

I.

It was in the month of May,
When sweet lambkins sport and play,
I roved to receive a recreation ;
I spied a comely maid
Sequestered in her shade—
On her beauty I did gaze with admiration.

II.

Telemachus so grand,
Who o'er the sceptre reached his hand,
Might be certainly trepanned if he'd perceived her,
Or Mentor her dissuade
From that sweet and simple shade,
If Calypso by her arts had not ensnared her.

III.

His sire would seek no more,
Nor descend on Mammon's shore,
Nor venture on the tyrant's dire alarms ;
But he'd daily place his care
On that emblematic fair :
He would barter coronation for her charms

IV.

How delightful and divine !
How benignant and benign !
More delicious than the fragrance of Flora ;
More slender, tall, and straight,
Than the poets can implicate,
Or that celebrated beauty called Pindora

V.

To see her rolling eyes,
Like stars in azure skies,
Or brave Scinthia descending to the ocean ;—
To see her golden hair
Hang on her neck like lilies fair—
She's an ornament of beauty in proportion.

VI.

But Mercury, I fear,
On some errand will draw near,
As he pilfered Vulcan's tools from Polyphemus,
And bear away that prize
To some other distant skies,
As he stole away the girdle from Venus.

VII.

By the ethereal fire,
And music from his choir—
By virtue of his lyre he got his pardon ;
Sure he might steal that fair
To some solitary sphere,
Had not an organizing shepherd been her guardian.

Here the song was interrupted by a smart rat-tat-tap on the window, and a voice outside crying, "The coach! the coach!—it's comin' up the hill!"

"Out with the lights!" commanded Shandy, putting the pipe in his pocket. "Out with them, an' home ivry sowl av

ye. I say, Mr. Morgan, will ye throw a quilt over Dowser afore ye go?"

"With very great feelings of pleasure," answered Jim, adjusting the covering over the sleeping lion; "and now," he added, bowing low as he passed out—"now, sir, as we have given you our mental, vocal, and corporal assistance in playing out the play, we leave it to you, Mr. Shandy M'Guire, to play the farce."

CHAPTER XX.

WHICH CONTAINS A FEW DRAMATIC REPRESENTATIONS, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND OF THE PEOPLE.

"BAXTER, my dear, you will accompany us to church to-night, to hear Mr. Sweetsoul?" said Mrs. Cantwell to her husband, who had just entered the drawing-room.

"Certainly, my love—of course."

"Really, I am most anxious about this affair of the revelations. If this old man come to-night, he must certainly create an extraordinary sensation—don't you think so, Baxter?"

"Decidedly; 'twill be a death-blow to Popery in Ulster."

"Oh, dear, I'm so restless and expectant—I wish the moment were come. But tell me, Baxter, is the man old?"

"Somewhere about sixty, I'm informed—he is one of the colonel's tenants."

"Oh, yes; Archibald told me so. But was he looked upon by his neighbors as a decent—well-behaved man up to this time?"

"Very much so, indeed, if report speak true."

"And hitherto a stanch Romanist?"

"Always, my dear, till the priest cursed him for reading the Holy Bible."

"I'm delighted to hear it, my dear Baxter; for in that respect he will be so very much superior to the other poor creatures you have converted—in respect of conduct and

character, I mean—that, in fact, his testimony must prove very valuable.”

“ Yet, my dear, you must not look upon such testimony as at all necessary. You must not forget that we have known long ago all and more than this Crawpshy can reveal of the confessional and its abominations.”

“ True ; but up to this time we never have succeeded in inducing a convert of any reputation or standing in the community to make these disclosures before the *public*. Is not it so ?”

The parson hemmed and hawed a little, and then articulated, somewhat doubtingly, “ *Father Mortimer Sallinam*.”

“ Nonsense, Baxter,” returned his wife, looking reprovingly at him ; “ you know very well, already, how I value *his* testimony. I tell you again, I wouldn’t give a straw for the testimony of a ‘suspended priest.’”

“ You wouldn’t ?”

“ No—were he a man of good moral character, *would* he have been suspended ? Certainly not. And if—as is really the fact—if a suspended priest be degraded even in the estimation of his clerical brethren—themselves degraded and contemptible as they are, what, I ask, are we to expect of him ? Why, nothing but slanders and calumnies on the church from the ministry of which he was driven—partly, perhaps, in revenge for his disgrace, but chiefly to win his way to our sympathy and protection through what he regards as our bigotry and prejudices. Baxter, I can have no patience when I hear you exulting over the conversion of a suspended priest.”

The reader will not have failed to perceive that Mrs. Cantwell, in the few last observations she made, was not speaking from conviction, but merely pursuing her usual course, that of catching at any point of the conversation on which she

could hang an argument for dispute or controversy with her husband. Had she examined her own heart at that moment, she would find it filled with such strong antipathies and bitter prejudices against the Catholic church, that she would gladly have welcomed to her home and her fireside the veriest scoundrel that ever disgraced the "stole and surplice," provided he were *clever* enough to fabricate lies and devise calumnies against the "Mother" he abandoned. But strong as were her religious antipathies, her love of contradiction was still stronger; and she indulged it frequently beyond all measure. In the present instance, however, she was unusually moderate, owing perhaps to her pleasurable anticipations, which being large and very sanguine, filled up a great portion of her heart, leaving only a small corner for the spirit of contradiction to dwell in. Let us proceed.

"My dear," quietly observed the parson, in reply to her last observation, "many priests have abandoned Popery from a solemn conviction of its errors."

"And who are they?"

"Why, there's Mr. Crowland, for instance."

"Pish—nonsense, Baxter; he was driven from his chair of Physics, and afterwards expelled the college. 'Twas indignation and a spirit of revenge that made him a Protestant."

"Well, there's Hoganald—what think you of him?"

"Worse and worse. *He* wanted a wife and a fortune. He got both before he was a month in training. Hoganald! why, my dear sir, he had been paying his addresses to his first wife while yet officiating at the altar. 'Twas for that his bishop suspended him."

"Well, but, my dear—"

"Well, but listen to *me* for a moment. These men may answer our purpose notwithstanding the baseness and selfishness

of their motives. We can very well use them as instruments to build up the interests of the church as best we may, since we can find neither better nor honester at hand; but, for heaven's sake, let us not make fools of ourselves in giving them credit for more than they deserve. Let the public, if you please, be edified by the *sacrifices* they have made for the maintenance of truth and the destruction of error; but let not us at least, who know them, be the dupes of their hypocrisy. And now, my dear Baxter," continued the lady—"a truce with this argument, and let us speak of matters more immediate. Don't you think the priest in town here—Father Domnick they call him, I believe—don't you think he must be very much ashamed of his religion, when he hears of this old man Crawpshy having exposed him and it before the congregation, eh?"

"No, my dear, not the least; priests forswear all shame at their ordination."

"Why, Baxter, surely you cannot be serious—forswear it!"

"And on what other supposition, I pray, can you account for their brazen-faced audacity in setting a price on absolution, varying directly as the sin—that is, from eighteen pence to thirty shillings? There cannot be the least doubt of it, my dear wife."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Colonel Templeton. His dress was an elegant after-dinner suit of black. His look was less grave than usual, and bespoke a man well pleased with himself. His thin locks were arranged with order and regularity over his bald crown and round his temples, so that very little of the enamelled covering could be seen beneath. The colonel had evidently paid particular attention to his toilet this evening, probably with the view of showing of how much importance he considered

the religious services in which he was that night about to take a part.

"My dear Mrs. Cantwell," said he, approaching the lady and taking her by the hand, "I merely looked in to say that I'm going down town to visit the Rev. Mr. Sweetsoul, and to make such arrangements with him as may be necessary in the event of Crawpshy's appearance at church to-night."

"And, my dear colonel, do you confidently expect him?"

"Without fail. He holds a little farm from me, you know, and I'm sure is too prudent to run the risk of my displeasure by attempting any thing like deception. Besides, the old man made his terms with me carefully and cautiously, like one who had made up his mind to meet the difficulty, if any such is to be expected from the Catholics."

"You have sent the coach?"

"Yes; that was one of his conditions."

"Poor fellow!" said the lady with a pitying look, her head bent to one side, and her eyes fixed on the colonel's; "how awkward he must feel when he comes out to address the congregation. Really, I pity him, colonel: he has a hard task before him; but then the consciousness of a high and holy purpose, will bear him triumphantly through the difficulty. When is he to arrive at the church?"

"At eight o'clock precisely. As soon as he arrives, I am to be apprized of it, and then, with Mr. Sweetsoul's permission, shall take the liberty of preparing the congregation by a short address, for the secrets that are about to be revealed. This may be necessary, as the man's sudden appearance before the communion-table might create alarm."

"Very thoughtful of you, indeed, colonel. And then, besides this old man, we shall have quite a number of other converts. Oh! it affords me such delight to find you here to witness the joyful spectacle. Poor Kathleen Kennedy! she

was here yesterday with her two beautiful children; and really, colonel, you cannot conceive what pleasure we took—Miss Cantwell and I—in decking them out with their new dresses; they look admirably. Oh, that Kathleen is quite a nice creature—is not she, colonel?"

"Very, indeed. But I cannot conceive what reason she can have for disliking Mr. Goodsoul so much."

"Does she dislike him?" inquired the parson.

"Oh, yes, my dear; she dislikes him exceedingly. Ha, ha, ha! poor innocent thing! how I laughed when she told me her reason. It's very amusing—is it not, colonel?"

"What is it?" inquired the parson.

"Why, she thinks Mr. Goodsoul was rather free in his mode of consolation."

"Free?"

"Yes; she imagines he was too kind and tender in his expressions of sympathy with her in her distressed and lonely condition. Ha, ha! poor dear man—the saintly pious creature! how pained he should feel if he knew how she regarded him."

"Colonel, may we hope for the honor of your company in our carriage, after your return from Mr. Sweetsoul's?"

The colonel declined, and then, after a moment's compliment, quitted the apartment.

"Colonel, colonel!" cried Mrs. Cantwell, running after him "may it not be necessary to have police stationed at the church, to protect the poor old man? If these dreadful Ribbonmen hear of his intention, they may break open the coach."

"My dear Mrs. Cantwell," replied Colonel Templeton, "I have already given orders to that effect. Good-by."

* * * * *

Thursday night was cold, calm, and dark. Not a breath of air stirred the withered leaves in the little shrubbery that sur-

rounded the Methodist meeting-house, in the village of Donagal. Not a star was to be seen throughout the whole wide expanse above, and the air was so motionless, that nature might have seemed, to the overstrained imagination of the religious enthusiast, to have rested from its functions, and paused, to listen in silence to the awful disclosures of that night. Secrets involving the best interests of society—secrets said to be closely connected with the immortal destinies of man—secrets that had lain hid for nearly two thousand years were about to be revealed. A secret tribunal, claiming its appointment and authority from on high, had, for century after century, with audacious presumption, and unmitigated pertinacity, presumed, in the face of the world, and in contempt of all remonstrance, to lay hold of men's very souls, and crush them down into a slavish submission to its will. That tribunal was to be exposed and denounced.

The meeting-house was brilliantly lighted up—so much so, indeed, that a stranger, passing by, would naturally inquire if such preparation did not denote some extraordinary rejoicings within. The light from the various windows, and from the front door, streamed out in floods upon the street, giving to the idlers round about a full view of the different members of the congregation as they passed in to the service. On either side of the short avenue, between the outer gate and the church-door, was placed a single file of police, and outside, the commanding officer, with a sergeant's guard.

Colonel Templeton, arm in arm with the Rev. Jejjediah Sweetsoul, were among the first who made their appearance at the gate. As they passed in, the police presented arms to the colonel.

Shortly after, came the Rev. Baxter Cantwell's coach, containing his reverence himself, his wife, his maiden sister Rebecca, and Kathleen Kennedy.

Then came a number of country jaunting cars, and carriages of all shapes, forms, and capacities, carrying ladies and gentlemen in dark dresses, of demure looks and ascetic aspects; after these came the town's people, in parties of two and three, walking at a slow pace, silent, and meditative.

When all the pews of the regular members were found to be occupied, permission was given to the officer in charge of the gate to admit indiscriminately all who were anxious to be present. It was also intimated to him as coming from Colonel Templeton, that if a coach should arrive at the gate about 8½ o'clock, it should be admitted within the walls, and up as far as the church-door, and there guarded until further orders.

Colonel Templeton sat in the same pew with the Cantwells and their convert protege. The house was full to the very doors; even the aisles were crowded halfway up to the communion-table. The front seats were reserved for the most respectable of the Episcopalian auditors, such as, the colonel, the Cantwells, the Liscaddens, &c.; the congregation proper occupied the middle section, or body of the church, and the rear was left for the accommodation of strangers without distinction of sect.

After the Rev. Jejjediah Sweetsoul had entertained the auditory for some forty minutes, with a sermon on justifying grace, in which he proved, to the satisfaction of everybody, the impossibility of man doing any meritorious act of religion without the unctioning and indwelling of the spirit, he sat down. During an interval of ten or fifteen minutes after, there was unbroken silence—if, indeed, we might except a slight chirping whisper in the direction of the door. Then a figure was observed slowly rising within a little distance of the place where Colonel Templeton sat. The figure was that of Mr. Liscadden, a gentleman to whom the reader has

already been presented at the Orange Lodge. He looked round him for the space of a minute, as if he wished to ascertain the extent of the meeting—whether, in fact, it was deserving the important communication he was about to make. Having satisfied himself on that point, he began by announcing with much solemnity “that he had experienced religion three weeks ago, but owing to his absence from home, and an overpress of business in the pork trade, in which he was largely concerned, he had not an opportunity hitherto of offering his case to the consideration of his brethren.

“I have been a sinner, my brethren,” said he; “in the ways of the wicked one have my steps been straying for a long time—yet though the spirit had not made his dwelling within, nevertheless he dwelt not afar off. He was always near unto me, and preserved me even amidst the dangers that environed me round about. I had not entirely fallen, for as yet I was conscious to myself of no sinfulness of act, but only of indifference to grace. I have been very unsuccessful in my commercial affairs; yet, notwithstanding the temporal courts of justice have called me swindler, nevertheless my conscience doth not reprove me. Indeed, I have continually yearned after the *indwelling*, and have prayed much, both in the day and in the night, that light might visit my soul, and lo! my brethren, it came in a most wonderful manner. One evening, after entertaining some of the elect of the Lord at dinner, I retired to my little back parlor in order to derive consolation from the holy book, when behold! I felt a sad weariness coming over my senses, and then a darkness enveloped me like unto a black cloud, which the eye of the body could not penetrate: presently I slumbered, and then a vision appeared to me in n.y sleep and said unto me—‘Arise, child of sighs and sorrows, and go to thy brother Luther and commune with his spirit in prayer, and

thou shalt be released from the bandages of sin.' I know not how long I may have lain, but when I awoke it was far advanced in the evening. I then arose, and, as the vision had directed, I wended my way to my brother Luther, who was himself converted but a few weeks before from sin unto righteousness. He was engaged with his friends when I entered his house, enjoying those little comforts that are so necessary to the support of our weak carnal nature. I begged him to retire with me to an inner apartment, and there supplicated him as a child of election and grace to leave his brethren for a little short hour, and commune with me in prayer that the bandages of sin might be loosened, and that I might walk, like him, in renovated strength. But behold, my brethren, he waxed wroth because I had disturbed him—even in obedience to the vision; and then he laughed at me immoderately, and said I was a hypocrite: presently he left the room, saying as he passed away—'Go to Beelzebub and pray for thyself.'"

As the last words were uttered, confused murmurs of disapprobation were heard near the speaker, which, owing to the distance and the rather low tone in which he spoke, the elect in the gallery mistook for signs of joy and exultation, and therefore immediately began to cry out as usual—"Holy! holy!" etc.; whereupon the Rev. Mr. Sweetsoul stood up and motioned them to silence.

Mr. Liscadden resumed—

"I saw my brother had again fallen, and therefore I was greatly bewildered and troubled in mind, for I began to fear lest the vision might *not* have been from above. Yet I took courage, and hearing on my return home that the Rev. Mr. Sweetsoul, our learned and saintly minister, would hold forth that night at Lacken, I put the word under my arm and wended my way thither on foot; and lo! when I approached near unto

the place, I felt a great weighing down of the body, yea, so that I was fain to sit by the wayside; and presently the spirit, I know not whether of light or darkness, began to struggle within and tear me violently, so that my eyes were blinded; and behold! I waxed weaker and weaker in the flesh, even unto fainting. I lay upon the wayside by a stream, which I feared to fall into, for I was not able to help myself; but I was preserved from destruction, for a powerful hand was over me to lift me up. There I had a trance. I know not how long it might have lasted; but, oh! brethren, when I awoke what a sight met my view! All was changed—it was dark, and though the eyes of the flesh could see nothing, yet with the eyes of faith and of the spirit that had taken possession of my inward man, I saw before me as clearly as in a glass, there on the surface of the stream, the bandages of sin and unrighteousness with which I was encompassed floating down—away—away into the river of oblivion; and then I felt the inspiration of the spirit of light come upon me, and mark me with the sign of election.”

“Now,” said Mr. Sweetsoul when the speaker sat down, —“now,” said he, giving a signal to the people, “you may rejoice and be glad, for mercy hath been shown unto a sinner.”

The signal was promptly obeyed. Joy and thanksgiving resounded from every corner of the church. When the noise had entirely subsided, our old friend Mr. Goodsoul, who was a Class-leader as well as Bible Reader, stood up in his place and asked whether any brother or sister wished to be prayed for. He paused for a minute or so, but no one answered. Then he opened the pew-door and proceeded up the aisle towards the communion-table, putting the questions usual on such occasions, to different individuals on either

side as he passed along, namely—"How did they feel, and whether they had experienced religion?"

Mr. Goodsoul was dressed in black, just as we have already described him,—nothing white about his person but the eternal cravat—high, stiff, and immoveable as ever. His bearing and port, however, on this occasion were rather more imposing and solemn than we ever remember to have seen them before. He had already put the usual questions and received the usual answers from five or six regular church-members, when he stopped before a man who, judging from his *contour*, was evidently neither a Methodist nor much at ease on the velvet-cushioned pew. He was of middle age, but gaunt and poverty-stricken; and his clothes, though quite new, were too large by half for his sinking attenuated frame. He was a convert, clothed by the Kildare-street Society, and had just made his first appearance in a religious Protestant assembly. Mr. Goodsoul accosted him.

"How do you feel," said Goodsoul, bending down his head to the poor man,—“how do you feel, Mr. Cashidy?"

"Eah!" ejaculated Cashidy, looking up at the speaker.

"I am asking you how do you feel?" repeated Goodsoul in a louder tone, for the man was somewhat deaf.

"Well, fegs then, Mr. Goodsoul dear, in regard i' the health, 'am not jist as well as I ust to be; this shortness i breath's rackin' me to pieces; but how is yerself, sir, and 'he wife an' weans?"

"Hush," said Goodsoul, "I don't mean that, but how do you feel after the sermon and prayers—how is your heart affected?"

"Well, dear be praised, my heart's soun' erough, 'am thinkin'; but them dhrugs I took from the docthor a'most

finished me; an' then in regard i' cochin' an' spittin', it's a miracle 'am livin' at all."

"Have you experienced religion?" persisted Goodsoul.

"Sir?"

The question was repeated in somewhat clearer terms.

"Well, if it be's the custom av the place, why av coorse 'li try to experinse as well as the rest i' ye's, set in case ye show me how it's to be done," replied Cashidy, innocently supposing it as easy to experience religion as to teach a child to make the sign of the cross.

Goodsoul saw the utter inutility of further questioning, and accordingly passed on to the next, and the next, until he came at length to Kathleen Kennedy. She sat at the end of the pew next the aisle, her head bent down, and her eyes fixed on something she held in her hand. When Goodsoul stopped beside her she knew he was there, but did not raise her head. She sat there the very impersonation of shame—shame that she had not suffered herself and her children to starve, and Ned to rot in jail, rather than save them at such a sacrifice to her conscience—shame that every one must regard her new garments as the wages of her apostacy from the faith she was born in.

"How do you feel, Mrs. Kennedy?" said Goodsoul, bending low and speaking softly to her.

Kathleen remained bowed and silent. She was praying against temptation—her eyes were fixed on the little crucifix attached to her beads.

"Mrs. Kennedy, do you not know me?" whispered Goodsoul,—“look up and answer me.”

Kathleen was still silent. She did not like Goodsoul, and therefore would not answer *such* a question as he put to her. She remembered he had often spoken to her in what she believed to be a very indelicate and unbecoming man-

ner. "Was it possible," she said to herself, "he could so far forget himself as to repeat his impertinence in so public a place?"

Goodsoul laid his hand on her shoulder. "Kathleen," said he, whispering almost in her ear, "speak to me, and tell me how you feel."

"Feel!" repeated Kathleen.

"Yes, how does your heart feel, after—"

"Whisht," muttered Kathleen, "shure yer in the church, and the people's luckin' at ye."

Goodsoul heeded not her words, but pressing his hand upon his heart as a sign of his meaning, again repeated the question.

Kathleen could no longer bear the fancied insult. Her pure, untainted Irish blood rose up rushing to her face, when she heard what she understood as an outrage upon her virtue. No longer the simple, timid, bashful Kathleen, she was now the proud indignant woman; she was but a beggar in the estimation of the world, yet at that moment she was a queen in her own. Up she sprung as quick as thought, and snatching the beads with her left hand, she struck the unconscious Bible Reader with the open palm of the right such a blow upon the cheek as startled the whole assembly by its sharp peculiar click, and sent the pious man reeling back against the opposite bench.

"Take that," she cried, "ye dhirty, desavin', mane black-guard—" the remainder was lost in the roar of voices from the back seats.

"What's this—what's the meaning of this?" vociferated Colonel Templeton, rushing past the Cantwells to where Kathleen was standing with a flushed face and an eye of fire. "Silence, there!" he shouted,—“police, I command you to maintain silence.”

"I'll have none av his dhirty insiniashins," continued Kathleen, heedless of the colonel's question.

"What insinuations do you mean, my good woman?"

"It wasn't enough for him to be pittin' them questions to me at home, but he must do it here, too, in the very meetin' house afore the company. Ah, bad luck to him, the thief; shure the dhirty drap's in him, any way."

"Explain—explain!" cried the colonel. "Keep silence there, or leave the house. Police, do your duty. Explain this affair, woman, or you'll suffer for it. Mr. Goodsoul, what are we to understand by all this?"

"Let me out—let me out i' this!" shouted Kathleen; "let me out this minit," she repeated, breaking away from Mrs. Cantwell, and forcing open the pew-door; "av that be the kin' av religion ye have, ye may keep it to yersels, an' much good may do ye with it. The dhirty mane blackguard, to be strivin' to deludher me in the church afore the company!"

The noise and confusion had now become completely uncontrollable, the entire congregation rising up in their pews and on the benches, each asking his neighbor in vain for an explanation.

"There's yer bonnet, Mrs. Cantwell," cried Kathleen, breaking the ribbons that tied it under her chin, and flinging it into the pew; "an' there's yer shawl," she continued, flinging it also; "an' there's yer shoes," she added, kicking them off in the aisle. "I'll sen' ye this gown too whin I go home, and get some other duds to pit on me. Ye may do as ye plaze, colonel, but I'll never darken a church-door again as long's my name's Kathleen Kennedy."

The crowd made way for her to pass, at Colonel Templeton's request, and the high-minded, pure-hearted Kathleen quitted the church, leaving behind her, with her cast-off garments, all hope of relief for her husband and children, and

carrying with her her only consolation amidst her trials and sufferings—her cross and beads.

When order had been restored, and the auditory again put on that grave look so peculiar to the sect, a servant in livery passed up the aisle, and delivered a verbal message to Colonel Templeton, who immediately rose up in his place, and addressed the meeting in the following words:—

“Brethren in the faith,” said he, “I am exceedingly pained to have witnessed the disgraceful scene that has just taken place in this temple of religion and peace. The woman who caused this unseemly commotion, was brought here in the spirit of Christian charity, that she might learn piety and true devotion from the lips of the saintly and God-fearing servant of the Gospel who has so eloquently and fervently addressed you to-night. We had hoped good things of her—indeed, she seemed to us a woman who thirsted after the living waters, and longed to be enrolled amongst the children of promise; but she has deceived us. At the moment her heart should have been open to the grace of conversion, it was only filled with anger and hatred of an innocent man. Yet this disgraceful scene did not originate with her; no, my friends, it was planned and brought about by the priest: the woman was but the instrument in his hands. It was intended to be a set-off against the revelations which one of his parishioners is to make here to-night. But, my brethren, we can easily afford to forgive this outrage, when we reflect that it was perpetrated as a last resource to prevent exposure—as a plan to break up our meeting. The old man who now sits in my coach at the door, and who will be introduced to you in a few minutes, is a man of unblemished reputation; he comes before you to make a disclosure of the villanies and corruptions of the confessional—to expose and denounce the iniquities of a debased and venal priesthood. He has resolved at length

o set at defiance all the threats and machinations the enemies of light and truth have made against him, and boldly to denounce the harlotry of Babylon. He will declare to you that the priest has *cursed* him from the altar, for having read the Holy Bible. (Oh! oh! from the auditory.) He will show you that the priests have set a price upon absolution, varying directly as the sin, viz., from one-and-sixpence to thirty shillings apiece. (Oh! oh dear! with sighs intermingled.) He will prove to you that absolution from the sin of reading the Bible costs as much as absolution from murder or arson, and are classed in the same category. He will finally show you that the murder of a Protestant laic costs but a shilling, and that of a Protestant clergyman but half a crown. (Here sighs and tears of commiseration followed in large quantities.) He will unfold to you, in fine, the most atrocious system of depravity and demoralization that the human imagination has ever conceived. Listen with attention, my friends, to the old man's recital; and when he shall have ended, do not so much rejoice at the discomfiture of the enemies of truth, as mourn that such wickedness is still to be found in the world, and pray that the time may soon come when the earth shall be purified from the filth and pestilence of Romanism, and the souls of all men illumined by the light of the holy Gospel. I have done."

As the colonel sat down, he made a signal to his servants to bring in the convert.

After a brief interval, during which there was breathless silence, a servant came in and told the colonel the man was quite helpless, and unable to walk.

"I know it, sir. Help him into the church."

"I wouldn't be able, yer honor; he is very heavy and unwieldy."

"Was he helped into the coach at Gortnotragh?"

"Yes, sir."

"And do you expect to see him leap out without assistance? Go, sir, and tell the coachman to assist you."

"Yes, sir; but—"

"Go, fellow, and obey your orders—am I to command twice?"

The servant bowed respectfully and withdrew, but returned in a minute after, and again addressed his master.

"He can't put a foot under him, sir."

"What! he must be much worse with rheumatism than when I saw him last," thought the colonel; "he could then walk with a crutch. Away, sir, and bring him in at all hazards; he cannot be so very ill."

"But he's disguised, sir," observed the servant, using a slang term, of the meaning of which the colonel was entirely ignorant.

"Very well, sir; that's not your business but his," said the colonel sharply, (imagining as he did that Crawpshy had disguised his person in order to avoid recognition in his passage through the portico into the church.) "Go quickly, sir, and bring him here. Are we to wait all night for him?"

The servant again bowed, and retired.

When sufficient time had elapsed to enable the convert to make his appearance before the assembly, now in feverish expectation of his presence and its result, a low murmur intermingled with sounds of suppressed laughter in the direction of the front door, began to break in upon the dead silence that prevailed. Every ear was instantly turned to catch the sound. It did not die away as might have been expected, but increased, becoming every instant louder and louder, till at last it grew into an uproarious shout, and then a protracted cheer that rang loud and long through the building, in the midst of which Dumpy Dowser, supported on his feet by the

colonel's servants, and pushed forward by the crowd of idlers, came driving up shoeless and hatless towards the communion-table.

"Hurrah for the (hic) Pope, and down with King William!" cried Dowser; "King B-Billy's a rascal, and the Po-(hic)-Pope's a gentleman."

"Ould Neal Crawpshy's past yer knowin', colonel; he's got so fat," cried a voice from the gallery.

"Mr. Crawpshy," muttered Dowser, catching at the name, "that goats' milk 'id p-(hic)-poison a Turk. Down with Orange Billy—

'Cr-(hic)-croppies rise up, for yer (hic) long enough down,
And we'll (hic) scourge all the Orangemen out of the town.

Tol-de-rol (hic) lol-der-ol lol-de-rol-i-ror.'

"Police! police!" shouted Colonel Templeton; "drive back this rabble—out with them at the point of the bayonet. How comes Mr. Dowser here in this state?"

"Sure it's Neal-a-Crawpshy, yer honor; luck at him—it's only the dhrapsy he has," cried the same voice from the gallery.

"William, William!—my dear William!" screamed Mrs. Dowser, rushing from her place, and clasping her husband by the neck. "William, dear, I have you again! Oh, thank goodness, I have you again!"

"Kate—Kate, dear," said Dowser, "if that's your (hic) ghost, tell me at once."

"My ghost! why, William dear, it's your own loving, living wife. Look up, and speak to me."

"And how did you (hic) come up here to the mountains, Kate—eh?"

"Coachman! I say, Rigby! come here, sir!" vociferated Colonel Templeton; 'is that tæe man you took into the carriage at Gortnotragh?"

"The very same, sir; I looked in at him before I started. The people there told me his name was Neal Crawpshy, the man you ordered me to bring."

"Who told you so?"

"I didn't hear the name of any of the party but one, sir."

"Well, and his name was—"

"Shandy M'Guire, I think, or something very like it."

"Death and confusion! Did you not see he was drunk, sir, when you put him in?—answer me, fellow."

"I didn't put him in, please yer honor; *they* did, whilst I was lighting my pipe."

"Begone from my sight!" thundered the colonel, half-choked with rage. "I shall dismiss you to-morrow, you careless scoundrel."

"William, dear," said Mrs. Dowser, coaxingly, "rise up, and come home—do now."

"They won't let me, Kate—I tell you (hic) they won't; they'll starve me here on lumpers an' (hic) goats' milk—whist! there's that fellow listening."

"Who, dear?"

"That villain, Shandy M'Guire (hic)—he'll want me to dance again (hic)—he'll be the death of me yet, Kate."

Colonel Templeton now stood leaning against a bench at some distance from the crowd, with his arms folded and his eyes cast down, like a man who has risked his fortune on a single card, and lost it. The deafening shouts and cheers of the Romanists on the street opposite the church-door, rang upon his ear, adding greatly to the bitterness of his disappointment, and rendering his discomfiture a hundred times more galling. As he stood there in utter wretchedness, a little man in a long threadbare overcoat, and supporting himself with a staff, hobbled up to him, and taking off his hat respectfully, requested leave to speak a word in private.

"Well, sir, your business?"

"I was talkin' this evenin', yer honor, to Neal-a-Crawpshy, an' he tould me to tell ye he cudn't keep his promise."

"And why not, sir?"

"Bekase, plaze yer honor's holiness, there's a tarrible reduction in the prices av absilution since Neal was at confession last, an' he didn't know it when he made the bargain with yer honor; for, siz he, this Pope we have now cut down murdhers as low as a poun' apiece, an' ither sins accordinly; so he says he cudn't well take it on his conscience to go higher, but if yer honor's satisfied with that, why he'll make a reasonable reduction in his pay, an' come to church any time yer honor sends the coach for him."

"The infamous scoundrel! he shall answer for this. And who are you, sir?"

"'Am a neighbor of his, plaze yer honor."

"Your name, I mean—what's your name, sir?"

"Well, in troth, yer honor, that same's no great things. Sometimes they call me one name an' sometimes anither."

"But what is your real name, sir?" demanded the colonel.

"I half suspect who you are. Answer me, sir."

"Well, I was christened, they tell me, by the name of Shandy M'Guire, yer honor, if ye iver heerd tell av it."

"Police! police!—hilloa there, sergeant, arrest this man!" vociferated the colonel at the top of his voice.

"Arra, colonel dear, don't be so cruel to an ould lame man that's racked with the rheumatiz; don't ye remember the day you give me a ride in yer gig, how consitherate you were?"

"Police! police!" shouted the colonel again, gesticulating most furiously.

The police searched, but Shandy escaped among the crowd.

Then the assembly prepared to leave the church, for the farce had ended.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE AGENT AND THE BAILIFF ARE BROUGHT FROM DARKNESS
INTO LIGHT.

WE now return to Archibald Cantwell, having taken our leave of Colonel Templeton and the worthy members of the "Moor" family at the door of the family carriage, beside which stood Mr. Goodsoul, our pious and God-fearing acquaintance, holding the handle, and bowing with his usual solemnity to each individual as he passed in. Whether he addressed himself in words to his respectable patrons on that interesting occasion, has not been chronicled in the history of that night; for, owing, it is said, to the shouts and cheers of the mob, the voice of the Bible Reader could not be heard. Indeed, tradition on the subject is very clear; for what with the shouts for Dumpy Dowser, when he made his appearance outside the church, and the vociferous cheers for Shandy M'Guire, perched comfortably as he was on two stalwart fellows' shoulders, and hurried along through the crowd, there was certainly clamor enough to drown the voice of Ebenezer Goodsoul, had he spoken with the power of a Jupiter Tonans.

Cantwell was still at the bailiff's, where Doogan had left him. The reader will remember he had that night escaped from strangulation at the hands of "Dick the Omedaun." Poor Dick, as we have already seen in the early part of this story, had followed the remains of the unfortunate Mary Curran to the old abbey. There, at her grave, he saw the old

priest weeping over her melancholy and untimely end—over a heart pure and untainted as the breath of angels—now crushed and broken by the slander of the disappointed and malicious Cantwell. There Dick's soul, usually so calm and passionless, was roused up to wrath and vengeance by the tears of the priest. Unseen by the crowd, he knelt down on the loose earth by the brink of Mary's grave, and placing the fingers of his right hand over those of the left, he swore by the five crosses he would take the life of Archibald Cantwell in revenge for the grief of Father Domnick, whom he loved with such an intensity of affection as, people say, the heart of the simpleton only can experience. Never for one moment did Dick forget that promise; it was the one idea—the one purpose that occupied his thoughts, and never did he reveal his secret to living creature but his own *lanna bought*, Ellen O'Donnell. Night after night he would sit melancholy and sad in the old churchyard near Mary's grave, to guard the body from the sacrilegious touch of the resurrection-men; and then as the wild thirst for revenge waked up within him, he would start from the broken tombstone where he kept his lonely watch, and run up to the "Moor" to prowl about the house in quest of his victim. On the night of the murderous attempt at Doogan's assassination, Dick had concealed himself in the shrubbery, close by the back entrance to the Rector's demesne, ready like the tiger to pounce upon his prey. Hardly had Cantwell closed the wicket behind him, and turned in the direction of Coulson's house, when he felt himself dragged by a powerful arm into the ditch, and his throat grappled as if by the jaws of a vice. The simpleton's hold relaxed not in the struggle; in vain did Cantwell seize his arms, and attempt to force them up in order to lighten the deadly pressure. Dick's terrible passion for vengeance gave him herculean strength—his grasp tightening more and more

every moment, until at length his victim's efforts became less violent, his face livid, and his eyes bloodshot, so that one minute more would have ended his wretched life, when Father Domnick, attracted by the moving of the shrubbery and the high breathing, came opportunely to his rescue.

But Cantwell had escaped from the long-pent-up wrath of the *natural* only to be the more terrified by the threats of Doogan. The respectable position he occupied in the county as the Agent of the wealthy and influential Colonel Templeton, and still more his close relationship to the Rector of the parish, and the various charitable societies of which he was ever regarded as a zealous and active member, now rose up to present themselves to his reflection, and affright him with the dread of exposure. To be so suddenly stripped of the veil of sanctimony with which he had so long and so dexterously covered his villany, and shown to the world in all his native meanness and duplicity, was a thought that curdled the very blood within him. When he first heard the threatening words break from Doogan's lips, in such bold and determined tones, he shrunk back and cowered like a very woman with astonishment and fear. But he soon rallied his energies for the emergency. A moment's reflection told him there was no time to lose, if he wished to prevent public disgrace. His deep and deadly passions were roused, as his imagination pictured in frightful characters the sneers and scoffs of his enemies on the one hand, and the scorn and contempt of his friends on the other—friends whom his hypocrisy had so long deceived; and borrowing fury from despair, he snatched the pistol from the wall and snapped it in the butcher's face. His intent was murder; to bury his dark secrets in the grave of the man whom he had made their sole depositary. But he failed—an almighty and ever-watchful Providence interposed, and Doogan was saved.

From one so cunning and circumspect as Archy Cantwell, we might have expected more prudence and discretion in his difficulty with the butcher; that seeing himself so much in Doogan's power, he might have bethought him of some means to bring about an amicable adjustment; but the fact was, Cantwell saw at a glance the folly, if not the danger, of continuing an intimacy with a man who had not only lodged information against his reverend father for having smuggled goods in his possession, but also exposed himself before his bailiff and companions. What guarantee could such a fellow give for his future secrecy and trustworthiness? If for the miserable pittance of ten shillings—the informer's fee—he perjured himself as an Orangeman by attempting to bring down public ignominy on the head of his sworn brother and chaplain of his lodge, what would he not do if the Ribbon party, or its supposed abettors, offered him a bribe commensurate with his avarice, to reveal the secrets confided to his keeping? There was but one choice; to murder his confidant—a thing easily done where his own creatures were to be the only witnesses of the deed—or consent to lose both his office and his reputation. He chose the former.

It was now past midnight. The Agent and the bailiff sat before the half-spent peat fire in Coulson's little parlor. The other members of the family had retired to rest. Cantwell's left arm rested on the table beside him, the open hand shading his dark sepulchral countenance from the view of his companion. There was no light in the room but what the sickly simmer of smouldering coals gave out through the bars of the grate.

After a long interval of silence, during which he played with the seals of his watch, Cantwell at length gave expression to his thoughts.

"And you forgot to search his pockets for the papers?"

Confound it! you have balked the business nicely, eh—haven't you?"

"We forgot nothing, sir; but we had no time to search. Had we remained where he fell but one minute longer, we should all three be now under irons in the barrack guard-room."

"If these papers be found, (of which there can be very little doubt,) matters will be still worse," observed the Agent, in a tone expressive of serious apprehension.

The bailiff said nothing in reply, but kept drawing figures in the ashes with the fire-shovel.

"Was he dead when you left him, do you think?" again asked Cantwell.

"No—not dead: there was hardly time; but he was beyond the possibility of recovery."

"How so?"

"I passed the sword twice through his body."

"And broke it?"

"Yes."

"And left the point after you, to tell tales perhaps?" observed the Agent, sneeringly.

"Humph!" ejaculated the bailiff, with his usual indifference to his master's displeasure; "you are very hard to please in the management of these delicate matters. What do you think, now—had you not better employ another executioner for your next victim?"

"Ha! you banter me, sir."

"And why not, if I choose? With a gentleman like you, whose neck almost feels the halter, even your bailiff may be bold."

"And you threaten me?"

"As you please."

"What if I should give Jemmy Connor's farm to another?"

"You would regret it very much."

"Well, well—that's as it may be. It would pay you sufficiently for this night's work, I suppose?"

"Why, yes; it would comfort me a little under my remorse of conscience."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Agent mockingly; "ha, ha! excellent! And where did you find a conscience?"

"I picked up yours," replied Coulson, in the same tone, "when you cast it away, long ago, on your appointment to the colonel's agency; even then it was almost as worn out as an old shabby threadbare coat, but now you can hardly recognise it, so much has it been renovated under my care. Ha, ha! don't you think so?"

"Enough, enough, sir, of this bantering," said the Agent angrily; "and let me request you to conceal or destroy that cane-sword before you sleep, as it is the only possible evidence to criminate us."

"Don't fear, sir; the weapon shall be seen to, depend upon it."

"And now let me ask you," continued Cantwell, turning towards his companion, "have you yet seen that woman you recommended?"

"I have, sir."

"Well?"

"She has undertaken, in consideration of a guinea in hand, and the promise of another when she earns it, to bring Mary Connor to-morrow night, at seven o'clock, through the Abbey graveyard, where you may meet her."

"The Abbey! how is that—she lives four miles from it?"

"True; but she comes to a christening at the 'Stripe,' and her direct way home from there is through the churchyard."

"Very good, so far; but on what pretence is she to be lea there, for the place is desolate, and few care for passing through it in the night? Besides, she may be accompanied by this young Devlin."

"It is on that very pretence she will be induced to come. Devlin is to wait for her under shadow of the old wall, where they buried Mary Curran a few days ago."

"And who is this woman you have employed?"

"An old Scotch spae wife they call Nelly Killcreesh. Many a message she carried between Frank Devlin and Mary Connor in her time."

"She's to be trusted—eh?"

"Oh, as true as steel, if you pay her well; she's a regular trump when you jingle the gold at her."

"Ha, well, don't spare the gold. I'd willingly barter half my income for the satisfaction of taming that saucy dame. Ha, ha! Miss Malapert, take care; the Saxon dog may bite you yet. Proud as you are of your Irish virtue, you may yet see yourself dishonored, and your father a beggar."

"But what's to be done about this affair of the marriage, sir?" asked Coulson, changing the subject.

"Nothing, I believe; there's no proof against the priest of an attempted marriage."

"And O'Brien's assault on the police officer—what of that?"

"Quashed—the officer is thoroughly ashamed of his poltroonery, and won't consent to bring the case before the court. Confound the—"

"Hish!" interrupted Coulson; "what noise is that?"

"Where?"

"Outside the window. Hist! I certainly heard something like footfalls and stealthy voices near the window. Listen!"

Cantwell raised himself to an erect sitting posture, turned his ear to catch the sounds, if any there were, and listened with fear and terror impressed upon his dark sepulchral countenance.

"Hide the cane-sword," he whispered, gulping his words as he uttered them. "Hide it instantly, or we are lost!"

As Coulson rose to execute the order, the front door fell in with a thundering crash, and the next instant Captain O'Brien stood before the guilty pair.

As the tall princely form of the young Irishman made its appearance in the door of the apartment, Cantwell retreated to the wall, and remained there speechless as a statue.

"You keep late hours, sir," began O'Brien, addressing the Agent very calmly.

Cantwell did not reply immediately to the question. He was surprised out of his self-possession by the suddenness of the intrusion, and took a moment's pause to recover it.

"I have just said, Mr. Cantwell," repeated O'Brien, "that you keep late hours."

"Business like mine may sometimes require them," muttered Cantwell at length, his voice trembling as he spoke.

"No doubt, sir—sorry to interrupt you at so unseasonable a time. But may I beg to know how you came by that ring on your finger?"

Cantwell stood confounded at the question. He had not till that instant perceived that he still retained the ring which Doogan had given him. Had the thought occurred to him before, he would certainly have either secreted it about his person, or flung it back in the butcher's face. But as it was, he could not possibly free himself from the suspicion, at least, of having formed a close intimacy with Doogan. It was, therefore, after some hesitation he said—

"And what right have you, sir, to ask the question?"

"The right of a magistrate. That ring was given you some three months ago, and is the property of a young lady of your acquaintance robbed in Barnes' Gap about the beginning of July last."

"And why come you here at this hour, sir, to search for it? Would it not serve the purpose sufficiently, to have the young lady you speak of identify it at a more fitting time and place?"

"You mistake, sir; I did not come here solely to recover a stolen ring. I came also to arrest you, and your worthy bailiff, Wm. Coulson, for an attempt on the life of Daniel Doogan. Men, handcuff that fellow," he continued, pointing to Coulson. "Sergeant, search the house for Ribbon papers, and see, can you find a pistol lately discharged. Mr. Cantwell, have the goodness to hand me that ring."

"When you have satisfied me of your right to demand it,—not sooner."

"Thomson—Bradley, seize him!" said O'Brien, in a tone of the coldest possible contempt, "and take that ring from his finger; for me, I dare not touch him—he would pollute me."

The order was promptly obeyed.

"Mr. Coulson, where is the cane-sword you carried last night. I have a curiosity to know if this broken point can claim any relationship to it. Produce it."

"I have no cane-sword," muttered the bailiff.

"Captain," cried a voice from outside the window, "you will find the cane-sword behind the lookin'-glass on the mantel; I saw him through the shutters hidin' it."

The broken instrument was examined, and the point found to fit exactly.

"Now," said O'Brien, addressing his subaltern, "get the men in order for march; and you, sir," turning to Cantwell,

"will find a horse in your bailiff's stable, and accompany me to quarters."

After a few minutes spent in hasty preparation, the party set out on the road to the village, and arrived in due time at the military barracks.

Next morning, it being ascertained that Doogan was out of danger, bail was taken of the prisoners to stand their trial at the coming assizes.

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CHAPTER XXII.

IN WHICH AFFAIRS BECOME CRITICAL.

FOR some time after Shandy M'Guire had been carried in triumph through the village, groups of idlers might be seen here and there about the corners of the streets, talking and laughing together over the ludicrous scenes enacted in the Methodist meeting-house. The Orangemen also paraded the streets in straggling parties of five and six, some carrying orange-colored handkerchiefs tied round their arms, others wearing blue and orange ribbons on their hats, while a few, more courageous than the rest, fired pistol-shots as they passed along, in order, no doubt, to provoke a quarrel with the opposite parties, and thus summarily avenge the insult offered that night, not only to their religion, but to their loyal brother Dumpy Dowser. These provocations—quite sufficient at other times to cause riot and bloodshed—were on this occasion of Shandy's triumph and the colonel's discomfiture, entirely ineffectual; causing no other sign of retaliation than a loud laugh or a contemptuous cheer. As the night grew older, the different parties thinned off one by one, the Catholics highly pleased with the scenes they had witnessed, and the Orangemen muttering dark threats against their enemies.

It was now midnight—every one had retired to rest; the lights, which but an hour before had illuminated the village

were all extinguished, if indeed we might except the sickly gleam of the rushlight that struggled through the broken windows down at long intervals away among the lanes and alleys of the town—a mother, perhaps, watching to catch the last throb of her departing child, or maybe a poor tradesman striving against the morrow's sun to earn a breakfast for a helpless family. We have said it was midnight; the inmates at General Johnston's were sound asleep, when Ellen O'Donnell was disturbed by a noise in the garden.

"Madalene! Madalene!" she said to her waiting-maid, who slept in the same apartment; "wake up and listen—what noise is that? I surely heard something, like the noise of men leaping the wall. Listen! there's a confused hum of voices under the window."

Madalene got up, and drawing aside a corner of the window-curtain, perceived two men standing under the wall of the garden, apparently receiving instructions from a third party who remained outside, leaning over from the street. He was closely muffled in a cloak, the collar of which would, even in daylight, have completely concealed his face, and spoke so low and stealthy that she could not catch the words, though the place where he stood was but a few paces from the window. When Madalene told her mistress what she saw, Ellen started up, and wrapping herself in a night-cloak, approached the window. The two men in the garden, by this time, had moved over from the wall under Ellen's bed-chamber, and as they stood there for the space of a minute to ascertain, by listening at the window, whether any one was stirring within the house, Ellen observed the person outside the wall going away in the direction of the Orange lodge, in the rear of which a light was still burning. The thought flashed across her mind for a second that this individual, in his bearing and gait, was very like Cantwell the Agent;

but it was only for a second; for immediately her attention was again directed to the men in the garden. As they came within view, on leaving the window at which they had been listening, Ellen perceived, by the clear star-light, that one of them wore a breastplate under his overcoat. Madalene saw it also, and, had not her mistress prevented her, would have run down and alarmed the servants; but Ellen cautioned her to be silent, and observe closely what might happen. The two men walked down noiselessly by the avenue that led to the stable-yard, and entered an open doorway. After remaining there for four or five minutes, they again appeared carrying a ladder on their shoulders, which they proceeded to raise against the gable of the bridewell. Now the gable wall of this jail, where persons sentenced to imprisonment at the quarter-sessions, or by the magistrates, were kept for a short period, served in its place as a part of the wall enclosing the general's garden, as the gable of the old Catholic chapel answered the same purpose on the opposite side, so that the grated windows of the prison could be easily reached by a ladder from the garden. When Ellen saw the men raising the ladder, she knew in a moment they were bent on rescuing some poor convict from bridewell, and good-naturedly resolved not to balk them in their dangerous enterprise.

"It don't concern us, Madalene," she said; "they are certainly no robbers. So let us to bed, and wish them success in their undertaking."

"But who are they, think you, signora?" inquired Madalene, closing the curtain and retiring from the window. "There's a light in the lodge just beside them; surely some one there must be in the secret, or these men would not run the risk."

"No, no," replied Ellen; "there is no one there for whom

Orangemen would run risk—that prison, Madalene, was built for Catholics only.”

“But the sick man who was carried there against the captain’s will, he is not a Catholic?”

“Doogan, you mean? No, he’s not a Catholic, I believe, but neither is he a prisoner, Madalene; he is detained there in safe-keeping only, as a crown witness against Coulson and his accomplices. There’s no likelihood of Orangemen rescuing him from the jail.”

“Very dangerous place,” observed Madalene, composing herself for sleep; “very dangerous place for the poor fellow, under the lock and key of his enemies. But *Buona notte, signora mia, riposi bene.*”

Ellen and Madalene had slept hardly an hour, when they were again suddenly awoke by the cry of “Fire! fire!” shouted from the garden and along the street. As Ellen started up, the glare of light through her chamber windows told at once that the fire was raging in the immediate neighborhood. Hastily putting on her garments, she looked out, and saw Father Domnick’s house in flames. “Merciful God!” she cried; “save that old man!” And snatching a shawl to cover her shoulders, she rushed down the stairs, and flew through the garden. In a moment she was at the priest’s side, for he had escaped; and raising his hand to her lips, reverently kissed it. “Thank God!” she cried, shedding tears of joy as she spoke; “thank God, dear Father, you are still safe.”

The roof of the priest’s cottage being straw-thatch, supported by rafters of bog-fir seasoned for half a century, blazed like flax, and was consumed in a few minutes. From the instant the fire was discovered, no one thought of saving the house—it was impossible; but all directed their exertions to save the adjoining chapel. Father Domnick himself, without

hat or shoe, and wrapped in his loose unbelted cassock, stood opposite the window of his little study, holding Ellen by the one hand and his breviary in the other, gazing in melancholy abstraction on the flames as they devoured his library, every book of which was as dear to him, from old association, as the apple of his eye. Beside him was his faithful old clerk, Darby Gallagher, guarding his Leo X. and Infant Jesus, which the reader will remember to have seen before.

Notwithstanding the exertions made by the crowd, amongst whom many of the Protestant neighbors were remarkable for their hazardous attempts to intercept the course of the fire, the chapel at length caught the flame as it rose up swaying to and fro, and licking the roof above in its terrible fury. All endeavors to extinguish it were now utterly useless. Still the poor fellows who worshipped there so long and so faithfully, under so many insults and outrages, and to whom that venerable pile was the dearest and holiest spot on earth, round which their affections clung and grew with a devotion that increased day by day, in proportion to their sufferings—they could not desist from their labor of love whilst a shadow of hope remained. In vain did hundreds of stout arms carry water from the adjacent river, to heave it on the burning thatch, (for the chapel roof was similar to that of the cottage;) nothing could stop the fury of the devouring flames—the hot roof throwing off the water in steam as fast as it fell upon it. At length the ladders were removed, the crowd drew back further from the building, and then the clear steady flame rose up, illuminating the houses and gardens round about.

“Ellen,” said Father Domnick, speaking to the fair girl who still remained at his side, her hand clasped in his. “Ellen, my child, never till this moment did I dream that act of mine could have brought this punishment on my gray head.

If I have made me enemies, it was unwittingly, Ellen—God knows it was.”

“And *He* may have permitted this sacrilege for his own wise ends. Fear not, Father, another church will soon be erected on its ruins, and one, trust me, far more becoming the august mysteries of our holy religion.”

“I shall never see it, Ellen. To-morrow night I leave the old place, to beg my way to Spain once more—to beg, for they left me nothing but my breviary and my cassock. I loved this old chapel and the old castle beside it there better than I could tell—far better than to this moment I had ever thought; but—” The priest hesitated, and as Ellen looked up, she saw he was suffering intense agony.

Affecting not to notice his grief, she yet tried to console him with hopes of better times, and the love and affection of his persecuted flock, who would be still a thousand times more wretched if he forsook them.

“I know it, Ellen, and it’s hard to part with them,” he replied, repressing his emotion, and endeavoring to speak with more composure; “but I have made my resolution, suddenly I confess, but not in passion; and I beg God Almighty to pardon me if I did wrong, and to send them some one in my stead who will watch over them as faithfully as I have done. Indeed, Ellen, my dear child, I do not in a certain sense regret that this outrage has taken place; for I longed very much of late to visit Spain before life had become a burden too heavy to carry there; and yet I loved the little thatched cottage, and the venerable old chapel, and the old castle of my—the O’Donnell’s here beside it so much, that I fear I could never summon courage enough to tear myself from them. But now, Ellen, now that they have burned me out of house and home, I have little to part with but—”

“Old memories,” interrupted Ellen, “which, go where you

will, you can never banish. No, no, Father dear—stay with us ; stay with me to guide me safely through the dangers that may beset my path, in the new sphere of life on which I am so soon to enter ; stay with Roderick to teach him the faith and practice of our holy religion,—to show him how grand, how royal it is in its mysteries and its worship ! how like it is to the religion which a mind noble and generous like Roderick's, would have selected for the worship of Infinite Majesty ! Stay, stay with him, to counsel and direct him in his hour of need ; for the time is coming fast when men like him, of bold hearts and daring hands, shall be called on to assume a dangerous rank in our country's struggle for liberty. The sun of freedom may yet cheer your declining years, Father ; for dark and lowering as the clouds of fate may now hang over this unhappy land, I can still see through the obscurity a gleam of brighter and happier days."

"A gleam that shines afar off, Ellen, and over fields of blood," replied the old man sorrowfully.

"Be it so, Father ; the blood will hallow the victory, and consecrate the field."

"War is a dreadful alternative, my child."

"True ; but yet it is an alternative," replied the heroic girl.

Father Domnick turned a quick look at Ellen, somewhat surprised by the boldness of the language.

"Do not mistake me," she said, in reply to his thoughts ; "I love not war—no, no ; I would count myself undeserving the respect due to my sex if I did—yet I tell you candidly, I would rather see a revolution to-morrow, with equal chances of victory and defeat, than see day after day this beggared nation whining and supplicating for mercy at the feet of a foreign despot."

As Ellen uttered these words, a bugle rang out the mili-

tary call clear and high over the din and confusion that prevailed ; and as her eye turned in the direction of the sound, she saw Captain O'Brien in front of the crowd, giving orders to his men as his lieutenant told them off in parties of ten and twelve. He was dispatching them in pursuit of Doogan the crown witness, who (it was now ascertained) had been forcibly abducted from the prison.

When O'Brien had delivered his commands, he passed along in front of the multitude now lining the side of the street opposite the burning chapel. He wore a close-fitting jacket and forage-cap, and carried his sword in his left hand. His step was not hurried by the excitement of the moment—it was light and nervous ; yet his firm grasp of the sword, and his fiery eye, as it scanned the faces of the crowd, spoke of the passion that raged within.

“ Look, Father ! ” cried Ellen, pointing to O'Brien as he approached them ; “ look at Roderick ! is he not a noble fellow ? Oh, that heaven would give us a score such gallant gentlemen to strike for liberty ! As I love God,” she added, catching the shawl that was falling from her shoulders, while her enthusiastic blood tingled in her veins, and crimsoned her whole countenance—“ I would rather be the wife of such a man, on the evening after he had fought his country's fight for ‘ happy homes and altars free,’ than the enthroned Queen of England ! ”

O'Brien, as he neared the place where Ellen stood, halted on his step for an instant, as if to assure himself that the figure before him was that of his betrothed, in such a place and at such an hour ; and then dropping his sword on its belt, he doffed his cap courteously, and advancing, took Ellen by the hand.

“ Ha, Ellen, I little expected to find you here—and with Father Domnick too ? ”

"I came," replied Ellen, "to thaw my frozen papist blood at this Protestant fire. Our good Orange neighbors, afraid, I suppose, our Milesian blood would chill, have made a fire to-night to raise its temperature."

As O'Brien came over to take her by the hand, Ellen advanced a little from the line of the multitude to meet him, unconscious at the moment that she was departing somewhat from the rules of decorum which the follies of the age marked out for her observance; and thus both were brought to salute each other affectionately, in full view of the people. When the captain first appeared, the crowd would have received him with cheers, as they invariably did when he showed himself on any public occasion; for he was their favorite ever since the riot at the fair; but their hearts were too much bowed down with grief and sorrow for the loss they had sustained. Yet when Ellen appeared at his side, under the walls of her ancestral castle proud and beautiful like the women of her noble race, her hand clasped in that of O'Brien, it seemed to them like a vision, in which they beheld Catholic and Protestant join hands in friendship and fealty, forgetting all sectarian animosity, and animated by the same noble generous spirit, swear hand to hand and soul to soul to fight like children of the same father for the freedom of their native land; and as the bright fancy glowed, fond hope came to cheer their drooping spirits; and then a joyous shout, intermingled with many a "God bless them! God bless them!" rose up and rung out from the dense multitude, echoing through the walls of the old castle, as if the spirits of the dead kings whose bones lay buried within, had sent back in answer their consent to the royal union.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the crowd; "God bless the bonny pair—God bless the O'Brien and the *Baldwarag*!"

"It's the young blood of the old stocks again uniting to

free an enslaved nation!" cried a well-known voice in the crowd.

"It's my dream," said Father Domnick, laying his hand on Darby's shoulder. "I see it now—it's my day-dream of fifty years."

Here the noise of horses' feet was heard rattling on the pavement, accompanied with groans and hisses, and presently Colonel Templeton, followed by his Agent and a *posse comitatus* of police, rode up to where O'Brien was standing.

"How came you, Captain O'Brien, to break open the prison in search of Doogan the crown witness, without my orders?" demanded the colonel.

"Because your orders were not at all necessary; nor, if they were, would I wait for them."

"Know you, sir, that I am both landlord and chief magistrate of the town?"

"I know you, sir, to be a sworn brother of the men who rescued the witness. I know you to be a bigot in religion, a Tory in politics, and, in the treatment of your Catholic tenantry, an unprincipled tyrant. I know that libertine at your side to be your Agent—an assassin of women, and a conspirator against the lives and liberties of an innocent people. I know that he planned the abduction of the witness, to save himself from public infamy. I know so much of ye both, master and man—more I care not to know."

"My Agent cause the abduction of the witness! What, sir—dare you—"

"I dare, sir, to charge him with the deed," interposed the priest; "and this young lady will appear as an eye-witness of the fact when the proper authorities require her testimony."

"Lying, audacious mass-priest!" vociferated the Agent, affecting indignation at a charge, of which he nevertheless

felt he was guilty, and spurring on his horse to where the old man stood. "Infamous plotter of treason and—"

Hardly had he uttered the words when O'Brien, springing from Ellen's side, and snatching the whip from Colonel Templeton, dealt Cantwell a smart blow across the cheek, and unhorsed him.

"Saxon dog!" he cried, placing his foot upon his neck; "utter such words again, and you die the only death you deserve—strangled under the heel of an Irishman. Down, sir! degraded wretch, down, an O'Brien treads on you!"

"Police! police!" shouted Colonel Templeton; "arrest him, arrest him, and away with him to the barracks!"

The men advanced with fixed bayonets to obey orders, and O'Brien seeing the movement, drew his sword, still keeping his heel on the neck of the prostrate Cantwell.

"Down, villain!" he cried; "down before the eyes of the old priest whom you would have burned amid these flames! Down! you shall not gloat your eyes on the fire you made. Down! down! and thus let every Saxon tyrant bite the dust, and thus let every native Irishman crush him!"

While uttering these exclamations, O'Brien stood before the police like a lion guarding his prey, his manly form conspicuous amidst the throng, his long dark hair flowing back on his shoulders, and his left hand resting on his side, whilst his right held the naked sword carelessly covering the body of the fallen Agent.

"Cowards!" shouted the enraged colonel, gesticulating violently at the police; "are you afraid to arrest a single man? Advance!"

"Not an inch," cried Shandy M'Guire, forcing his way between the captain and police, at the head of some fifty stout fellows; "not an inch, colonel but over our dead bodies."

"Hear me, countrymen," said O'Brien; "I have a few words, and only a few words to say to you before we part. In view of that fire caused by the wretch who now lies writhing under my foot,—in sight of that burning roof under which you have worshipped God for so many years, in fear and terror, in pain and suffering,—in the presence of that venerable priest, bareheaded and barefooted, who tended you in your sickness and your sorrows, who in life or in death has not forsaken you and yours, who prayed for you so often in the long dark night, and blessed you so often in the morning from the altar that now smoulders within these blackened walls,—in the presence of that beggared outcast, your own *Siggarth aroon*, and in the name of a just God, I call on you to swear now before heaven, that from this moment you will never cease to prepare for the day of retribution, when your country shall call on you to rise in your gathered strength, and scourge the Saxon oppressors from the soil that bore ye."

"We swear! we swear!" vociferated the multitude, in one loud burst, as if they had been painfully awaiting the conclusion of the sentence.

"As for me," continued O'Brien, "I have but this little duty to myself left." And taking his commission from his breast pocket, he held it up for a moment. "This," he cried, "is my commission—it has hitherto given me the rank and the pay of a captain in the British army; it shall do so no longer. Behold! it is my first sacrifice to liberty!" And saying, he flung the document amid the crackling flames.

"Hurrah! hurrah!—God prosper the act!" shouted the crowd.

"And this is my second," he resumed, taking the glittering sword in both hands, and smashing it in pieces across his knee. "There, Saxon," he added; "up—up from the dust, and take that hilt with you; short blades suit best the hand of the

assassin." And turning away, he escorted Ellen and Father Domnick from the place.

Cantwell rose up, his face black with rage and suffocation, and called for his horse.

"Not yet—not yet," said Shandy; "we can't well do without ye for a minit or two. Here, boys, two iv ye hould him there by the collar av the coat, while I read this paper. And you, colonel, listen to your ould friend, Neal-a-Crawpshy—he'll not keep ye long. Goin' off are ye? Oh! begorra, ye must stay, colonel dear," (and catching at the reins, he led the horse back till he brought Landlord and Agent face to face.) "Ye must stay, av it was only to afford iz the light i' yer countenance to read this receipt, now that the fire is burnt out. Listen, now, and don't stir, or you might *tempt me to sin*.

"That pleasant-luckin' gentleman there," said he, motioning with his thumb in comic fashion to Cantwell, who stood stock still, his head bent down, and his collar grasped on either side by brawny hands; "that gentleman once tuck it in head, with all the rest av his villanies, to corrupt a poor girl in the neighborhood here—one Mary Curran—I'll warrint ye heerd av her. Well, it failed him, colonel; when lo-and-behold ye! he thought he'd revenge his spite, an' he did; for he slandherd her fair name, and sent her to the grave av a broken heart."

"Niver mind," said a voice at Shandy's side, which he instantly recognised; "niver mind, 'am sworn by the five crosses to kill him, an' I'll do it; faith will I—troth, I'll murder him yet."

"Well, colonel," continued our hero, "one wusn't enough—he thought he'd try his hand at another; an' he cast his eye on Mary Connor av Tubbernasiggart. So he sent her presents, and she sent them back again; then he sent a go-between, and Mary hunted the dogs on him. Guess who he was, colonel? deil

a less than yer own pious, God-fearing Mr. Goodsoul, the Bible Reader. This gentleman here, your Agent, being an Englishman, valued Mary's Irish virtue at a very low price, far lower than Neal Crawpshy ever valued absolution for the sin av readin' the Bible. Well, what 'id ye have of it, colonel, but as the story goes, one Shandy M'Guire came to hear av it, (a devil that's forever playin' tricks;) and disn't he meet the augenaugh there on the last fair-evenin', and tell him his name was Hudy M'Gettigan, a frien' av Mary's, and that she sent him with a letther (are ye listenin', Mr. Archy?—Cupid, ye remimber) invitin' him to meet her at the mill at ten o'clock that night, set in case he'd give a clear resate to her father for the arrears he threatened to put him out av his houldin' for? When he read the letther, Shandy handed him pen, ink, and paper, and he wrote a clear resate. Here it is, colonel—maybe ye'd know the handwritin'."

The colonel examined the writing.

"How is this, Mr. Cantwell?" he inquired; "here is your receipt for arrears of rent, which you told me so lately as this morning were still due!"

"Ask him no questions, colonel, and he'll tell ye no lies," interposed Shandy. "Well, he reached the mill at the appointed hour, an' instead av the warm reception he expected, he got the couldest he ever met with in his life. You remimber, Mr. Archy, how tinderly she threatad ye, an' how feared she was ye'd get a cough from the dampness i' yer clothes? But the funniest part i' the play was, that ye still thought the little man in the long coat, an' bliu' av an eye, was Hudy M'Gettigan, and sent him to jail for Ribbonism, when he wudn't give up a resate he never handled! Now, colonel, 'am done; but afore I go, I'll leave ye an advice—since ye won't take a lock iv my hair—an' that is, niver try again to bribe Catholics to belie their religion, as you dia

Neal Crawpshy; an' as the restorin' av ill-gotten goods, one i' the duties i' that same religion, I'll return this good to its rightful owner here, as I'm beginnin' to think I did come by it honestly, seein' he gave it to me in payment of the little throuble I tuck in bringin' about the meetin' at the mill. Here," concluded Shandy, "take it back again—I wonder it didn't burn my pocket; an' if ever ye return to England, which I hope in God you will and soon, tell your countrymen that poor an' ragged an' beggared as you may be, us, we wudn't barther the virtue of one of Erin's lowly lovely daughters for all the wealth of Britain."

As Shandy concluded, he retired amidst the crowd, who soon separated each to his own home

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CONCLUSION.

THE sun's disk was half hid beneath the horizon. His parting beams, as if bidding the earth good-night, kissed housetop and hill, island and mountain. The ivy on the turrets of the castle glittered brightly, and danced to the soft voice of the evening breeze as it sung its song among the leaves. The angler on the river's brink beneath the castle walls was silently tripping his gaudy fly over the surface of the stream, tempting the sluggish salmon to start from the deep water in pursuit of the dangerous decoy. The laborer was returning from the fields wearied with his long day's work, carrying his spade carelessly on his shoulder. The cows were lowing at the barn-doors, and the milkmaids singing their evening carol as they came forth with white napkins on their heads and white-hooped *piggins* in their hands. It was a lovely eve—the bright blue Italian sky above, and the soft emerald green below. It was an evening that God might have specially chosen to show his love for his creatures, in thus spreading out before them the immensity of his goodness. Yet, gentle reader, under that blue vault of heaven, no spot of earth was more afflicted and unhappy than your own green isle; it wanted that which lightens the heaviest burden, and assuages the keenest pain—the consciousness of freedom. Erin, amid all her beauties and her smiles, was still but a land of slaves.

Father Domnick was kneeling within the walls of the castle, on the steps of the little ruined altar where his fathers used to worship long ago, and where he loved so much to recite his evening office. O'Brien and Ellen but an hour before had knelt there also, and plighted the vows that death alone could cancel. "How strange," said the priest, after he had performed the ceremony, "that the old church was burned the night before your marriage-day! It would seem as if fate ordained you should be wed at the altar where your ancestors gave away their royal daughters."

"And the ring of the Baldearags," said Ellen, "the wedding-ring of the O'Donnells—how opportunely it appears!"

"And the priest, who both marries and gives away the bride," added O'Brien.

"Hush!" said Father Domnick, glancing significantly at the captain; "he's but a miserable old man, whose sorrows this union has somewhat lightened. God bless you, my children! Good-by for a while. I shall follow you as soon as I have taken a last farewell of this old ruin."

We have already said Father Domnick was kneeling at the little altar. He was alone—retired from the hum of busy life without. Not a sound came to disturb his devotions, if we except the occasional scream of the daws returning home after their day's travel, to sleep in their usual nesting-places among the ruins, or of the weasel as it chased the intruder from its burrow. The priest was in the deep shadow of the opposite wall, his back turned to the entrance leading to the altar; his tall form was bent over the beads he held in his hand, and his locks, white as driven snow, lay scattered on his shoulders and down along his cheeks. He was interceding with a merciful God for pity on a suffering people whom he was about to leave. He had been thus absorbed in prayer, when footsteps were heard approaching the entrance. They

were those of the Rev. Baxter Cantwell and Colonel Templeton. As they issued out from the dark passage, they paused for a moment, and the colonel pointed to the suppliant in the distance.

Draw near, ye enemies of his country! approach, ye despoilers of God's house, and behold the poor priest whom you have driven last night from home and altar, praying in the desolate sanctuary of his sires! Come nearer—look at that threadbare cassock, and say, is this the man you have charged with gathering gold in the confessional? Come nearer still—but tread lightly—lightly, for the dead beneath your feet may heave you convulsively from their consecrated graves; come and listen, in the dead silence that prevails, to the old man with the white locks: he is praying, like his divine Master, for mercy on his enemies and pity for his friends. He sees, he speaks to no one but God; the world is dead to him now, and he to the world. He is alone in the flesh and in the spirit. Behold him there, and answer, is he the “hypocrite” you proclaimed him?

As the footsteps drew nearer, Father Domnick heard them, and rising from his knees, he saluted the strangers. Uncovered and erect the old man stood, his tall form yet unbent by the weight of eighty years, and his eye, bright still as in his boyhood, fixed steadily on the intruders.

“How came you, priest, within these walls?” demanded Colonel Templeton. “Know you not, sir, I have already forbid you coming here to practise this mummary of beads and breviary?”

“I came here to pray in silence and alone,” he replied. “I have not injured these walls.”

“Injured, sir! you have practised superstitious and idolatrous worship here, which is an abomination in God's sight and an offence to me.”

The old man retreated a step, and crossed his arms on his breast.

"What you call superstition, Colonel Templeton," he said, with some severity in the tone, "was practised at this altar for centuries before the sanguinary revolution of Cromwell gave you predatory right to place a foot in this hall."

"Predatory right! what mean you, priest?"

"The right the master gives his ban-dog to the flesh and blood of his victim."

"Ha!"

"Seest thou this altar?—look here—the blood of Owen Roe the friar is red upon it still. Your ancestors slayed him here while offering the holy sacrifice for the sins of his people. That blood is your only title-deed to this castle."

"Rebellious scoundrel!" vociferated the colonel, in a tone of undisguised passion; "dare you utter such words in my presence?"

"Dare!" repeated the priest, smiling at the idea.

"What, mock me, sir! Am I not rightful lord of the soil?" he again demanded.

"Your rights of despoiler and robber I recognise—no other," responded the priest.

"Has not the crown guaranteed these rights, and will you not respect its power?"

"Its power! not I, not I," replied the old man; "I owe his majesty of these realms no obedience."

"Treason!" shouted the parson.

"Have you not taken the oath of allegiance to the crown of England before your ordination?—perhaps you got absolved from it?"

"I could never brook the insult offered by such an oath. In Salamanca, where the bones of my grandfather rest, and before the altar where they lay enshrined, I pledged my

allegiance to the crown of Spain, and ere I left the sacred spot, I made a vow that if God gave me length of days, I would revisit this land, and endeavor, to the extent of my poor abilities, to awaken in the hearts of its people a spirit of resistance to the tyranny of England."

"Have you the boldness, sir, thus openly to express such rebellious sentiments?"

"Rebellion presupposes allegiance, and I tell you again, sir, I owe no allegiance to George of England."

"You preach sedition, sir, and yet you boast yourself a priest and a minister of peace."

"True; I am a priest by my calling, but I am an Irishman by birth. As a priest, I have, I trust in God, discharged my duty faithfully to the people whose spiritual interests I was appointed to guard; as an Irishman born, (had I even plighted my allegiance to the English crown.) I have my civil rights like other men to protect, and which no relation between monarch and subject can weaken or annul. I am not to live the life of a slave, because I live by the altar. I can never be taught to believe, sir, that because I preach charity and forbearance to all men, I am to permit you to rob me of my daily food without resistance; or that if it please you to strip me of my coat, I am to hold out my arms that you may the more readily take it off. No, sir; the Catholic priest is not the poltroon to lie quietly at your feet, because you flung him there. If hitherto he has borne with persecution unresistingly, it was for peace' sake—because, incapable as he was of resistance, peace was a duty; but when the time arrives—and it will soon come—that this nation, in the spirit and strength it shall have husbanded for the struggle, shall meet her enemies in the field, to die martyrs or live freemen, then beware of the priest; for when that hour comes, peace will be a crime and resistance a duty."

"Peace a crime!" ejaculated the colonel; "and this from you!"

"Yes, from *me*," repeated the priest; "and I hesitate not to tell you, Colonel Templeton, that, if the Irish people were prepared for a revolution to-morrow, I would, old as I am—and this head is white with the snows of eighty winters—I would be found amongst the foremost in the fray, not to fight, mayhap—for this arm is somewhat palsied from age—but to encourage my brave countrymen while speech was left me, to drive you and all your Saxon breed from their native soil. Yes, sir, that hour will surely come, when the men of this land shall be no longer seen to doff hat or bow knee to the *sassenach lord*. A day will come when the voice of wrath and vengeance shall ring the cry of retribution in your ears,—when strong arms shall hurl you from your judgment-seats where you now issue your fiats of extermination against a defenceless people, and the very women, with brooms in their hands, will scourge you like spaniels from the land you plundered."

"Insolent villain!" cried the colonel, hoarse with rage, and stepping towards the priest in a threatening attitude; "dare you thus—"

"Back, sir! back!" interrupted Father Domnick, motioning with his hand as a king would to his slave; "back, strangers! you have no business here; this holy shrine is *mine*, alas! my only heritage—the last memorial of a fallen race and a persecuted priesthood. Back!" repeated the old man, his voice rising, and his eye lighting up with the fire of his young days as he spoke; "place not your sacrilegious feet on this consecrated earth. Go back to England—to the sumptuous edifices you erected but a few years ago—go, and worship there, where men turn their backs on their naked altars; go, and enjoy the cold and dreamy philosophy you call

religion. And when you address your countrymen in Exeter Hall, tell them of the Catholic priests of Ireland, how you failed in your efforts to pervert them. Tell them how you offered bribes, and they smiled at you; how you flattered them, and they laughed at you; how you scourged them through the public streets as malefactors, and they bore it with patience and resignation like their Saviour! Go back, strangers, and tell your countrymen, the enemies of my creed and my race, that you saw an old priest whom you burned out of house and home, whom you robbed of all but his beads and breviary,—you saw him poor and penniless at a dilapidated altar, and he told you—ay, and called God to witness,” said Father Domnick, raising his hand to heaven,—“he would rather be the beggared worshipper you saw him before this ruined shrine, than live in wealth and power a renegade to the faith his fathers bequeathed him!”

The listeners stood in silent surprise at the native majesty of the old man as he spoke, and the bold, contemptuous language he uttered; and ere they could summon speech in reply, he had taken up his breviary, and passed down the hall in his exit from the castle. When he reached the entrance, he turned round for an instant, and gazed on the dark walls: it was his last look at the venerable ruin—in another instant he was gone.

This little story, gentle reader, nears its end. Would it were worthier your perusal; but it cannot be mended now.

Early on the morning after Ellen's marriage, before the sun was up, a boat was observed lying, with her sails hoisted, under the walls of the Abbey of Donegal, and a little party, consisting of two men and a female, walking towards it. As the party approached the shore, a voice from the abbey cried to

them to stop, and presently an old woman made her appearance, clapping her hands and wailing piteously.

"What's the matter?" asked O'Brien, for it was the captain conducting Ellen and Father Domnick to the boat. "What's the matter, woman? Ha, Nancy Kelly! why, Nancy, who would have thought of meeting you here?"

"Oh captain, dear asthorè, Miss Ellen *ahasky*, that ust to be his own *lanna bought*! Och, och! poor fella, he'll niver spake them kine words again!" And the poor creature cried and wept bitterly.

"Nancy," said Ellen, kindly taking her hand, "what means this grief?—tell me, has any thing happened to poor Dick?"

"Oh, Miss Ellen, *ahasky bought*, he's murdered—he's lyin' dead there above, in the ould abbey."

"Dead!"

"Ay, a could corpse, dear, on Mary Curran's grave, an' Mr. Archy Cantwell dead beside him."

"Father of heaven!" exclaimed Ellen; "Dick has fulfilled his dreadful promise, and God has avenged the innocent blood by the hands of an idiot. Little did I think, Roderick, that poor Dick would remember his vow."

"Father Domnick dear, our own *Siggarth aroon*," sobbed the affectionate old creature; "I was tould last night ye wor goin' to lave iz—goin' away niver to see us more. But shure ye'll come back with me now, an' bury poor Dick?"

"Willingly," replied the priest, "were it miles to his grave."

O'Brien, beckoning to the boatmen to follow him, led the way to the abbey, and there was seen the Omedaun stretched across Mary Curran's green grave, a poniard fixed in his left breast, and his hand twisted in Cantwell's cravat.

"Many's the dark cowld night, my poor fella," sobbed Nancy, "ye sat there watching Mary's body, an' no one near

ye to keep ye company. Now, Dick, asthore, ye'll soon be nearer to her than iver."

The priest directed the boatmen to open the grave the simpleton loved and guarded so well; and when the work was finished, the Omedaun's body was let down to rest on Mary's coffin, there to remain exposed till the coroner's jury should give its verdict. Father Domnick read the funeral service over his remains, and then turning to old Nancy, gave her his hand and his blessing.

In a few minutes after, the little boat was seen scudding before the breeze, and a man on the shore waving his hat in adieu to the party. While this man remained uncovered, it was impossible to recognise him at any distance; but when he turned from the shore, and put his broad-brimmed hat on his head, and his hands in his long-skirted coat-pockets, the very children of the village would hail him as "Shandy M'Guire."

Of the other personages introduced to the reader in these pages, we have learned but little of their subsequent history. Dumpy Dowser, we have been informed, (but merely on hearsay,) died a few years after in Bristol, fighting for the loyal cause, or, as another report goes, by falling into a cellar on his retreat from the field of battle.

Doogan was never seen after, living or dead, and to this hour his fate is involved in impenetrable mystery.

In the year 1842, the writer of this story, having certain inquiries to make relative to the old feudal castles of the O'Donnells, in the counties of Tyrone and Donegal, was referred to the Rev. E. M., the successor of Father Domnick, whom he found, after a long search among the mountains, comfortably seated at a snug fire, in the neat little homestead of Frank Devlin. Mary Connor was spinning at her wheel, blithe and merry, as he entered. The younger children were

playing with the chain and seals of Father E.'s watch, the elder girls arranging the delph on the dresser, and Frank himself shaking sand on the little parlor floor—for, gentle reader, the priest was to hold a station at Frank Devlin's the next morning.

THE END

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